The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annun. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1883. Vol. V, No. 4.

DR. SPRAGUE
Has removed his office to his residence, the fourth house west of Dr. Faulkner's Drug Store.

J. NICHOLSON MUIR,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, Notary Public, Land Agent, etc. Calgary, N.W.T.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AND SOLICItor, Stirling, Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Alex. J. Robertson, L.D.S.,
Surgeon Dentist,
Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Visits Stirling Professionally Every Thursday, and may be consulted at the Scott House.
Particular attention given to the finer operations in gold, and the restoration of lost organs.

Walter L. Ridout,
ARCHITECT.
Plans, specifications, &c, prepared for all classes of building, and work superintended if required. Address, for July and August, Brunswick House, Colborne.
Head Office: Address W. R. Strickland, or W. L. Ridout, Architects, No. 12 Can. Perm. Buildings, Toronto.

M. W. SINE, V.S.,

Graduate Ontario Veterinary College,
registered member Veterinary Medical Ass'n. Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. Calls by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. OFFICE—"Review" block, Madoc.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.
G.R.C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, over Gilbert's store, on
Thursday Eve., Oct. 18, 1883.
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room, Craige's block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R.S.

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.—
CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO.
The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native ... of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for fall planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

C. F. HUFFMAN
Piano Tuner,
BELLEVILLE, late of London and Detroit, WILL VISIT STIRLING every six months, in December and June, for the purpose of Tuning Pianos and Organs. Best of references given. All orders left at W. H. CALDER'S JEWELRY EMPORIUM will be attended to. Orders from the country will be attended to at an advance of prices.

Blacksmithing.
R. B. JONES,
Having rebuilt his shop, destroyed during the late fire, is prepared to serve all his old customers, and as many new ones as favor him with a call. Horseshoeing a specialty. General jobbing promptly attended to. Shop on Front street (old stand).

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling. - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

Dr. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT of WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
DIARRHŒA,
AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

Texas Lands
FOR SALE!
WESCOTT & POTTER,
Agents for Canada
A GRAND CHANCE now for investing in the rich alluvial lands of Western and Northern Texas. Can patent lands direct to purchasers from the State of Texas in any quantity ranging from 640 to 75,000 acres, on easy terms and low prices, with railway facilities. These are all carefully selected lands and are doubling in value annually. Soil of the very best quality for agricultural pursuits, and climate all that can be desired. Title perfect. NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST. For further particulars address
M. W. WESCOTT, Stirling, Ont.

HARDWARE!

WE HAVE OPENED OUT A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Harvest Tools,
Harvest Mitts,
Nails, Glass,
Paints, Oils,
Machine Oil,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
Shelf Hardware has all arrived, a splendid variety, and all marked at the very lowest figures.
JAS. MILNE & CO.,
THURBER'S OLD STAND.

As You Were!

MARTIN & TURNER
—HAVE REMOVED—
Back to their Old St nd
And NEW BUILDING, where they have more room and larger stock, and are better than ever prepared to supply the wants of their customers. A new consignment of
Coal and Wood Steves just received,
And we invite comparison of patterns and prices. All the various lines of our usually large stock are again being filled up with new goods, and prompt attention will be paid, as ever, to all orders.
Hardware, Tinware, Coal Oil, Machine Oil,
ETC., A FULL STOCK.
ROOFING & EAVETROUGHING
And Jobbing of all kinds attended to on short notice, at Rock Bottom Prices.
MARTIN & TURNER.

How to Save Money!

BY BUYING YOUR
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS
—AT—
O. Hewat's Popular Grocery & Liquor Store.
OF COURSE. It is an acknowledged fact that you can get better value for your money there than at any other store in town. Nothing but good fresh Groceries, etc., kept in stock.
Wines, Liquors and Cigars
Of the best quality always on hand. FISH of all kinds by the barrel or lb. FLOUR and FEED, Oranges and Lemons, Canned Fruits and Vegetables of all kinds. Give my TEAS a trial. A nice lot of PORK for sale cheap.
O. HEWAT.

GLEN ROSS MILLS

In Full Blast Again!
COME ON WITH YOUR GRISTING!
D. MORGAN, Proprietor.

CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.

Inform their friends that they have received their
Full Cloths,
Scotch, Canadian and English Tweeds,
Broadcloths,
Worsted Suitings,
Overcoatings,
EVERYTHING NEW AND FRESH,
And made up under the personal supervision of MR. FRED. WARD, with a full staff of Experienced Workmen.
They advise their customers to order early, as a better choice may now be had, and more time taken in making, than later in the season.
TWO FIRST-CLASS COAT HANDS WANTED.
Stock Complete in General Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes. Groceries, Hardware, Salt, Coal, etc.

KITTY'S FATE.

"It would ill become you indeed!" retorted Kitty. "I was only following the example you set me a year ago. I tell you I will not listen to another word, Angus. I will never forgive you or trust you again after to-day. You have behaved as no gentleman would have done. And I will go home by myself rather than stay here with you a moment longer. Tell them to bring round Molly Bawn. I will find the way somehow."

"This is to be the end, then, Kitty?" answered Angus. "You mean me to understand that it is all over between us?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'all,'" said Kitty in an obstinately prosaic way. "I won't marry you certainly; but I suppose we can't help being cousins still, and seeing each other occasionally. And now please see about my horse. There is no time to lose."

"Of course you cannot ride home alone," returned Angus coldly.

He had played and lost. But he decided that he would at least keep his temper.

"You had better stay where you are. I will ride Molly Bawn, and the carriage can come back for you."

"Why did you not think of that before," said Kitty ungraciously, "instead of frightening me out of my wits about nothing at all?"

"I was naturally reluctant to leave you in such a place by yourself," explained Mr. Dare frigidly. "Now, however, you have given me no alternative."

"Oh, I shall be all right! You can send the landlady—she will take care of me, I dare say."

Inwardly the girl, who had scarcely ever left her mother's side, was trembling at the thought of spending even a couple of hours alone in a roadside public-house; but even that was better than prolonging the present situation.

When Angus was gone—shutting the door somewhat noisily behind him—she flung herself into a chair and burst into a fresh passion of weeping. She felt humiliated, wounded, indignant. Most heartily did she wish that uncle Jasper's money was at the bottom of the sea. Was it not to that, and that alone, she owed all her misery?

She was aroused by the entrance of the landlady and the frantic rush of a couple of dogs through the opening door—dogs that she knew surely, for they ran to her, sniffing and barking, and began, with many demonstrations of delight, to leap about her and plant their muddy paws on her habit.

"Bevis! Frollo! You dear dogs!" cried the girl, overjoyed. "What are you doing here? Who is with you? Is there any one here from Southlands," she added hurriedly, turning to the landlady—"one of the grooms or keepers perhaps?"

The landlady explained that there was a groom at that moment in the bar, and a gentleman with him.

"A gentleman! Mr. Woodstock!" A great rush of relief filled the girl's heart to overflowing.

"Oh, pray ask him to come in and let me speak to him!" cried Miss Marjoribanks, clasping her hands. Here was a way out of her difficulty, indeed! She would swallow her pride and walk home with Mr. Woodstock if he would let her.

Great was Stephen's amazement when he found who the young lady was who had requested his presence in the parlor. Kitty, covered in blushes, explained the situation in a few words, and even added a faltering word or two of tardy penitence for her obstinacy.

"Oh, how lucky that you stopped here!" she cried, forgetting all her wounded pride in the sense of joy with which she was filled by the young man's presence.

"Your man and I have been over to Rexham on business," explained Stephen, "and we stopped here for the prosaic purpose of getting some beer on our way home."

"And you will let me walk home with you?" asked the heiress meekly. "I don't mind the rain."

"But there is no necessity for that," answered Stephen, smiling; "we are going back by train. You have fifteen minutes yet to put on your hat and gloves."

"By train!" echoed Kitty, changing color. "Is there a station here?"

"Within five minutes walk, I should say."

"But"—the girl hesitated painfully—"Angus said—he thought—I understood there was no way of getting home to-night."

"Mr. Dare was mistaken," returned Stephen, coolly. "Will you get ready, Miss Marjoribanks, while I interview the landlady? We may as well be getting to the station."

When he came back, he looked pale under all his wholesome sunburn, and his lips were compressed as Kitty had seen them only once before.

"I think you ought to be told this," he began, hurriedly. "Perhaps you will not care to hear it from me; but that horse in the stables here has been purposely lamed, Miss Marjoribanks. I leave you to draw your own conclusions."

Poor little Kitty burst into tears.

"Oh, take me home, please!" she cried. "He is my cousin, and he could treat me like that! Oh, no one cares for me in all the world but my mother!"

"She is your best friend, indeed," said Stephen, with gentle coldness. "Down Bevis—down, old fellow!"—as the dog, seeing a move made for the door, began to express his satisfaction. He did not attempt to offer any consolation to the sobbing girl. He merely added quietly. "We must not miss our train. It is the last this evening, I believe."

And meekly, under the shelter of the huge cotton umbrella which he had succeeded in borrowing or buying, Miss Marjoribanks walked by his side, followed by the groom and dogs, to the station.

The immediate result of poor Kitt'y obstinacy was a feverish cold, which confined her to her own room for several days. She struggled against it fiercely, remembering how soon Mr. Woodstock's visit was to end; but she was obliged to yield, and to lie restless and unhappy, with only her vain regrets for companions. Angus Dare was gone, after a painful interview with Mrs. Marjoribanks, who had of course learnt the truth from her daughter. How happy they might have been for those last few days, Kitty thought, if only she could have gone downstairs! Every morning Stephen sent her some flowers and the kindliest messages by his hostess. He was only waiting to see Miss Marjoribanks again before leaving Southlands, and England probably, for ever.

At last Kitty was able to leave her room and to go down-stairs, wrapped in a soft white shawl, and to be installed in a great easy-chair by the drawing-room fire.

When presently Stephen came in to pay her a little visit, he was greatly touched by the change in her sweet and wistful face, and even more perhaps by the sudden brightness which sprang into it as he appeared. His presence was like strong wine to the girl. She sat with folded hands, too happy to speak, adoring him—his strong, gentle face, the irresistible magnetism of his manner.

The spell was only broken when the young man began to explain to her that it was his last day, and that all his preparations were made for his departure. Every tinge of color faded from Kitty's poor little face. But she tried bravely to control her trembling lips and her voice.

"You have resolved to go, then," she said, trying to smile.

"Quite. There is only one thing which could change my plans, and that I believe is unlikely to occur. And indeed it is high time, after my delightful year-long holiday, that I got back to business. I have never been idle so long before in my life."

"Do you work so hard then?" faltered Kitty, for the sake of saying something.

"Oh, 'men must work,' you know!" he answered, smiling.

"Yes"—flushing faintly—"and 'women must weep.'"

"Must they? I think the women I know best are fonder of laughing. But then they don't leave all the work to the men."

"Who are the women you know best?" asked Kitty quickly, a deeper red burning in her cheeks as she raised herself on one elbow and fastened her dark eyes on the young man's face.

Stephen smiled at the eager simplicity of the question.

"I meant my partner's wife, Mrs. Herbert, and her sisters," he explained.

"Oh, has she sisters?" Kitty went on, with jealous anxiety. "You never spoke of them before. How many?"

"Two."

"And are they nice?"

"Very nice! What a woman's word that is; and how much it conveys!"

"Pretty?" persisted Kitty breathlessly.

"Very pretty." Stephen smiled again. "At least one of them is; and they are both something better than pretty."

Poor little Kitty felt that she was turning cold.

"I—I suppose they will be very glad to see you again?" she stammered, looking down and nervously plaiting and unplaiting the fringe of her *couvrepied*.

"As glad, I hope, as I shall be to see them."

"Especially the pretty one, I suppose?"—stammering more and more.

"Oh, dear no!" Stephen began to laugh. "I think I like Catherine best—perhaps because her husband and I are such chums, Miss Marjoribanks."

"Oh!"—with a naive sound of relief. "They are married then?"

There was a curious little pause before he answered, and, as he did so, he rose abruptly and walked to a little distance from Kitty's chair.

"Catherine is married," he said, "but not 'the pretty one,' as you call her."

"Oh!" said Kitty again, very faintly. "I suppose she—she is too young?"

"On the contrary, she is a couple of years older than Cathie—Mrs. Burton, I mean. Why do women always insist on men's being so easily ensnared by a pretty face? It is not always, it is not even often, that pretty girls marry earlier or more happily than their less attractive sisters."

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

The well known drug firm of Ormand & Walsh, Peterboro, write that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is one of their "standard summer medicines, and has a good sale." An unfailing remedy for all forms of Bowel Complaints.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOGS LOST.
Strayed from the premises of Wm. Fanning, Marmora road, six pigs and three hogs, one white, eight black. Information received by
WM. FANNING.

JUMBO!
JUMBO!
JUMBO!
STOCK
—AT—
Mrs. Wm. Martin's.
The largest and best assorted ever kept in Stirling. Call and prove it for yourself

SHAWL LOST.
On the Marmora gravel road, between Stirling and Fanning's Corners, on Saturday, Sept. 22nd. Finder please leave at John Fannings, Marmora road.

New Enterprise.
The undersigned, having purchased the property on the Ridge Road, known as
Seeley's Mills,
And having rebuilt and put all the machinery in first-class order, he will be prepared in a few days to
Crack all kinds of Grain,
Also CORN MEAL GROUND.
Having a competent man engaged to take charge of the Mill, all work entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.
M. SEELEY, JR.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS
Notice to Contractors.
SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.
Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.
Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.
A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.
A map, plans and specification of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.
Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.
The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.
The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 28th Sept., 1883.

LIME! LIME!
Another fresh burned kiln now ready. All orders promptly filled, delivered or at the kiln.
JAS. COUTTS.

FINE, FINER
FINEST GOODS!
If you want to see a fine stock of Goods, call at
Calder's Jewelry Emporium
His Stock is now complete, and consists of
SETS in Gold, Rolled Plate and Silver.
JET--A good assortment of Jet Goods.
Scarf Pins, Emblem Pins, Cuff and Collar Buttons.
A fine line of Pipes, Violins, Accordeons, Clocks, Silver Plate.
CUTLERY--A full line of Rodgers' Celebrated Cutlery always in.
N.B.--See our solid Silver, full jewelled WATCH, fully warranted, only $12.
WATCHES--Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Watches.
CHAINS--Gold and Rolled Plate Chains.
Gold, Silver and Rolled Plate Necklets and Lockets.
PINS--A fine line of Silver Bar Pins.
BRACELETS--Silver and Rolled Plate Bracelets.
RINGS--Diamond, Gem, Keeper and Plain Gold Rings.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Thimble's Last Hunt.

BY MARIA LOUISE POOL.

(CONCLUDED.)

She could not see him, but she heard him cantering along abreast of her as she rode, and the sound gave her courage. She must trust all to her pony and her dog, for no human instinct could guide her in such a time as this.

Leaning over from her saddle, she spoke to Max, who was nosing around among the stubble. Then she drew out a silk handkerchief from her pocket; it was her mother's; she had only taken it from her that morning.

The dog smelled of it.

"Find her," cried Elsie, and there was a pathetic entreaty in the command. Max snuffed again, then gave a quick bark, as if asking a question.

"She is lost—here on the marshes. Oh, Max, I shall die if we do not find her!"

The dog's instincts had been sharpened by training, and he would show now of what he was made. He started off. Elsie heard him rustling in the brown grass. She felt the pony quivering under her; he too was getting excited. Far away on his native Texan plains he had hunted many a day, and the baying of dogs and the crack of rifles were inspirations to him.

"Go!" said Elsie, not thinking of her own safety, remembering nothing but that her mother, who was so far from being strong, was on this desert, buffeted by this merciless storm, vainly trying to get on, as one in a nightmare struggles, to find the right way.

Thimble leaped across the narrow ditch that separated the marsh from the road, and the next moment Elsie felt as if she were flying through unlighted space, the salt air cutting her face and thrashing her wet, unfastened hair about her.

She dared not think of her mother; she must banish from her mind every memory of that tenderness which made her mother so dear to her. Was it yesterday that she had sung with such a care-free heart,

The blinding mist came down and hid the land?

The words went like a knife. "Oh, mother! mother!" she moaned aloud.

Farther off Max barked, and Thimble made longer leaps, splashing in pools of salt-water, the sharp, stiff grass cutting his legs, his chest wet with his own foam and with the chilly water. But he did not slacken nor pant, hardy, long-breathed fellow that he was.

Was that the report of a gun, dulled, deadened by the dampness? The sound gave a new terror to Elsie; she did not think that it might be a signal. She knew that, earlier in the season, men prowled about for coots and geese, but why should they shoot at such a time as this? Such a shot might hit her mother; the girl never thought that it might hit herself as well.

Far off she now heard Max barking frantically.

"Thimble, go on!" she shouted, and the brave little animal needed not to be told a second time. He dashed on like a wild thing, straight over sedge and pool, and Elsie's breath came heavily, for in the wind that rushed by her face she still heard confusedly the sound of the dog's furious bark.

An exultant throb was now in Elsie's pulses. Already, in her mind, she had slipped from her seat and was holding her mother fast and close; a sob rose in her throat. Not yet must she give way to such imaginings; yet longer she needed her strength. Wild and high came the roar of the sea.

Was Thimble moving? Would he never get to where Max barked in such a victorious note?

Elsie rose in her stirrup, her fingers clinging round the pommel.

"Mother! mother!" she called, "are you there?"

"Is it you, Elsie?" responded a faint voice from out the mist, and there came the sound of some heart-felt thanks.

Trembling, and now at last panting, the pony made the little remaining distance between the daughter and mother.

Just as Elsie slipped from the saddle another shot sounded, and this time close to them—not the shot of a gun. A prick, as of a needle going through her flesh, Elsie felt in her side, but forgot it instantly. She did not notice that the pony swerved oddly to one side as she withdrew her foot from the stirrup. She was groping in the fog for the owner of the soft voice that now called her again.

"Dear Elsie! It is *you* who have found me!"

Now her mother's arms held her, and Elsie could hear the choking in her breath, knowing that the work she had set out to do was done.

In a moment she said, "I will put you on Thimble, and I will go by his head; the dog knows the way home even if the pony does not. If you are only not ill after this! if you do not have pneumonia again! Here is Thimble, noblest fellow in the world! He shall have sugar and apples all his life. You don't know what a darling he has been.—Oh!"

The last word was uttered with such horrified shrillness that Mrs. Chapin started and grasped her daughter's hand more closely.

But before she could speak Elsie had flung away from her, and was down in the mud by the side of a white shape that lay on the ground. She gathered the lovely head into her arms; she felt again the soft dark nose she had so often kissed. The pony's breath came distressfully; he was lying on his side. At that moment the fog was pierced by the rays of a lantern, and footsteps were heard among the sedge.

"Hullo, here! I say, I guess I've got you!" cried a man's voice. "Don't shoot any more or I'll use my own pistol!"

Elsie heard, but she did not care to look up from the head she held, and which she could now see by the light of the lantern.

Mrs. Chapin, without moving her eyes from her daughter, asked, "For whom are you looking?"

"That fellow accused of murder over there in Norley. Of course you've heard about him. We've tracked him all the afternoon, and got him to this horrid place. It was he that fired. I declare! Has he killed that little horse? Lucky he didn't hit anything else!"

The barking of Max had by this time given notice to others on the marsh who were looking with Mr. Chapin for his wife. In another moment two more men with lanterns had come, but Elsie neither saw nor heard them. She was sitting in a pool of water, the pony's head held fast, but gently, tenderly in her arms, while her gaze was watching the light go out in the brilliant eyes that looked up at her.

In the heaving, muddy side was an ugly bullet-hole which dripped blood.

It seemed to her that plainly the pony asked her to help him. Did he reproach her for the pain he was suffering? Did he tell her that he had done all, given all, for her, and why did she not help him?

Elsie felt her heart bound tightly with steel bands. She could not breathe. She saw the spirited eyes glaze, but their blinding gaze was still on her face. A shudder went over the shapely white form. Then Elsie knew there was no sight any more in the eyes.

With a broken cry the girl bent her head down on the pony's neck. She did not know her mother's arm was over her shoulders. Presently stronger arms were put around her; her father had come, and he took her up.

Not until they had reached Bill Karter's—which was thought to be the nearest house—did they find there was blood on Elsie's dress—her own blood mingled with Thimble's—and then, on being asked, Elsie became conscious that her side was sore. She had been stooping over in such a way that the same bullet that had killed Thimble had given a flesh wound to his mistress.

"Let it comfort you to know that you saved your mother's life," the doctor said to the girl, after he had dressed her wound, and she was lying on her own bed. "She could not possibly have borne a long exposure. You did well to take the dog with you."

"Your father says," said Marion to her, a few days later, as she sat by the big chair where Elsie was reclining—"your father says he is going to sell that Jersey cow, and get you another Texas pony from Mr. Nolan when he comes North with another lot in the spring."

"No! no!" cried Elsie, with energy. "I never want another pony. There was but one Thimble."

Her voice broke, her eyes filled. Marion bent over and touched her cheek gently, not saying anything.

MARINE SUPERSTITIONS.

Weird Electrical Exhalations of the Sea Sailors and Their Peculiar Beliefs.

Indeed, marine superstitions should not be hard to kill, for they are not very numerous. A larger number have been fathered on old sailors by land writers, but they want the true ring; the salt flavor is lacking, and it is easy to perceive that their narrator never was afloat. The really nautical superstition is unmistakable. It is born of the sea-faring life, and the spirit of it speaks as surely of blue water and the association together for months at a time of briny minds in dim and resonant interiors as the lurching, rolling gait, the toughened hands, swinging athwartships, tell of the ocean sailor, the sea-jacket used to such hurdle-races as the Pacific in storm offers, or to such man galloping as the roaring and revolving storm forces upon him. There is the old superstition about Finns, for instance. The Finlander makes a very good, quiet, respectable sailor, but both English and American seamen agreed, for some reason not easily determinable, to look upon him as a sort of magician, and to fear him respectfully for that reason. Many stories used to be related of him. He is usually depictured as a yellow-haired man in a sealskin cap, full of predictions, and always right in his prophesying. In some ships when there was a Finn aboard, it was customary to nail a horseshoe on the foremast to neutralize any prediction he might utter that was likely to be injurious to the ship or crew. He was occasionally credited with the power of getting drunk as often as he liked throughout the longest voyage on a single quart of rum, the contents of the bottle never diminishing, no matter how often he put it to his lips, and he has been known to stand the bottle on a table before him and talk to it. Finland ships, too, were always thought able to obtain a fair wind whenever they chose, and with studding sails alow and aloft, overhaul and pass vessels beating in the same direction against a gale. Dana tells a story of a captain who threatened to confine a Finn in the forepeak if he did not make a fair wind for the ship. The wind remaining dead ahead convinced everybody that the Finn refused to give in, whereupon he was bundled into the forepeak and left there without food. The Finn held out for awhile, but, unable to stand the imprisonment any longer, ordered the wind to shift, which it did, and the yellow-haired magician was liberated. How such a superstition as this arose it is impossible to say; but it is easy to see that it belonged to the ocean and must have had its origin in the forecastle. It is as salt in its way as the notion of Sunday entertained by a ship's carpenter, who considered that he fulfilled all the Sabbath obligations laid upon him by combing his hair and mounting a pair of green spectacles and declaring that he would not give a chew of tobacco for the chances of a man who considered that the main topsail looked white on that day.

Of all the superstitions of the sea the most intelligible are those which gathered about the weird electric exhalations called composants. A green, faint and sepulchral light, shining in a yardarm or broom-end on a pitch-black night and amid a gale of wind, might well puzzle and agitate the simple heart of a seaman staring aloft at it. Shakespeare embodies the shining appearance in the person *Ariel*, and spiritualizes it by his own conception: "Now on the beak, in the waist, the deck, in every cabin, I flam'd amazement; sometime I'd divide, and burn in many places; on the topmast, the yard and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly, then meet and join." It is quite possible that one finds here the groundwork of the belief formerly entertained that "St. Elmo's fires," or composants as they are usually called, were women who took this form to bewilder seamen. There are stories of sailors giving chase to a composant, following it from a lower yardarm to the truck, and then being spirited off by the figure of a female that suddenly gleamed out in the darkness with the composant shining on her hair like a star. Another superstition was that composants were the souls of seamen who had died aboard of ship, and who, in flaming form, haunted those yards and spars upon which they had often, when in life, hung on by their own "eye-lids." No sailor liked one of those lights to shine upon him. If the reflection fell upon his face he would go below with the conviction that something evil was sure to happen him. As to the Flying Dutchman, it is doubtful whether Jack ever sincerely in his heart believed in that apparition; but of Friday the marine dread was habitual; dead bodies and parsons were looked upon as fateful, and to drown a cat was a certain way of provoking disaster. Davy Jones belonged to Jack's theology. What appearance he assigned to this spirit, whether he had horns and a tail, or whether he more resembled Neptune as personified in the olden times by men-of-wars-men who crawled over the bows with crown and trident when the equator hove in sight, is a point that remains to be settled, but there could be no doubt that Davy Jones was a dangerous monster, who lived at the bottom of the sea, and whose days and nights were devoted to the pleasant labor of stowing away in his immense locker the bodies of seamen who came floating down to his dominions. Another nautical superstition might perhaps be found in the sailor's unwillingness to kill or capture a Mother Carey's chicken. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner's" albatross is a land-going fancy; no mariner, however ancient, would anticipate evil in killing an albatross either with a hook or a cross-bow. To slay one of those little chickens, however, which follow in the wake of ships, rising and falling amid the stupendous surges like divine intimations that even as the lives of those sparrows of the deep are cared for so is the poor sailor himself watched over, would, in Jack's mind, be reckoned as wicked as robbing a church. But all such fancies and superstitions are fast drifting away, if, to use a marine expression, they are not already out of sight astern. Draughts from the scuttle-butt, in lieu of the old "tots of grog," may have something to do with the change, but the active agent of the transformation is unquestionably steam, and its obnoxiousness to the ancient rude poetry and imaginations of the deep may be witnessed in the advertisements which daily announce the sailing of whole fleets of steamers on Fridays.—*London Telegraph.*

Feminine Revenge.

They were in the surf together. They were both swimmers, and both rather venturesome. Finding herself a little beyond her depth, the lady turns to her escort and remarks the fact:—"Yes, I see we are," is his comment, as he promptly leaves his companion's side and puts to shore. She reviews the situation calmly for a moment, waits for the next breaker, and comes in riding proudly on its crest. There was a dangerous gleam in the eye, however, and she took swift revenge. The gallant feels her little stabs every time he asks permission to bathe a lady, and meets with the stereotyped refusal, "Thanks, no; I might get out *too far*."

At a recent entertainment given in London by Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Jennie Young, of New York, delivered her lecture on Longfellow, and made a good impression.

The Moncton, N. B., sugar refinery has declared a dividend of 6 per cent.

A BURNING MADHOUSE.

Tragic Scenes at the Recent Fire in an English Lunatic Asylum.

Southall Park, which is adjacent to the Great Western line, ten miles from Paddington, was recently the scene of a terrible fire. A private lunatic asylum, kept by Dr. Body, was totally destroyed, and the proprietor, his son, two patients and a cook lost their lives, while three or four other inmates were seriously injured. Mr. K. Body, being in a room with a spring lock, jumped out of the window, thus escaping with a broken thigh and a cut face. Dr. Boyd saw his daughters safely on to the lawn, which they attained by means of a fire-escape that stood permanently at the west end of the building; and, with the observation, "I am afraid they do not understand the real danger," he returned into the house. A servant who escaped says that subsequently Dr. Boyd and his son appeared to be following her toward a window, but they never appeared there. It is supposed that Dr. Boyd went back into the house, either in solicitude for the safety of the whole of the inmates, or, being assured of their safety, to secure some valuable documents, and his son accompanying him, they both perished. When the inhabitants of the adjoining village, aroused by the screams of the inmates, got to the Southall Park about three o'clock, they found flames issuing from almost every window at the front of the ancient mansion. The screams are said to have been frightful. As a gentleman who witnessed the scene observed, "When you hear the screams of an insane person in a state of panic you don't easily forget it." A fireman states that in the reflection caused by the fire just as the brigade was about to start for the conflagration a newspaper might have been read at Hanwell, a mile and a half away. When the Hanwell volunteer brigade, which was the first to reach the place, arrived in the park about four o'clock, the mansion was enveloped in one great blaze, while the flames were at the same time playing havoc along the wings. "It was a fearful blaze," was the description of a fireman. Mr. Webber, a farmer, two sons of Mr. Abbott, the famous bee-keeper, the resident constable, and other inhabitants had meanwhile been distinguishing themselves by attempts to rescue the inmates.

THE PATIENTS.

Heartrending scenes were witnessed in the wings devoted to the patients. In an upper window the Abbotts and others engaged in rescue saw a pair of scared faces. The flames were stealing rapidly in their direction, and those who were possessed of reason cried piercingly for help, while those who were patients stared mutely at the destruction around making no effort for their release. They were got down by means of ladders, the Abbotts handing them down; but it was only by the exercise of force that some of them were got out alive. While the patients were being got out of the wings greater scenes of horror were transpiring at the mansion. High up, and at the very top of the western tower, two women could be distinguished in the fitful light of the flames, which were making greedy passage toward them. Their doom appeared certain. From the windows below them the fire belched forth, smoke curled up to their very feet and a light east wind fanned the blaze that was gliding along the roof. Beneath them every avenue of escape was cut off, and there they stood on a piece of masonry, the supports of which they could see were being consumed. The situation seemed hopeless. The firemen had not then arrived; there was none to handle the apparatus for saving life; the only thing available was a ladder, and that only reached to the height of the lower wing. Women wept, and men ran aimlessly hither and thither in their distraction. A bright glare from the ignited roof of the main building told that aid must be on the instant, if at all. The hapless girls, in their position of mortal peril, clung together and turned to look aghast at their approaching fate. From the obscurity of the surrounding fields they could be seen from afar, outlined, in their white clothing and dishevelled hair, against the sky. They flung forth their arms, and asked, in wild and hysterical tones, for mercy.

THE RESCUE.

Aid was at hand. Webber, the farmer, and Doughton, the constable, volunteered to ascend the tower, and they did so in the only way that was open to them. They got on to the roof of the lower wing, which, happily, still held good, and, drawing the ladder up after them, with the exercise of great personal strength they placed it against the tower, resting the bottom of the uprights in the leads, so that there might be one more chance for them should the roof beneath give way. So exciting was the moment that the spectators of the daring act held their breath. Only the roar of the fire disturbed the silence of the night. Through the black and eddying smoke, Webber, with Doughton, made his way, now lost to sight, and anon disclosed to it by a burst of light. At length the top was reached, and sinewy brown arms were seen to encircle one of the girls and place her on the ladder. She descended two or three steps, and, whether she was stifled by the smoke or whether her nerves failed her is not known, but she lost her hold and fell with a crash on the roof below. A sickening sensation pervaded the crowd as they heard her wail out, "I am dying." The second girl was got down in safety, the ladder was lowered, and in the next minute both were handed down to solid earth amid heartfelt cheers. The efforts of the firemen were directed to the saving of the wings, but they are much gutted. The mansion is a mass of ruins, which was partly caused by some of the walls having been pulled down for safety. The panelling in the mansion and the many wood partitions in the asylum made the premises very combustible.

Bismarck.

So Bismarck is getting to his close. The man of blood and iron is becoming weak-like one of the broken eggs which, in his pleasant phraseology, were necessary to omelette making. But a short time longer and he will know, apparently, the great secret, and understand how far all his religiousness has been of the right order. It is very curious work thinking over all such a man must in such circumstances be thinking of, and speculating as to how far his conscience tells him wholesome truths, or how far it whispers only comfortable falsehoods and convenient fallacies. One after another the men who have played prominent parts on the world's stage during the last generation are making their exits. And how curiously different those parts have been, to be sure! It is not easy thinking of a greater contrast than that of Bismarck and Chambord. And yet, why blame the feebler and entirely insignificant actor? He had not the necessary equipments for a transcendent character. Did he play his colorless walking gentleman's part with any measure of propriety? If so, it was all that was in him, and who shall find fault with the man of one talent not playing the *rôle* of the one with twenty or forty? And then poor old William, the supposedly first, but the decidedly second or third in the grand drama of German unity, etc. What is he thinking about, poor old man, in these last days? What are his feelings as he is just about to disappear? Very likely he is entirely satisfied both with himself, his surroundings, his history and his destiny; who shall say? And then, England's own Queen, what about her? She has her sadnesses and her anxieties. The very walls of her palace are full of associations, and all of them are by no means pleasant. The long past looks like a dream and then the future! The last sleep? No, not the last sleep, but, as Walter Scott puts it, "the last and final awakening."

A St. Paul paper announces that "the Emperor William goes to Em's on Thursday," and the Bismarck *Tribune* wants to know, "Who is Em?"

Mr. John Morley has retired from the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in order to give more time to politics.

Warnings.

An incalculable amount of sickness, suffering and premature deaths would be avoided every year if we could be induced to heed the premonitions which kind nature gives of the coming on of the great enemy, disease. Many a mother has lost a darling child, to her life-long sorrow, by failing to observe the approach of disease in some unusual act or circumstance connected with her offspring.

1. If an adult or child wakes up thirsty in the morning, however apparently well for the moment or the preceding evening, there will be illness before noon always, infallibly, if not averted by remaining warm in bed, in a cool, well-ventilated room, eating nothing, but drinking plentifully of some hot tea, all day; a little may be eaten in the afternoon by a child. But as long as a person wakes with thirst in the morning there is absence of health—there is fever.

2. If, when not habitual to him, one is waked up early in the morning by an inclination to stool, especially if there is a feeling of debility afterward, it is the premonition of diarrhœa, summer complaint, dysentery or cholera. There should be perfect quietude, etc., as above; in addition, a piece of warm, thick woollen flannel should be wrapped tightly around the abdomen (belly); the drink should be boiled milk; or, far better, eat pieces of ice all the time, and thus keep the thirst perfectly subdued; eat nothing but boiled rice, corn starch, sago or tapioca, and continue all these until the tiredness and thirst are gone, the strength returned, and the bowels have been quiet for twelve hours, returning slowly to the usual activities and diet.

3. If a child is silent, or hangs around its mother to lay its head on her lap, or is unusually fretful, or takes no interest in its former amusement, except for a fretful moment at a time, it is certainly ill, and not slightly so. Send at once for a physician, for you can't tell where or in what form the malady will break out; and in children especially, you can never tell where any particular ailment will end.

4. When there is little or no appetite for breakfast, the contrary having been the case, the child is ill, and should be put to bed, drinking nothing but warm teas, eating not an atom till noon, then not according to developments.

5. If a child manifests a most unusual heartiness for supper, for several nights in succession, it will certainly be ill, within a week, unless controlled.

6. If there is an instantaneous sensation of sickness at stomach during a meal, eat not a particle more; if just before a meal, go out of doors, and keep out in active exercise for several hours, and omit the next meal, for all things indicate an excess of blood, or bile, and exercise should be taken to work it off, and abstinence, to cut off an additional supply, until the healthful equilibrium is restored.

7. A kind of glimmer before the eyes, making reading or sewing an effort, however well you may feel, will certainly be followed by headache or other discomfort, for there is too much blood, or it is impure; exercise it off in the open air, and omit a meal or two.

8. If you are not called to stool at the accustomed hour (except when travelling, then let things take care of themselves—do nothing), eat not an atom until it is done, for loss of appetite, or nausea, or loose bowels, or biliousness, is certainly impending. Exercise freely out of doors, and drink cold water or hot teas to the fullest desired extent.

9. If there is a most unnatural disposition to exertion, you need rest, quiet, and abstinence; exercise in weariness never does any good, always harm. But if causelessly despondent, or there is a general feeling of discomfort, the blood is bad; warm the feet, unload the bowels, eat nothing for twelve hours, and be out of doors all day.

10. If, without any known cause, or special pain, you are exceedingly restless, cannot sleep, or if you do, it is dreamy, disturbed or distressing, you have eaten too much, or are on the verge of some illness. Take nothing next day but hot drinks and toasted bread, and plenty of out-door exercise. In all these cases, a thorough washing with soap and hot water, and vigorous bodily friction, greatly expedite restoration.

A Generous Giver.

It would seem that there is no end to the liberality of Senator McMaster in the matter of theological education and the support of the Baptist college in this city. He has already expended fully a quarter of a million of dollars upon the hall, and has now undertaken to pay the salaries of three of the professors while all but supporting a good many of the students during their summer evangelistic work. All honor to the worthy Senator. His liberality seems growing as age creeps on, and as he marks the sign in the heavens which tells him to gather up his sheaves while he may. Nothing, it would seem to us, can be more delightful than for a wealthy man to have the heart to give of his riches for the advancement of good and beneficient objects. If all wealthy men were following Mr. McMaster's plan there would be a sweeter, nicer, pleasanter world all round. Even as a matter of selfish enjoyment the Senator has the best of it. May he long live to be his own executor, and to continue what he has already been for a long time, one of Toronto's most influential and honoured citizens. After all it is only noble to be good and to act accordingly. Any more outward honors in the way of titles and stars bestowed upon such a man as Mr. McMaster would be only as the baubles which amuse children, but only weary and repel those of riper years. The only danger to the Baptists from having such a liberal giver is that others may be tempted to rest on the Senator and button up their pockets on the plea that there is no need. We do not know if this is to any extent the case. If so it is a great pity. The one giving largely ought to be only the greater inducement and stimulus to others to seek according to their means to vie in similar liberality. If the Senator has really given and equipped McMaster Hall what are all the rest of the denomination about? There ought not to be a pastor not liberally paid and not a church scheme but as prosperous and efficient as money and prayer can make them. How is it? Not that Mr. McMaster should give less, but that all others give more. And let the wealthy of other denominations go and do likewise.

Sunday Work.

It is sometimes said that it is a great mistake to make such a fuss about Sunday labour, so far as that contributes to the enjoyment of the working classes. The misery is, however, that once break in upon the Sunday rest and when will there be any stay till Sunday becomes an ordinary working day? To a large extent this is already the case in the factory cities of the States. Within the last ten years a great change for the worse has come in. Most of the repairs on mills and machinery are done on Sundays. Work on Sundays was for a while voluntary, now it is getting more and more compulsory. Conscientious objections to Sunday labour are not allowed, they *must all work or go*. Of course it is always on such occasions alleged that there is a *necessity*, but the necessities are growing in number and frequency every year, then this everlasting drive makes the supposed necessity of Sunday work always the greater. Thus bit by bit, the working man is being deprived of his Sabbath rest all over the States, and it will be the same in Canada soon. As it is the work goes on over most of the C. P. R. on Sundays. Indeed the state of things is such that in most localities along the line it is scarcely known when Sunday comes round. One among many correspondents of one of the statistical Bureaus of the States says:—"As it is the corporations are more and more requiring their superintendents (and those in turn force the operatives) to occasionally work on Sundays. I learn that some years ago no such thing was allowed. Our people are in danger of losing their rest day." Of course they are. Give Mammon an inch and he will take an ell.

A Maine Fisherman Who Calls Seals to His Side by Whistling.

"Scrooch, can't ye?" said a strange specimen of humanity on the rocks at Boothbay, Me. He was an old man with a grizzly beard. A battered sou'wester hid his tangled locks, and from under his bushy eyebrows peered a pair of eyes, the expression of which defied all description. He was standing out on a half-submerged, kelp covered rock, looking out to sea, and whistling softly when the writer approached.

"Keep sort o' shady, will you?" he whispered, unhooking one of the dangling crustaceans. The reporter crept behind a barnacle-capped rock, and literally laid low. Softly came the whistle again, a sort of singsong solo, with little or no melody, and for ten minutes or more it was continued. Then the old man stopped suddenly, and, breaking a claw from one of the lobsters, he tossed it out into the water.

"Keep to the lew'ard," he whispered, as the reporter made a step forward to see what made the water boil, and in a second a curious, half-human head appeared above the waves, and two dark, lustrous, intelligent eyes looked attentively at the odd figure on the rocks. In a twinkling the head disappeared; the whistling began again, and a moment later a large seal crawled out of the water upon the rock beside the lobsterman. After being caressed it began to breakfast upon a boiled lobster. The creature showed not the slightest fear, and formed a strange picture with the old man's arm about its sleek neck, its bright eyes watching his every movement. It caught greedily the bits of lobster that he tore off, and occasionally nibbled at the others that hung about his waist.

"Yaou think they ain't friends o' mine? Say the word and I'll show ye," and rising, the old man led the way down the rocky beach abreast Nigger Island, where his dory lay.

"Kind o' scrooch in the starn," he said, as he shoved the boat off. The reporter stretched out in the bottom. From this shore the old lobsterman pulled until, just off a submerged ledge, where the great leaves of kelp writhed like huge snakes, he stopped rowing. Again uttering the injunction to lie low, he began the whistling solo that had seemed so persuasive on the rocks. In response, a grotesque black head soon appeared among the weeds, then another and another, and in a few moments the tossing dory was surrounded by half a dozen expectant faces.

A SEAL IN THE BOAT.

"Keep close," was again whispered, and in a moment one of the seals moved toward the dory, and the old man leaning over so that the gunwale was on a level with the water, the little animal slid gracefully in, and, with an inquiring glance at the reporter, who was holding his breath, began to feast upon some young mackerel that the old man dealt out. The creature seemed perfectly tame and extremely affectionate, poking its nose into the old man's pocket and attempting to steal the pendent lobsters. The other seals, though not at all shy, swam about, bobbing out of the water, and slapping their tails playfully, but could not be induced to come near enough to the boat to be touched. Even the pet one, at the slightest move made by the reporter, prepared to jump into the water.

"Ain't this a pictur'?" asked the old man, scratching the animal on the head. "These 'ere friends is the kind that stick. No ups and downs here; always the same and ready tew feed. Haow did I tame 'em? It's kindness, doin' the right thing by 'em, that's done the business. They know I'm a fair man."

"How is it, then, you don't make friends with them all?"

"Seals is just like f'lks. There's a heap o' folks that's mighty pert and hard ter get on with. Jes' so here. That feller over thar with a cast in his off eye, he's germish. Then thar's that rat-colored cuss, he's a master hand a splashin' water and scroochin' under the bot (boat). There was a feller come daown here a-gunnin' last summer, and he staid with aour folks over to the Squid cottage. Wall, says he to me one day, 'I'm goin' seal shootin'.' 'Be ye?' says I. 'Sartin,' says he. 'Wall,' says I, 'I'm a powerful hand.' So I went along (my eldest gal havin' hocus pocussed his powder). He was one o' these ere fancy sportin' gents, all trappins and sech, and honest, couldn't hit nothin', and a powerful pert talker. So he got in the boat, and I took the oars and pulled off. 'Powerful critters—seals,' says I, by way o' keepin' up the conversation. 'I never heard so,' says he. 'You're a stranger in these parts,' says I. 'Jest so,' says he. 'Wall,' says I, 'last year a party come down here, I disremember whether it was four or five come and three left, or haow. Anyway they came daown, and let on jest as yaou be, and right off this point'—says I, 'what d'ye suppose happened?' He gave it up. 'Well,' says I, 'they spied a seal, and was jes' about to fire when the seals come up all araound 'em and commenced to pile into the boat. Well,' and the old man gave utterance to a loud haw-haw, "jest at that ere identical second I leaned over hard to port and in slid this pet seal o' mine. Well, ye'd died o' laughin, sartin, if ye'd a seen that chap. He thought he was a goner, sure, and I let on I was scart, and the way he yelled tew be pulled in was enough to scare the fish right off the coast. O' course the seal slid aout again, but half a dozen of 'em was playin' araound all the way in, an' that ere crer-pin gent sot and shook, had a regular tremor, and when I touched the bot in shore he lit aout into the water, left his gun, and the next mornin' he left the place, and I hain't set eyes on him since. It ain't healthy to shoot seals araound here."—*Correspondence New York Sun.*

A Lesson.

The well-known 'Confession' of Charles Lamb is worth reproducing, for it tells what thousands of drunkards are feeling and how they are in vain deploring the folly of their past course and their present conduct. "The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall find himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self ruin. Could he see my fevered eye, fevered with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repitition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation; to make him clasp his teeth,

And not undo 'em
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.

Yea, but (methinks I hear somebody object) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand, if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated excitement which you describe and deplore, what hinders in your instance that you do not return to those habits from which you would induce others never to swerve? If the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth recovering? *Recovering!*—O, if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children and of child-like holy hermit! In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence only makes me sick and faint." Alas! poor Elia! Alas! for the tens of thousands in the same terrible house of bondage.

ROYAL CHILDREN.

The Interesting Family of the Prince of Wales.

"There is luck in odd numbers." That is the expression invariably used by his royal highness the Prince of Wales when referring to his five children—his two boys and three girls. Her royal highness the Princess Louise is the most amiable of the three, and is a miniature copy of her mother. The Princess Victoria, her father's pet, has a temper of her own—impetuous, ardent, hot, smiling through tears like a sunbeam in showers; while Maude, whom Queen Victoria idolizes, has a disposition somewhat like that of her right royal grandmamma. None of the princesses fear the queen, although every one else has a wholesome dread of her most gracious majesty, who is as exacting as she is severe. The daughters of the Prince of Wales, after the first formal deep courtesy down to the ground is made, romp with their grandmother as they would with one of the gouvernantes; and it is a matter of apprehension to the dowager marchioness of Ely, who, with the exception of the late duchess of Sutherland—the grand duchess—is most intimate with the sovereign, when the young princesses pounce upon the queen, and dare to pull about the ruler of an empire upon which the sun never sets. The Princess Louise is the most talented, the Princess Maude the smartest. All three have a talent for languages, and are always delighted when their uncle, the crown Prince of Denmark, is with them, as then they chat in Danish. He is said to be their prime favorite, and as they dearly love a romp, the good-tempered uncle indulges them with the elan of a lad of fifteen. The princesses are all musical, inheriting this taste from their mother, who is a superb pianiste, but who never plays outside of her own immediate family circle. The prince is no musician. "I leave all that sort of thing to Edinburgh," he laughs. The young princesses having been promised a visit to the tower of London in May last, which they were nearly crazy to see, the Rev. Teignmouth Shore, one of the queen's chaplains, was ordered to act as their escort. "I won't go if I can't go like any other little girl," said the Princess Maude, "I hate to have great big soldiers saluting, and everybody bowing down to the ground. It's no fun, and I want to go like any other little girl." The Princess Maude carried the day, having been warmly supported by her sisters, and the happy trio did the tower "like any other little girls," to their unbounded satisfaction. The princesses are made to keep early hours—5 a.m. in the summer finds them out of their beds and in flannel suits for calisthenics. Their breakfast is very simple—as much stirabout oatmeal and milk as they like to eat, no hot rolls, no heavy meals. Consequently no dyspepsia. Their dinner at 3 is equally plain—a nutritious soup, a fish, and a joint, with vegetables, and one pie or pudding. Their greatest dissipation is waiting up to help dress mamma for a ball. The Princess of Wales dresses her daughters in the plainest possible way—calicoes, ginghams, muslins, and flannel being de rigeur. No corsets, no tightness of any kind, and as for ornaments, such as rings, ear-rings, or bracelets, her royal highness would be astonished if such an idea were so much as mooted. She is very particular about having the girls instructed in sewing, embroidery, and all manner of woman's domestic work, and continually holds up her sister-in-law Lorne as a model in that respect. Little does the passer by imagine, as he glances up at the highest window in Marlborough house, that behind the blind is seated the future queen of England, lovingly surrounded by her daughters, to whom she is reading some refined and instructive story, while her husband, his cigar in his mouth, gazes at this home picture with a pleasure appreciated only by a father's love.—*London Truth.*

A Royal Baptism.

A Berlin telegram to the London *Standard* says: The baptism of the second son of Prince William took place in the Stadt-Schloss, Potsdam, with all the pomp and ceremony usual in such festivals of the Hohenzollern family. The Stadt-Schloss is closely connected with numerous mementoes of Frederick the Great. Almost all the rooms still retain the identical appearance they had in his time. For to-day's solemnity the library of Frederick the Great has been changed into a baptistry, while the so-called bronze room was prepared for the reception of the Emperor and the royal and princely guests before the ceremony, the tea-room being reserved for the *défeûner* before Princess Wilhelm, when the christening was over, to be finally followed by a gala dinner in the marble saloon. Immediately after the Emperor's entrance into the bronze-room the august assembly proceeded to the baptistry. First walked the Emperor, wearing the chain and star of Roumania, and conducting the Crown Princess, who wore a robe of white satin, with a diadem of diamonds. Next came the King of Roumania wearing the uniform of the 9th Prussian dragoons, with the insignia of the Order of the Black Eagle. His Majesty escorted the Duchess of Albany. The next couple were the Crown Prince and the Duchess of Schleswig Holstein, mother of Princess William; the Duke of Edinburgh, in the uniform of a Prussian general, with the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Duke of Albany, in an English costume, with Princess Victoria. Then followed Prince William and Princess of Hohenzollern, and Prince Frederic Charles and Princess Caroline Mathilde. As they entered the baptistry the Empress, in a white satin robe, with a small diadem, and the Order of the Black Eagle, appeared from the opposite side. Hereupon Prince William conducted his consort to a chair near the altar. The library, in the change it had undergone, was a beautiful sight, with its blue silk tapestry and silver borders, tastefully crowned by the purple velvet draperies of the altar. The Crown Prince took the Crown Princess to the door of the baptistry, where she received the infant from the first lady in waiting, the Countessen Keller and Gerdorff, holding the ends of the purple mantlet which covered the infant prince, and which was first used at the baptism of the present Crown Prince. The names of all the princes and princesses baptized in it are embroidered on it. The Crown Princess knelt down before the altar, and the Emperor William holding the infant, the ceremony of christening was then performed. The infant received the names of William Eitel Friedrich Christian Charles. Eitel Friedrich are ancient names of the Hohenzollerns, and are given in honor of the King of Roumania, while Christian is in honor of Prince Cristian of Schleswig-Holstein. The Crown Princess then handed the baptized Prince to Princess William, when the Benediction was pronounced by Dr. Koegel. Thereupon the royal and princely guests congratulated the Princess. All the other guests followed with their congratulations in the adjoining tea-room. Among the guests were Sir John Walsham, the British chargé d'affaires, all the ministers of state, and various princes and princesses. Princess William immediately afterward drove to the marble palace, while the guests were entertained at dinner. The table was beautifully decorated with the silver service presented to Prince and Princess William by the Prussian towns with the splendid vessel of gold and diamonds presented by Queen Victoria to Prince William on his birthday. The Emperor, at dinner, sat between the Empress and the Crown Princess; near the Empress was the King of Roumania, and next the Crown Princess the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Chinese hold written or printed characters in such reverence that they will not allow waste paper with such characters on them to be worked over for paper stock: it must be collected and burned by public officers, and manufacturers or dealers disregarding this law get into trouble.

Hon Alex. Mackenzie's health has been greatly benefitted by his trip to Europe.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

The Work They Have Before Them.

A Paris telegram to the *London Standard* says:—"It has often been said of late that China is conscious of her weakness and will make any sacrifice rather than go to war with France. What I was told to-day by a personage who must certainly know the opinion of the official Chinese world would go far to prove that Pekin is not so alarmed at the idea of hostilities with France as is generally supposed. Firstly, with regard to Tonquin, the gentleman to whom I refer is convinced that if China were at war with France she could 'sweep the French out of the delta of the Red River.' His argument was that China is much nearer Tonquin than France, and that before the French forces could be reinforced to any very considerable extent the Chinese hosts could literally overwhelm by their numbers the present small expeditionary corps. It may be a rather optimist view for the Chinese; but that it exists in China is unfortunate for France and Europe generally. I prevailed upon my interlocutor to assume that the Chinese were not so successful; but even then he could not under any circumstances admit that hostilities with France must necessarily entail the submission of China to the dictates of her adversary. He considered that in a war with China, to have any chance of success, France would have to send out from thirty to forty thousand men, and he argued that an expedition of that sort might not be very popular. Moreover, the difficulty of transporting it to the extreme east would be immense, especially as England, as a neutral power, would be obliged, if she acted as such, to close her coaling stations against the French. As for the idea that to insure the submission all France would have to do would be to blockade her ports, he scouted it as absolutely ridiculous. It would be a serious matter for more than one European power to have the Chinese ports closed against their mercantile shipping, but as to the loss of revenue China would suffer the statistics prove that it must constitute but a small item in the revenue of the empire. For all these reasons and many others, the Pekin cabinet, I am assured, does not contemplate with anything approaching dismay the eventuality of open war with France."

The *Standard*, in a leading editorial, says:—"It is becoming more and more evident that the opposition with which the French government has undertaken to deal is as composite as it is vague; and that it is neither with Tonquin alone, nor yet with the successor of Tu Duc and the kingdom of Anam, that the campaign will have to be fought out. Those who ought to be the best informed upon the subject have maintained undeviatingly from the first that if France proceeded to carry her threats against Anam into operation, China would indirectly and unofficially lend the latter all the help in its power. This, it would seem, is what is occurring. It is impossible, indeed, to assign any limits to the territories whose population has been roused to angry curiosity or vindictive vigilance by the operations of the French forces. The latter are evidently viewed with jealousy and alarm in districts of which perhaps no Parisian has ever heard so much as the name. It is an empire of indefinite extent that France has really challenged, and it may reasonably be doubted whether the Chinese authorities could control the rising and European sentiment thus far and wide called into activity even if they wished to do so. This is exactly the danger which all the best informed persons foresaw when the French government first took in hand an adventure of whose final proportions they seemed so strangely ignorant. Yet they might have learnt by the very good nature displayed by the European powers, and also by the United States, how great a risk they were running of rendering the relations of other communities with China precarious and full of danger. The Chinese population do not draw nice distinctions between Frenchmen and Englishmen, between the Russians and Americans. In their ignorant but intense imaginations all foreigners are lumped together as barbarians who are attempting to force themselves, their wares, their ways, their commerce, their customs, upon the Celestial Empire, which for so many hundred years prospered without them. By dint of a successful war carried on jointly by the powers, and with the aid of much dexterous diplomacy since its close, China has been induced to extend her hospitality to foreigners, and to tolerate their presence, not only on her seaboard, but in some of her inland towns. It would be a grave error, however, to suppose that the old jealousies, the ancient antipathies, have been laid aside, and the aggressive action of France has come at a most inopportune moment to fan the smoulder of ashes of Chinese fanaticism. Should this burst into a flame, it will not be France alone, French commerce, or French capital, that will suffer. We have a far heavier stake in Chinese seas than France, and we may, almost before we have time to look around, find ourselves involved in complications for which we shall be indebted to all the inconveniences of whose friendship are beginning to be as marked as those of it avowed enmity.

Sweet Little Girls.

To-day I saw "a sweet little girl," the dearest, nicest little thing: Not so pretty, but oh! so good, and gentle, and loving; and she set me to thinking how very few nice little girls there are to be found now-a-days. There are plenty of pretty, well-dressed ones; but every one must notice how rare is the dear little girl of the past—the shy, modest, violet-like child, who knew herself to be young and understood how much her parents and friends were to her; who obeyed sweetly, and was afraid of doing wrong, and happy to be praised for doing right.

One found her in the palace and in the cottage—a millionaire's daughter, or the washwoman's little girl. Her mild eyes, and gentle voice, and infantile ways, live in our memories still, but how seldom do we see her. In fashionable society there is now an over-dressed little girl, put into corsets at seven, perpetually thinking of her clothes, never playing with her doll, but only taking it out to walk and show its costumes. If her father's friends speak to her she grows pert, and tosses her head, and says saucy things, and evidently fancies they are flirting with her, and does her very best to flirt with them.

In homes where the mother is not fashionable or a flirt, there is often a disobliging, critical little creature who finds fault with her elders, is content with nothing, talks baby scandal of her school-fellows, and thinks herself wiser than her grand-parents—an old little girl in every way. And amongst the poor of cities are children whose manner prove them vicious, who insult respectable persons as they pass by, and who will only answer a kind question by some bit of street slang—little girls going straight down to destruction from their cradles. (God forgive those who let them go.)

Of course, the sweet little girls exist in every class, but the thought that there are fewer of them than there were is enough to make any woman who has ever been a mother shed bitter tears. A sad thought for any one; for the nice little girls grow up to be nice little women, and what should we do without them?

The correspondent of the Albany *Express*, who accompanied the Northern Pacific Railroad party, saw a prairie fire. "It was miles away to the north-east, but as the train sped along the great sheet of flame came nearer and nearer, and before midnight it was a thrilling spectacle. The vast ocean of land, level as a table, seemed to touch the skies at all points of the compass, and the angry flames, illuminating the otherwise black horizon, were not easily to be forgotten."

Mrs. Coates has been fully committed to stand trial for poisoning her husband. Things look very ugly, though it would not be fair to prejudge or prejudice the case.

MISCELLANEOUS.

What can be up which has caused the recall of Lord Dufferin from Constantinople? Speculation is useless, and no doubt the whole will in due time be explained.

De man what tells lies fur de 'musement ob the crowd kan be put up wid, but de man what lies to make hisse'f 'portant is a mighty disgustin' bore.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The French, apparently, are in for a bigger war than they have any adequate idea of. Better for them to rue in time and get a reasonable peace fixed up without delay.

It is more than time that those Arctic expeditions were put a stop to. What good have they accomplished at all compensatory of the money sunk and the valuable lives sacrificed in the wild-goose chase?

The Princess of Wales, it seems, is going in for simplicity of dress, and of course is finding any number of followers. So may it be till the monstrous extravagance of woman's attire be things of the past.

The story comes from North Carolina of a dog that climbs trees after opposums and coons. He doesn't stick his toenails in like a cat, but climbs like a boy. Recently he shinned up a big elm and caught an immense coon. During the fight that ensued they both fell to the ground, but the dog had the best of the fall and won the trick.

The Governor-General and wife have come and gone; have been received with all politeness and cordiality, though not with anything approaching to enthusiasm and gush. The Marquis told of his great love for Canada, and the Canadians, and intimated that the Princess had been so happy that she would willingly have staid another year. All which, etc.

It is not much, but in one respect it must not be pleasant for the Marquis to be always mentioned after his wife. In this country such a thing should never be, for as Governor he takes the first place, and yet the newspapers have been putting not only his wife but his wife's nephew before him. It is absurd and flunkeyish without the slightest reason.

A Pittsburgh jury recently gave a verdict against a railroad company for the amount of money stolen from a passenger in a sleeping car. "Since the defendant," the Judge charged, "sold a ticket for $2 in addition to the regular rates of passage, offered the facilities of sleeping as an inducement to pay the extra money, it bound itself to protect its patrons while they were asleep and for the time being helpless."

Though Lord Carnarvon is an Englishman and a peer too, there is no necessity for the most pronounced Canadian Nationalist treating him with rudeness, as some are inclined to do. There is no use, to be sure, in making a fuss about visitors, especially such as are inclined to patronize the rough, unkempt Canadians somewhat pronouncedly. But by all means let them have kind words and hearty welcome all the same. There is no possible necessity for showing more than becomingly, that Lord Coleridge's snub has told. A lord is simply a man, and the world is wide. There is quite room enough without any jostling.

Who was that man up the Ottawa that lately tried to salt his mine with minerals that were not in it, in order to make a big haul by a sale? Whoever he is he ought to be pilloried from Newfoundland to Van Couver's Island. The miserable, fraudulent hound! Not that he is worse than a great many lying disposers of real estate and adulterated merchandise, but it is all but a new phase of the stealing iniquity and ought to be severely dealt with if only to keep this lying, pilfering tendency within bounds. We have heard of professed oil wells being "doctored" with a few barrels, and a supposed coal mine with a load of black diamonds. Come, come, you poor beggarly blackguards—*get.*

We do not profess to know all the outs and ins of the clerical mind, but it seems at once strange and funny for such men as Drs. Cavan and McLaren to join the other members of the Presbyterian Assembly in solemnly asking Dr. King to leave Toronto and go to Manitoba, and then, when chiefly induced to do so by the earnestness and unanimity of the call addressed to him that gentleman has consented to go, for these reverend fathers to turn round after the irrevocable step had been taken and tell all concerned that they always thought Dr. K. would be better employed where he has been for the last twenty years. Well, may Dr. King ask if it is not possible that all the others who asked him to go were enacting the same kind of hypocritical sham. It is possible, and if so, a more destestable farce was never enacted in the name of religion, and in the face of heaven.

So Christianity is on its trial in Toronto, and rival orators are asking in every note of the gamut for somebody or other to be good enough to tramp on their coat tails. Intellectual and controversial milling matches are being arranged for. The money is being put up in the hands of judicious bottle holders, and all promises to be just lovel. Not much! When did such debates ever do a particle of good? When did they ever change the opinion of a single individual? When had they ever the seriousness and dignity which ought to characterize such discussions? Never. They are only a little removed from the exhibitions of the prize ring, and all respectable people would flee from them as they would flee from the exhibitions of the manly art. A few years ago two cat-witted creatures, one professedly an earnest Christian, and the other, "the other thing," got up such a sparring match on the truth of Christianity, charged a quarter for admission, and then divided the proceeds between their noble selves "like bricks." It is always so. If a man seriously wishes to examine the grounds upon which Christianity rests he has ample opportunity of doing so in the privacy and calmness of his own room, and he is a thousand times more likely to come to a satisfactory conclusion on the subject than in the stir, bustle and vulgar declaration of a debating club-room. For the love of everything that is decent, good friends, don't make yourselves too ridiculous. Christianity may be a very weak thing, but the way to show that it is so is not by a ranting public lecture or debate with a ten or twenty five cents admission fee with which to line the pockets of the orators. No, no! friends. There is no use in dragging your coats through the mire at that rate, they are ragged enough and dirty enough without anything of that kind.

An American lady, who had reached an old inn in Normandy, could not make the clerk understand her French, nor could she understand the clerk's. At last, in desperation, she said with great distinctness—"Do—you—speak—English?" He brightened at once, and said:—"Land sakes! I guess I do; I was brought up ten miles from Bangor, Maine!"

We are pleased to see the Montreal people doing honor to themselves by honoring their most distinguished fellow citizen, Dr. Dawson, and in such a pleasing and substantial fashion. They don't give their wise men as much as their dancers. Who does? But it is something for a company of traffickers to say to a hard-wrought student, "There are five thousand dollars, go and enjoy yourself!" May the fashion be catching. Dr. Dawson is not the man chiefly honored in the transaction.

Mr. Gladstone has held the office of Premier for a longer period than it has been held by any statesman except one in the course of Queen Victoria's reign. The exception was Lord Palmerston, who was Prime Minister for nine years and three months. Next after Mr. Gladstone comes Lord Beaconsfield, who was Premier six years and ten months. After him comes Lord Melbourne, whose length of office was one month less than that of Lord Beaconsfield. Earl Russel is the next in order, his Premiership lasting six years and two months; and next comes Sir Robert Peel, who was Premier for four years and ten months. The other statesmen who held the reins of Government under the present sovereign were the late Earl of Derby, whose term of office lasted three years and six months, and the Earl of Aberdeen, who served two years and two months.

The Average Boy.

A's the green apple
with bites all around.
B is the ball that is lost on the ground.
C is the cigar-
ette making him
pale. D is the
dog with
a can on its
tail. E is
the er-
rand
that makes
him look wry. F is the fish-
ing and Fourth of July. G is the
games that make happy his days.
H is the hooky from school that he
plays. I is the Indians he's going to
slay. J is the jack-knife he's trading
away. K is the kite in the sky scarce
discerned. L is the licking for lessons
unlearned. M is for marbles and melons
sublime. N is the novels that cost him a
dime. O 's his old man with a strap
by the gate. P's his toy pistol which
settles his fate. Q is the quarrel which
bloodies his nose. R is the
ruin he makes to his clothes.
S is the swimming, skates, snowballs
and sled. T is his tops and his toys
painted red. U is the
uproar he makes when
he's tanned. V's his vim
when he's leading the
band. W's his
whis- tle so
happ- y and
shrill. X is X
penses when ever he's ill.
Y is the yells he e- mits all the day.
Z is the zeal that he shows at his play.

H. C. Dodge in the Hawkeye.

A CURIOUS CASE.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

I reached home in a species of frenzy, which alarmed my mother and sister exceedingly. I am not of a demonstrative nature; thus my agitation was the more distressing to others and to myself. I told my mother all that had happened without reserve; and in doing so, I grew calmer. Then we had a long conversation respecting Miss Garston. How should I break to her the news that Mr. Lamport was about to be arrested for her attempted murder? A vast, yes, a fundamental revolution was trembling around her; should its approach be announced, or was I to permit it to burst on her unawares!

"If she is at all able to bear the communication, tell her," said my mother. "You will of course quietly prepare her for it. Women can endure far more than men suppose. Besides, if Miss Garston knows that she is in no further danger from that horrid man, that will sustain her."

"But where it she to go afterwards?" I asked. "I know she will not stay in Mr. Lamport's house."

"Bring her here," returned my mother. "Your sister and I will care for her until she is able to decide upon her future. You are sure that she will recover?"

"Mr. Dawson is positive of it," I returned. "He says I have been mistaken as to the peril she has been in. Of that I have my own opinion. Still, I am bound to admit that she has rallied marvellously in a few hours. If I find her stronger when I return, I shall venture to tell her a few particulars about Mr. Lamport being in trouble. But I will not mention the poisoning. Something she must be told, to account for the changes that will take place in the house. I hope Mr. Lamport will not be arrested at home; that will demoralize the servants, and they will frighten my poor patient, and goodness knows what the result may be."

It was now nearly four o'clock. I hurried to prepare Miss Garston far another change in her fateful life, fearing lest it might have been revealed by the event itself. But all was in its wonted order. The fine old mansion never looked more imposing. Upon it, the after-glow of a frosty sunset fell resplendently; its windows gleamed with rejoicing fires, as though a grand gala were in progress. The evergreen shrubs along the pathway were more witching than at summer's noon. By the side of the house, a gorgeous conservatory sent forth a glow of flowery loveliness that looked like fairywork. Everything bespoke the home of wealth, taste, and luxury. And in the house, all was as usual; the servants were pursuing their duties: from the kitchen came a faint hint of an exquisite repast preparing; along the lobby the portly butler walked leisurely, with a plate-basket gleaming and jingling in his hand.

Mis Garston was still improving. She had just dismissed the attendant who had performed her toilet, and she lay in the soft languor of the fatigue it had caused. The sun fell rosily upon the bed, and lent a faint tint to the pale face lying on the pillow before me. A smile, a bright welcoming smile, and a flash from the sunlit eyes, told that I was expected.

I stood entranced for an instant at the changes that met my eyes. Hitherto, the sick-room had been darkened to a twilight; the expression on my patient's face has varied from supplication, to terror and despair. Now all was radiant, transformed. Why did I thrill when I took Miss Garston's hand? Why did I tremble when I spoke to her?

But my embarrassment did not last long. I had a duty to perform infinitely more difficult than any that had fallen to my lot previously. With the utmost caution I opened the subject of Mr. Lamport's affairs. I told of his business distresses; how he would have to leave his present abode, and live on a lower level, and how Miss Garston would need another home. The prospect did not alarm her, as I feared; nay, she seemed almost glad at the impending separation from her self-styled guardian. Then I ventured to offer the hospitality of my mother's house until she was convalescent, and begged permission for an interview on my mother's part. These propositions somewhat disturbed my patient. I saw that I had gone as far as her strength would admit of, and bidding her rest, I left her with a promise to return later in the evening.

I had broken the ice. Miss Garston was prepared for the inevitable, and her energies had seemed equal to the shock. But I quailed at the thought of the further strain that would be put upon her enfeebled powers, when Mr. Lamport was brought to trial.

When I reached the library, I cogitated upon the courses that lay open to me. Should I wait where I was, until I learned if Mr. Lamport were arrested, or should I return home to meet Mr. Sleigh the bookkeeper, as arranged? I determined to stay, and so prevent any possible mischief to my patient. I therefore wrote a note, bidding Mr. Sleigh to come me without delay.

CHAPTER V.

I must have fallen asleep; for I jumped up with a feeling of bewilderment as a voice called out "Dr. Leighford." It was the butler who stood beside me.

"What is it?" I asked, recollecting myself. "Am I wanted?"

"No, sir. But a man is in the hall who wants Mr. Lamport. It is very strange he has not come home yet. Dinner has been waiting more than an hour. Do you know what may be keeping master so late?"

I looked at the butler, to see if he suspected anything; but his face was only languidly perturbed.

"What sort of a man is he?" I asked, ignoring his question.

"A rather queer sort of a person, sir, a foreigner, and he is evidently in a hurry. Do you think he should wait?"

A sudden thought swept through me. "Bring him in here," I said; "perhaps he will write a note to Mr. Lamport, if he cannot stay."

In another breath I was asking the stranger if I could deliver any message for him to Mr. Lamport, or if he would make use of the writing materials lying on the table. He was indeed a queer sort of a person, of an age from sixty to eighty. His eyes were deprecating, yet suspicious; his smile insinuating, but with a cruel cynicism pervading it. He moved his hands restlessly, and bowed from time to time with oriental abjection.

"I do not know what to do," he said, after a pause. "Mr. Lamport has written to me to meet him here. But I cannot stay. I am wanted elsewhere." He spoke English very well, though with a strong accent.

"You had better stay for a little while, at any rate," I said. "Mr. Lamport is much behind his usual time of returning from business. Will you not sit down?"

I quivered with excitement, nor could I conceal it. Instead of taking the chair I offered, the man glared at me and made for the door. "No, no; thank you; I cannot stay."

"Will you not leave a message for Mr. Lamport?" I cried, following him.

"No; thank you: I will call again tomorrow;" and he shuffled quickly across the floor.

"But you must leave your name," I exclaimed, hurrying before him.

He started back in alarm. "Never mind my name; my business is not at all important."

"Is it Pandofini?" I demanded, standing with my back to the door.

The old man uttered a strange cry, looked round the room, as if in hope for another means of quitting it, then stood measuring me with a wary calculation.

In another second the scene changed; the door was hastily opened, hurling me towards my opponent, who leaped back with amazing agility. I turned to see who was entering; and met the staring eyes of the butler. "O doctor, there are four men in the hall, and they refuse to say what they want. I think they are policemen."

Behind him walked two stalwart individuals, who walked unceremoniously into the room.

"What is your business?" I asked automatically.

"To arrest this person," answered one of them, while both advanced to the old man, cowering on the sofa upon which he had fallen.

"His name is Pandofini, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," answered the policeman. "I am to wait here until Inspector Knabman comes.—Now, Pandofini, put out your wrists."

The miserable old man fought with the desperation of an entrapped tiger ere the handcuffs were fixed to his skeleton limbs. Both the policemen were blown and red-faced when they had done; and they looked at their prisoner with very unamiable countenances as he groaned upon the floor.

The butler had witnessed the operation with the horror of a gentleman who had passed his life in the serene regions where vulgar rascals are only known by printed reports of their doings. I recalled the good fellow to himself, and sent him to the servant's hall to keep order and quiet, bidding him remember the sick lady up-stairs.

Then followed a curious silence. The policemen sat by the door; the Italian, half-dead with the reaction of the struggle, reclined against the wall. Perhaps ten minutes passed, when the grating of wheels was heard on the drive, and the flash of a carriage-lamp shot through the window, whose blinds were still undrawn. It was Mr. Lamport returning at last. I heard him walk swiftly through the hall; and my heart throbbed as he approached. He looked like a man under the influence of drink, as he entered the library—that far-away gaze, that unconsciousness of surrounding objects. The spell lasted but a moment. He rubbed his brow, glanced at the policemen, then his eye met the glimmering stare of Pandofini, who strove to regain his feet. Here Inspector Knabman walked in; evidently he had come with Mr. Lamport, for he had that person's overcoat in his hand.

"I now inform you, Mr. Lamport," said the inspector, "why you are under arrest. You and this man Pandofini are charged with attempted poisoning."

Mr. Lamport became ghastly pale and turned hastily towards the door. Both police n sprang to seize him. But he waved them off, saying:—"I am unacquainted with this man, and know not why he is here. Who says I am guilty of poisoning?"

"That you will know at the proper time," answered Mr. Knabman—"Have you seached your prisoner?" he continued, addressing his comrades.

"No, sir."

"Then do so."

This time, Pandofini submitted to the will of his captors; and amid the miscellany of his belongings was found a small phial, the counterpart of that I had received from Mr. Sleigh.

Mr. Lamport had watched the searching of his confederate with a frenzied curiosity; and when the phial was laid upon the table, a groan burst from him.

"Did you ever see a bottle like that before?" asked the inspector.

The miserable man turned his face away.

In the meantime, a rapid change came over Pandofini. He was no longer cowed. Looking keenly at the inspector, Mr. Lamport, and myself in turn, he appeared to decide upon a new course of action. Turning to the inspector, he said, ingratiatingly: "I wish to tell all I know, sir. Mr. Lamport has had three bottles like that;" pointing with his manacled hands to the table. "He said he wanted something to destroy the sparrows which spoil the fruit. But I am not guilty; indeed, sir, I am only a poor man; I never hurt anybody in my life. Let me go home, sir. My wife is waiting for me."

The inspector heard him quietly to the end; then he made a sign to his men, who took the protesting and beseeching Italian out of the room.

"Now, Mr. Lamport, you must go with me," said Mr. Knabman.—"Here, Jackson, Brown, take your prisoner," he called loudly. Directly, two other policemen, who had so far remained in the hall, entered the room. They led Mr. Lamport away, each supporting him by a shoulder. I believe he would have swooned, but for the ejaculations of the crowd of servants standing in the hall.

The cook, who had lived with him for twenty years, burst out into loud sobs, and cried:—"O master, master, what have you done?" The housekeeper pushed through the throng and said:—"What am I to do sir, while you are away?"

With a piercing cry, the wretched man hurried out of the door. In this manner Mr. Lamport bade an eternal farewell to his home and servants.

By a stratagem worthy of his reputation, Inspector Knabman had brought Pandofini to Mr. Lamport's house.

I need not dwell upon the trial which followed. Both were found guilty. Each was transported for the remnant of his far-spent life. Mr. Lamport died within a year of his sentence; but Pandofini survived his deportation to the antipodes for several years.

Of vastly more interest to me was the fate of the poor lady whose life I had happily saved. In spite of all my precautions, the arrest of Mr. Lamport and the disruption of the household had serious consequences. For a time I feared the worst. Even Dr. Dawson agreed that Miss Garston had been in a more serious condition than he had supposed. But the recuperative powers of youth are enormous; and good nursing can work wonders. Three months after my first acquaintance with Miss Garston, she was convalescent.

In the meantime, the crisis, which Mr. Lamport's recklessness had made inevitable, burst furiously upon the house of Garston and Lamport. The arrest and conviction of the surviving partner precipitated the disaster. But in Mr. Sleigh Miss Garston had a devoted servant and a shrewd man of business. It is not the purpose of this story to dwell upon the terrible struggle that ensued to maintain the house from utter collapse, and thereby to save something of Miss Garston's fortune. Several business friends rallied round the tottering firm; and by Mr. Sleigh's skill, the liabilities of Lamport were disentangled from the estate of his former partner. I am not skilled in commercial affairs, and cannot fully realize the immense service rendered by the bookkeeper. It made him famous on 'Change, and the name of Sleigh is still remembered in the romance of trade. Soon after Lamport's death was reported in England, the establishment that he had brought to ruin had recovered, and Miss Garston's fortune was saved; and the man who had accomplished the extraordinary task was worthily recompensed; Mr. Sleigh became the successor to Messrs Garston and Lamport, and, with his sons, advanced the old house to greater influence than it had known previously.

What became of the lady who had experienced so many dark vicissitudes? Was Miss Garston's future of a happy, compensatory sort? To these queries, which every reader is constrained to put, I can give the amplest reply. Miss Garston became my wife some time after her affairs were restored to order. For forty years now, we have trod the world together, enjoying a larger measure of happiness than falls to most. The circumstances which brought us together perhaps made us nearer and dearer to each other than we might otherwise have been. We are still sweethearts; for time, though it has transformed us externally, has not changed our love.

THE END.

Food and Brain Work.

An organism which is doing brain work as well as muscular work requires higher and better food than an organism in which the brain is comparatively idle and only the lower centres and the muscles do much work. Undoubtedly the effect of brain work is to strengthen the brain and to render it less likely to become abnormal in its structure or disorderly in its activity than if it were idle. Such exercise as the brain receives in education, properly so-called—that is, development of the faculties—stimulates nutrition, and in so doing increases the need for food. Excessive activity with anxiety is not good at all, and ought to have no place in the educational process. Worry is fatal to good work, and to worry the growing brain of a child with work is to maim and cripple its organization, doing irreparable, because structural, mischief, the effects of which must be life-long. "Tension" in work is not a proof of strength, but of weakness. A well developed and healthy grown brain works without tension of any kind. The knit brow, straining eyes, and fixed attention of the scholar are not tokens of power, but of effort. The true athlete does not strain and pant when he puts forth his strength. The intellectual man with a strong mind does his brain work easily. Tension is friction, and the moment the toil of a *growing* brain becomes laborious it should cease. We are, unfortunately, so accustomed to see brain work done with effort that we have come to associate work with effort, and to regard "tension" as something tolerable, if not natural. As a matter of fact no man should knit his brow as he thinks or in any way evince effort as he works. The best brain work is done easily, with a calm spirit, an equable temper, and in jaunty mood. All else is the toil of a weak or ill-developed brain straining to accomplish a task which is relatively too great for it.—*Lancet.*

Tobacco on the Young.

We have referred to the action of some foreign authorities in forbidding the use of tobacco by the young—the prohibition being based on the fact that tobacco lessens their future capacity of service to the State, especially in military life.

In full accord with this is the Report of Dr. Gibon, Medical Director, U. S. N.

In retiring from the Institution he desired to leave it as his last utterance that "beyond all other things, the future health and usefulness of the lads educated at this school required the absolute interdiction of tobacco."

In this opinion he is, he says, sustained by his colleagues; by all other sanitarians in military and civil life whose views he had been able to learn; and by the known belief of the officer who was to succeed him.

The fact that so many adults can use tobacco with apparent impunity is, in his view, no argument in favor of its use by growing lads, for while it arrests waste of tissue in the former, this very arrest of waste to the young is connected with a retarding of their normal development.

He adds, "An agent, which, through its sedative effect on the circulation, creates a thirst for alcoholic stimulation; which, by its depressing and disturbing effect on the nerve centres, increases bad passions; which determines functional diseases of the heart; which impares vision, blunts the memory, and interferes with mental effort and application, ought, in my opinion as a sanitary officer, at whatever cost of vigilance, to be rigorously interdicted."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Insanity Question.

Why should a man, who has a hopelessly insane wife, not be divorced from her and allowed to marry again? It would prevent a great deal of sin and shame too, and would surely not be contrary to the divine and civil law as well. The woman in such a case is dead, and as far as all medical science can determine, will never come alive again. Is it then fair that her husband should be kept in a condition of constrained widowerhood, or live in open or covert concubinage and vice? There was a case the other day of a man marrying a woman who had been his housekeeper, while for years his wife had been a hopeless lunatic in Toronto asylum. What was the result? The man had to run out of the country to prevent his being tried and punished for bigamy, while the woman was prosecuted for aiding and abetting him in the commission of that crime! Which was the worst? He might have lived with that woman all his life in criminal intercourse and nobody either would or could have said a word. But as soon as he tried to make his "mistress" an honest women by marrying her the law pounced on him as a criminal, and all the while his wife was a jabbering and hopeless lunatic. What sense is there in that? Wouldn't it be far better to pronounce a lunatic after a certain time as civilly dead, and while compelling the husband or wife to continued maintenance, leave them free to marry again if they pleased? It looks like common sense at any rate, law or not law.

Outspoken People.

How does it come to pass that some people are so dreadfully outspoken and independent? They blurt out everything. They use the most bare-faced impudent phrases, and seem never so well pleased as when they are hurting the feelings of their neighbors. Can they help it? One might say they could, but actual experience seems to indicate the opposite. They get the most painful snubs. They are subjected to the most direct cuts. They even incur most practical chastisements through this evil tendency of their's. Yet it does no good. They are just as ready as ever to sin after the same fashion. They are long-tongued and imprudent as ever. How is it all to be explained? They will blab in the most unaccountable way about things that ought not to be whispered about even in the closet, and will allow themselves to be "pumped" in the most thorough and child-like fashion. They are continually making enemies, and disgusting friends. Yes, and they are sorry at the moment, and yet it makes no difference. The next time they are quite as bad. Is it not a part of their constitutional temperament? And if so, how far are they to be blamed? It is dreadfully difficult to say. A child cannot carry the load of a giant. A fool will always show his foolishness, and yet it is often difficult to indicate how or where the screw is loose.

The boss liar has recently returned from Spain, where he found a man 180 years old, who attained that age by eating onions and gardening. He only eats once a day, and devotes two days out of each month to drinking water—no other food permitted. He signed a paper in 1712, but is too modest to say he remembers Christopher Columbus.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

CREAM CAKES.—Melt as much butter in a pint of milk as will make it as rich as cream. Sift a light quart of flour and make it into a dough with these just as soft as will admit of rolling. Add a teaspoonful of salt. Cut out into biscuit shape. Do not let the cakes be more than a quarter of an inch thick, and bake on a griddle.

TOMATO SOUP FOR LENT.—Have ready one three pound can of fine tomatoes, and add to them half a teaspoonful of soda. Let the tomatoes stew these gently until thoroughly cooked. Have ready two quarts of new unskimmed milk, let it come to a boil over a brisk fire, and as soon as this is the case pour it hot over the tomatoes, stirring well. Let all boil together about fifteen minutes. Season with red pepper, salt, and one tablespoonful of butter. Just before pouring out of the kettle thicken with a pint of pounded crackers.

POTATO SALAD.—One quart of potatoes cooked until soft, peeled and sliced, six tablespoonsful of vinegar and the same quantity of water, a little salt and a little bit of onion cut up fine, and two tablespoonsful of fine olive oil. Stir the liquid well together, and mix in the potatoes while they are still warm. This recipe is German, having been so much relished by an American student that he got his landlady to give him the recipe, that his friends at home might have the benefit of it.

FRIED SOFT CRABS.—Take off the backs, and remove the dead flesh from the crab. Heat some lard or butter in a frying-pan, and when very hot put in the front part of the crab, and fry until done. Then remove, rub with a little sweet butter in which a trifle of cayenne has been mixed; fry the back part of the crab, unite the two parts, and place as tastefully as possible on a fancy dish.

OYSTER SOUP.—Take one quart each of rich new milk and oysters; drain the latter at least an hour through a colander, so as to have all the liquor from them; put it to boil, carefully skimming until clear, and set aside to keep hot until it is needed. In another saucepan boil the milk, with a very small onion (which may be omitted if preferred), and one head of celery chopped fine, for about twenty minutes. Strain it, add the oyster liquor, half a cup of best butter, and the same quantity of powdered cracker; allow it all to bubble once, put in the oysters, a speck of cayenne, salt and black pepper to taste, and a scant teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce; cook three minutes; serve very hot, and, ignoring etiquette, allow a second helping.

Girls of the Period.

Mr. Labouchere, in London *Truth*, thus gossips about the girls of to-day: When I mentally enumerate the young women, married and single, of my acquaintance, I find them all guilty of flagrant, self-consciousness. They succeed socially. To undervalue their own good looks, to be unaware of their own good points, would be a social error. The taste of society is so vile that it prefers the flaunting sunflower or the self-assertive hollyhock to the rose veiled in moss, to the fragrant lowly mignonette, or to the quiet, pink-tipped daisy. I differ from society, and it calls me cynic. Let me introduce you to the women I know and then dub me cynic if you can.

There is Neæra, whose hair is of that lovely tint between brown and gold, and so plentiful that when she shakes it loose it falls in glorious, rippling masses to her knees. Neæra is always railing at the fashion of false hair. "People who have abundance of their own get no credit for it," she says. She loves private theatricals, and would willingly take up questionable acquaintances rather than lose a chance of playing in a charade or posing in tableau vivant in a "back-hair" part. If anyone else's hair is said to be of a beautiful color, Neæra is ill-humored for the rest of the day. She hates the bonnet of the period, because it covers the head so closely, and detests the hat of the day, because it hides the hair. Her maid arranges her lovely locks in a great coil or plait, which goes twice round her pretty head. People sitting in the private boxes look down at her in her stall and say: "what a beautiful head!" She never wears a flower or diamond in those shining folds; she thinks, and rightly, that they need no "bush." Neæra is self-conscious.

Then there is my Lady Juno Hardware. Her figure is magnificent. Sir Simon fell in love with her at a dance. You never saw such shoulders—so white, so smooth, so perfect in shape. Perhaps, like Mr. Merdle, Sir Simon thought that such a bust was made for the display of diamonds. Lady Juno is young, and might be rather pleasant were it not for her figure. It preoccupies her. She is jealous of every other well-shaped woman. Of Mrs. X. she says: "how can people admire her! Look at her shoulders—up in her ears almost." When told that Mrs. W. is much liked in society, Lady Juno says: "What! with that wooden waist?" She can not understand that a woman may be charming without a good figure, and is equally far from comprehending that one who possesses a perfect shape need not necessarily conquer all hearts.

Helen is beautiful. You can not name a fault in her lovely face. But alas! Helen knows how fair she is! See the conquering air with which she walks, the languid complacency of her expression as she drives, the careless negligence of her manner when she speaks. These defects all spring from one common source. She says as plainly as though she were to speak the words:—"I am a beautiful woman. I need not, therefore, take the trouble to be agreeable. To be beautiful is enough."

Mrs. Dash is as beautiful as Helen, and she knows it, but hides the knowledge better. Her coquettish airs and graces sit well on her. They suit her piquant style and her merry bright face. Everybody says she is charming, "and so extremely stylish." So she is. And those who think so would probably have scarcely admired her as she was seven years ago—a lovely girl who nearly always wore white, who blushed frequently when she talked with strangers, and even when teased by her father, whom she adored. She was a country girl of nineteen with no "style" beyond being a thorough gentlewoman, in whom coquetry was still dormant. Society prefers the woman of twenty-six, who is as practiced in her smiles as any actress on the stage, and, as her admirers say of her, is "all there." She is so amusing, says everyone, and to be "amusing" is to be a social success. Sometimes she looks back at her girlish self, and thinks, with a little smiling sigh:—"What an innocent goose of a girl I was! How different I am now!"

Women and the Home.

Mrs. Florence M. Adkinson, in the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, deals with the men who fear women are endangering the home in the following terse fashion:—"There are a few facts which, if daily considered, would serve to ally the fears of those who imagine that the 'women movement' threatens the home. First, the home, with all that the word implies, its rest, its comfort, its beauty, its shelter, its brooding spirit, all that renders it pleasant to body, brain, and soul, has been chiefly envolved through the thought, affection, and labor of women. As a rule, men have shirked their share in the building of the home, especially in the finer part of the work, as they have shirked their moral responsibility in the developing and training of the race. Second, the strongest instinct in woman is the home instinct. She may of her own free choice elect to be childless, to be husbandless, but not to be homeless. Men live in camps and clubs, more or less content, but the fondest dream of every wandering woman—high or low, rich or poor—is of a home, all her own, her castle, which if she chooses she may bar and bolt against the world. These warnings from men to women regarding the preservation of the home are supremely ridiculous in face of the facts that men are far more gregarious than women, and much less disposed to rigidly preserve the privacy and exclusiveness of home."

A Case of Circumstantial Evidence.

The evergreen State of Florida is a land of marvelous productions, but she has furnished nothing so remarkable as a late capital conviction on circumstantial evidence. It is the second best in judicial annals, the first occurring in the time of Lord Eldon, before whom he was tried. It was the case of a man arraigned for the murder of another, but no evidence appearing for the State, the prisoner looked triumphantly around the court room. Just then a surgeon who extracted the ball from the murdered man made his appearance with a basin of water and the bullet. The wadding which adhered to the ball was carefully detached and found to be part of a ballad, the other part had been taken from the prisoner's pocket, and from the exact correspondence of the two parts of the ballad it was immediately inferred that it had been torn in twain by the prisoner. He was hanged. Florida's case almost equaled the foregoing, but must take a second place from the fact that there was a corroborating statement by the prisoner. The case is as follows: Archibald W. Newton, belonging to a rich English family, came from England to take employment on a railroad in Grange county, Florida. Afterwards he was suspected of forgery, and vague rumors prevailed that he had been compelled to leave England on account of a criminal assault on a young girl, Kate Bowron. He, however, sent money to the girl, who joined him in Orange, where they were married. About this time Newton was negotiating with an old man, Samuel McMillan, for an orange grove, and who was reputed wealthy. Suddenly the farmer disappeared and his headless body was found at the bottom of a lake and his head discovered soon afterwards. Young Newton, who quickly became a man of means, stated that his brother-in-law in England had sent him abundant funds. He was arrested for the murder of the old man. On the trial the State produced a single coarse red hair which a doctor had found in blood stains on Newton's pocket handkerchief. This hair corresponded with the hair on the head of the murdered man with unfortunate exactness. But as no two hairs on a man's head are precisely alike in structure, differing as they do under microscopical lens in fibre and cylindrical dimensions, and the differentiation being increased by daily manifestations, the evidence of that single red hair was rather an inference of guilt than direct circumstantial proof of it. But the hair introduced as a principal witness had corroborating testimony of the ghastly deed. The State introduced a young woman who knew the Bowron family, and stated that they were so poor that they could not raise twenty-five pounds, and hence the absurdity of Newton's brother-in-law sending him money on which he could make such a flush display. The prisoner was convicted, sentenced to death, and is now awaiting execution. In the case which came before Lord Eldon no corroborating witness was necessary; the ballad sang its own song of triumph. In the Florida case the single red hair, although a terrible suggestive witness, needed the false statement of money forwarded from England to convict the prisoner of murder. The two brought into still more telling light the ancient adage of the common law, founded on the experience of ages, that "men may lie, but circumstances do not."

Beautiful Women of Seville.

Any one who has once enjoyed them can never forget the long, sunny days of Seville, the delicious, dreamy atmosphere, the evening walks through orange groves and island gardens, along the beautiful Guadalquiver, fringed with acacias and willows, reflecting in its silent depths the soft and deep shadows of the western sky; the glory of the setting sun beyond the green plains and the distant palms, gliding the tops of the tall masts that rise from the bosom of the river like slender church spires, and the beautiful Moorish Giralda in the city, and the great Tower d'Oro by the river side, and flooding the earth with a golden radiance; and then the slow, solemn coming up of the great yellow moon over the orange gardens and the palm trees behind the stately palace of the Duc de Montpensier; and the sweet, pensive mystery of the nights, when the rustle of the palms and the fragrance of the orange blossoms and the soft rhthymical plash of the fountain in the patio beneath one's window mingle with one's dreams; and one half wakes at the hourly peal of the cathedral bell to hear the sereno chanting in musical cadence the hour of the night, and the comforting assurance that all is well and the weather is fair. It all seems like a beautiful dream; and yet never was dream so real.

The dress of the Sevilleans—especially of the women—if somewhat less picturesque than is found among their cousins of the Orient, is far better adapted for the exhibition of beauty of form and feature. The ungraceful veils with which the Mohammedan and Mauresque conceal all her beauty but that of the dark, lustrous eyes, in the Andalusian Mauresque has been etherialized to a scarf of soft clinging lace, which, encircling the face and falling in graceful folds about the face and shoulders, only heightens the beauty it may once have been intended to conceal. The plainest of countenances is softened and idealized by this sort of veil; the beautiful become bewitching. No shapeless jacket and baggy trousers and clumsy slippers hide or distort the exquisite beauty of these lithe and slender forms, the graceful droop of the shoulders, the high arched instep of the little foot or the supple grace of carriage.

These small feet of the Andalusian, so much besung, are no figment of the poet's brain. It is one of the first things a stranger observes, and is particularly noticeable in the children, whose dainty little feet seem scarcely stanch enough to support the plump little legs above them; and the shops where children's shoes are sold, one might easily take for an emporium of doll's outfits. Nor has the romancist very much exceeded the limits of truth in his rhapsodies on Andalusian beauty. Plainess of feature, except in the old and hard worked, is the exception. The beauty of the women, if not of the highest type, is of very gratifying quality; but the beauty of the children seems something almost miraculous.

Queen Victoria's Gold Plate.

No monarch living, European or Asiatic, not even the Czar of all the Russias, can boast of such a service of plate as that owned by Queen Victoria, to whose guests it is often exhibited on huge buffets at either end of the banqueting table of St. George's Hall—vases, plateaux, cups and candelabra, all wrough in gold, the net value of which is said to extend two millions sterling. Conspicuous among the trophies are the mimic lyre-bird and tiger's head taken from Tippoo Saib eighty odd years ago, and presented to her Majesty's grandfather, King George III. The lyre-bird's body and tail are composed of solid gold, richly studded with brilliant rubies, emeralds and pearls. The tiger's head once served Hyder Ali's masterful son as a footstool. It is a life-sized model, fashioned in solid silver, richly gilt, its tusks of rock-crystal, and its tongue of pure gold. Like the lyre-bird, it fell into the hands of the British at the storming of Seringapatam, where Tippo, its valorous owner, met his death.

Are the young women of the present day getting into fastness and slang? Not more than in times gone by. Not more than their fathers and brothers and mothers-in-law encourage, admire, and laugh at. Young women like to be admired and if the other sex show the example of slang and admire those of the better half of humanity who do the same, it is not at all wonderful if the slang market should rather look up. Certain sure it is that young girls won't get fast and slangy unless the society in which they live and move have such characteristics.

"Who held the pass of Thermopylæ against the Persian host?" demanded the teacher. And the editor's boy at the foot of the class spoke up and said, "Father, I reckon; he holds an annual on every road in the country that runs a passenger train."

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

About more or less Prominent People.

An English publication has engaged pencil sketches from the Princess Beatrice, it is said, and agreed upon a price for them.

The portrait by the Princess Louise in the picture gallery of the Foreign Exhibition in Boston is said to be an excellent work, and one of the best there.

E. A. Harris of Fitchburg, Mass., a religious worker among railroad men, has sent out a circular asking for $18,000 with which to build and equip a mission car for use in railway missions.

Of thirty marriages between American girls and titled Germans, Consul Potter (at Crefeld) assures us at that all but one have resulted in abandonment, separation, divorce, or some other disaster.

The Flintshire constabulary who are on guard over Mr. Gladstone while in Harwarden have all become proficient woodcutters. Complaints are made that they are cutting down trees in every direction.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart, although more than threescore and ten, believes the better part of her life is yet to come. She has cleanly cut and refined features, and long silver braids of hair. She is fond of the society of young people.

Not content with closing all the cafes and drinking-places in his dominion, and abolishing all titles, the Prince of Montenegro has interdicted "all luxurious wearing apparel," such as cravats, gloves, walking-sticks, umbrellas, and parasols.

The King of Dahomey is one of those sable potentates who recognize clearly enough the Gladstone distinction between a suzerain and a sovereign. Hearing that the Portuguese garrison of Whydah intended to cede the place to the English, he promptly imprisoned them all until they promised not to do so.

Will Carleton, the popular ballad-writer, who succeeds better than most poets in touching the hearts of the people, has the appearance of a well-to-do young clergyman on a vacation. He is six feet tall, slender, has an acquiline nose and blue eyes, and although his face is youthful, his hair is slightly gray.

Sarah Bernhardt's husband, M. Damala, has not found soldiering a congenial occupation. It was to him irksome and arduous, and he has returned to seek an engagement once more in the Comedie Francaise. Would not M. Damala's episode or matrimonial adventure, together with his Egyptian expedition, make a capital comedy?

Lord Dufferin, when at Harrow, always relied on a school-fellow to write his Latin verses for him, and Mr. Labouchere says that at Eton there was a vast collection of verses and themes among the boys written by their predecessors, and that he himself, as many others did, relied on these, and never wrote a copy of verses or a theme while at school.

The Hon. William A. Herbert, M. P., to whom Miss Rebecca Williams, daughter of the President of the Maryland Senate, is engaged, owns the Muckross estates in Ireland, in which lie the Lakes of Killarney and the famous Muckross Abbey. His ancestry dates to Sir Henry Herbert, knighted by Henry V. Miss Williams is worth a half million in her own right, and as her father's heir.

When Queen Ranavalo embraced Christianity, the national idol was two pieces of scattered cloth, each about a couple of inches wide and a yard long, with a bit of wood, the size of one's thumb between them. The people declared this idol could not be burned when the officers took it in hand. "Not if he is a god," said the officers. When the toy was in ashes, the people sent to the Queen to know what they should worship.

Remarkable women are in abundance in London. The wife of the blind Postmaster-General, Mrs. Millicent Garret Fawcett, a great student of political economy, is perhaps the ablest. Miss Jane Cobden, daughter of Richard Cobden, is an active member of a Liberal club. Mrs. Jacob Bright, wife of the member from Manchester, is a woman of "earnest" purpose. Lady Haberton is at the head of the Dress Reform Association.

Death of a Christian.

Hon. J. Black, one of the ablest and best known public man in the United States, died at his residence in York, Pennsylvania, last month. He was a member of the Cabinet in President Buchanan's administration and held other high and honourable positions in the nation. An American exchange says:—

Shortly before he died he said to his wife: "How can I fear to cross the dark river when my Father waits for me on the other shore?" and added, "Would I were as comfortable about all I leave behind unfinished in this world:" and then he breathed the following earnest prayer:

"O Thou most beloved and merciful Heavenly Father, from whom I had my being and in whom I have ever trusted, if it be Thy will grant that my suffering end and that I be called home to Thee. O my God! bless and comfort thee, my Mary."

Recognized.

Personally, the most amusing thing which I enjoyed at the seashore didn't cost me a cent. There was a crowd along the beach. The German mother of five children lost their father in a jam, and for an hour rushed to and fro in search of him. Then she sat down to rest, and the three larger children deployed withiuin sight. "Mother, come here!" cried one excitedly. The yonugster pointed to a spacious indentation in the sand. It had been made by pressure, not by scooping. The woman eyed it critically. "Yaw," she presently remarked, "your fodder made dot py sitting himself down; I know dot."

Plantation Philosophy.

Dars more true 'ligion in de hoe handle, den dar is in de aberage pra'r.

De man what would abuse an enemy when he's in trouble, would not hep a frien' in distress.

De sensible man sometimes reads de foolish book, but de foolish man nebor reads de sensible book.

In de spring nature smiles; in de summer she frowns; in de fall she sighs an' in de winter she slaps yer.

It ain't de brave man dot will al'ers fight when yer calls him a liar, fur de brave man can stan' more dan de coward.

TEMPERANCE HOTELS.—The Ormstown (Quebec) *Courier* of last week contains advertisements of two new temperance hotels opened on the new line of railway now being opened up in that locality. "The Dominion Alliance Hotel" is announced as a first-class house at Howick station, and the "Licensed Temperance Hotel" at Ormstown station. We hope it is the intention to have such a house at every station along the line.

At London, Ont., one day recently, a Mrs. Stockwell, 262 Oxford street, gave birth to four children—two boys and two girls. The mother and children were doing well at last reports. At this rate our population will increase pretty rapidly. London would now like to hear from the "Ambitious City," or the "Queen City." It is evidently ahead of all competitors in that particular line. This is the first set of quadruplets yet reported in Canada.

A citizen of Rome, Ga., while crossing the railroad tracks in that city got his foot caught fast in a frog. While trying to get loose he saw the Chattanooga train on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia road come dashing over the bridge. Wild with fright, the man jerked his leg almost out of joint, and came near breaking his foot. But the train was almost upon him before he decided to unlace his shoe, pull his foot out, and leave the shoe to be mashed. He acted upon this thought, and as he got his foot out the train glided by—on another track.

HOME MATTERS.

Mrs. Wheeler has removed into her new building.

Mr. Calder has a third show-case in his emporium now, which is well filled with various goods pertaining to his line.

The Orangemen met for the first time in their new hall on Tuesday night, and are greatly pleased with it. They intend to add more and better furnishings before long.

A letter from "Citizen," commenting on our remarks anent the public school last week, and asking sundry pertinent questions, is crowded out of this issue, but will appear next week.

Mr. John Graham is putting a new roof on his foundry. While at work on it, Hiram McMullen stepped on a rotten board and fell through, but caught hold of a rafter and saved what might have been an ugly fall.

Mr. John Hamilton, of Marmora, returned on Saturday last from attendance at the Provincial exhibition at Guelph. He says it is worth any man's while to go a long way to see the grand exhibition of stock and other things, and is well satisfied with his trip.

Stirling division Sons of Temperance intend to hold an open temple on Tuesday evening, Oct. 16th, in the new Orange hall, McKee's block, for the benefit of their treasury. The admission fee will be only 10c., and a large and varied programme is to be provided.

Mr. Jas. Whitton, of Plum Grove cheese factory, Wellman's Corners, was again awarded the gold medal at the Guelph exhibition for the best and most perfect lot of cheese, as a sweepstake prize, being the third time in succession that Mr. Whitton has taken the same medal.

On Tuesday Rev. Mr. Gray threshed the oats raised on the lots recently purchased by St. Andrew's church—one acre and an eighth—and the yield was most unparalleled, being no less than 93 bushels and 10 lbs. by weight, or nearly 83 bushels per acre. If any one can beat that for a yield, we should be glad to hear of it.

A concert will be given by the Oddfellows of Bellevile at Bennett's Hall on Friday the 19th inst. The proceeds are to aid the Stirling Lodge in furnishing their new hall. The musical talent of the Belleville people being well known, a very full house is expected. Further notice will be given by way of posters and hand-bills.

On Monday last Mr. W. G. Mills, late head teacher of the Stirling public school, arrived back, having returned from Manitoba to put in the last year of his arts course at Queen's college. He left for that seat of learning on Wednesday morning, accompanied by Master Frank Parker, who will take a course at the same institution.

The Sabbath-school in connection with St. Andrew's church, West Huntingdon, will hold a social entertainment in the church on Friday evening, October 12th. The programme will consist of readings, recitations, music, short addresses, etc. Admission 25c. and 15c. Proceeds for the equipment of the Sabbath-School. The chair will be occupied by the pastor, Rev. J. M. Gray. David Fleming, Supt.

The entertainment season is sprung on to this place in a most alarming manner. Last (Thursday) evening an anniversary tea was to be held in the Eggleton C. M. church; on the 12th is the Sunday-school entertainment in West Huntingdon; 16th, Sons of Temperance "open temple" in the Orange hall; 19th, Oddfellow's concert, Bennett's hall. Besides these, there are talked of for the near future a concert by the M. E. choir for the organ fund, a concert by the Tennesseeans (jubilee singers), and other events, so we will not suffer for amusement in October. LATER—Since the above was written, we have been called upon by Mr. Will. A. Miller, agent for the Tennesseeans, who has made an engagement to appear under the auspices of the M. E choir on Monday, 22nd inst., instead of giving an independent entertainment, which he would have done on Saturday, 20th, had he not been engaged as stated. This, therefore, will take the place of the choir concert.

The annual show and fair of the Rawdon branch agricultural society comes off at Harold on Tuesday next. The prize list has been published some time, and a good exhibit is looked for. We are informed by the president, Mr. Wilmot Vandervoort, that steps are taken to prevent a recurrence of the disgraceful proceedings which characterizes the show last year in the shape of the gang of blacklegs, confidence men, and mountebanks of various kinds, who robbed the day of all the satisfaction it might otherwise have possessed, by their noisy and unscrupulous performances, by which the simple or avaricious were robbed of their money in the most barefaced manner, with no provision whatever to put a stop to their swindling operations. In fact, that crowd ran the show almost entirely, but are not to be permitted to do so this year. If it were allowed to continue, the society might as well wind up, as their annual gathering would soon sink so low that decent people would remain away.

The township of Rawdon is getting famous as a field for bear hunts. Two or three years ago seven bears were shot in the Sine settlement within twenty-four hours. Soon after one of the mighty nimrods treed a bear after nightfall, which he watched until daylight, when his bearship turned mysteriously into a tom-cat. And now comes the tallest yarn of all. On Monday evening last a local sport smelled game, and "saw a bear," which was soon run up a tree on the farm of a staid resident of the same part of the township. Several neighbors were called to assist in the capture; a barrel of water and other necessaries to dress "the game" were brought to the ground—and not too much noise was made about it, as too many claims on the carcase would reduce the shares rather too much, "y'know." All being in readiness, the watch was kept up until four o'clock, when a plaintive "Miow! Miow!" was heard aloft, and the hunters silently stole away. And then they all said: "I thought it was'nt big enough for a bear."

Stirling Branch Bible Society.

The annual meeting of this society was held on Tuesday evening last, in the basement of the M. E. church.

Dr. Boulter, president, occupied the chair.

The meeting was opened with devotional exercises.

Dr. Boulter, as depositary, then presented his annual report, as follows:

Bibles and Testaments purchased during the past year	$31 40
Stock on hand	52 43
Sales during year	33 84
Cash paid Bible House	34 30
Cash received from collectors	23 75
Collections last annual meeting	2 85
Amount due Bible House, Toronto	52 50
Cash in depositary's hands	28 62
Balance due on stock	23 88

The election of officers was then proceeded with and resulted as follows:

President—Dr. Boulter.
Vice-Presidents—Local ministers.
Treasurer—Dr. Boulter.

(This election was made at the instance of Dr. Hodgkin, agent of the Upper Canada Bible and Tract society, who complimented the Dr. warmly on the correctness of his depository account, and wished he could find them as well kept wherever he went.)

Secretary—John H. Thompson.

Committee of management—R. B. Jones, McLean Caverly, B. Bush, Jas. Martin, Jas. Milne, John Ralph, J. W. Butler, J. S. Chard, A. Chard, R. P. Gilbert.

Rev. Mr. Stratton asked for information, when it was stated that a subscription of $1 per year constituted a member of the Upper Canada society. In Stirling, all had been considered members who had subscribed. Names of individual subscribers of $1 and upwards were printed in the annual report, smaller sums to be lumped. This would be done if the secretary forwarded to Toronto a complete list.

The committee of management was elected from all the denominations, two from each, Dr. Hodgkin urging this course. He spoke of the prominent part taken in the British and Foreign bible society by clergy and bishops of the Church of England, and regretted that several of the clergy and members of that communion in Canada held aloof from this work.

The elections being completed,

Rev. Mr. Stratton was called upon, and was pleased that we lived in a land of bibles, and that the bible society was doing a grand and glorious work. He suggested that all the time be given to Dr. Hodgkin, who came already primed for a speech, and the audience came chiefly to hear him.

Rev. Mr. Walker was of the same opinion, and occupied but a few moments with some well chosen words.

Rev. Mr. Leitch referred to the report, and to the ground covered by the British and Foreign bible society, and the great work done by it in home and foreign lands.

Dr. Boulter announced that testaments and bibles could be purchased in Stirling as cheaply as in Toronto, even the freight expenses being paid by collections, etc.

Rev. Dr. Hodgkin then took the floor, and for nearly an hour held the close attention of the audience. He is a logical speaker, with a good sense of humor, and brimful of facts relating to the great work in which he is engaged. It is a pity that more do not make it a custom to attend these annual meetings, as those who do go are almost invariably treated to a well prepared feast of good things, and are well repaid by learning of the nature and great importance of bible society work.

The collection was then taken up by Messrs. Caverly and Jones, and amounted to $3.04.

A meeting of the management committee was announced for Monday evening next at Dr. Boulter's office.

TORNADOES.

Scientifically Accounted for, and Some Remote Causes that produce Painful Results Explained.

The following synopsis of a lecture delivered by Dr. Horace R. Hamilton before the New York society for the promotion of science, contains so much that is timely and important that it can be read with both interest and profit:

There is probably no subject of modern times that has caused and is causing greater attention than the origin of tornadoes. Scientists have studied it far the benefit of humanity; men have investigated it for the welfare of their families. It has been a vexed subject long considered, and through all this investigation the cyclone has swept across the land carrying destruction to scientists as well as to the innocent dwellers in its track. One thing, however, is certain: the cause of the cyclone must be sought far away from the whirling body of wind itself. Its results are powerful; its cause must also be powerful. Let us therefore consider a few facts. First, the appearance of a cyclone is invariably preceded by dark spots upon the face of the sun. These spots, indicating a disturbed condition of the solar regions, necessarily affect the atmosphere of our earth. An unusual generation of heat in one part of the atmosphere is certain to cause a partial vacuum in another portion. Air must rush in to fill this vacuum. Hence the disturbance—hence the cyclone. This theory finds additional confirmation in the fact that tornadoes come during the day and not at night. The dark spots upon the surface of the sun, whatever they may be, seem to cause great commotion in the atmosphere of the world, and it is almost certain that the extremely wet weather of the present season can be accounted for on precisely this basis. Is it reasonable to suppose that the marvellous effect of the sun upon vegetation and life in general shall be less than upon the atmosphere itself through which its rays come? The cause is remote, but the effect is here.

After describing some of the terrible effects of the cyclone, the speaker went on to say:

This rule finds its application in nearly every department of life. An operator is in San Francisco—the click of the instrument manipulated by his fingers, in New York. The president makes a slight stroke of the pen in his study at the White House, and the whole nation is aroused by the act. An uneasiness and disgust with everything in life, commonly called home-sickness, is felt by many people, when the cause is to be found in the distant home thousands of miles away. An uncertain pain may be felt in the head. It is repeated in other parts of the body. The appetite departs and all energy is gone. Is the cause necessarily to be found in the head? The next day the feeling increases. There are added symptoms. They continue and become more aggravated. The slight pains in the head increase to agonies. The nausea becomes chronic. The heart grows irregular and the breathing uncertain. All these effects have a definite cause; and, after years of deep experience upon this subject, I do not hesitate to say that this cause is to be found in some derangement of the kidneys or liver far away from that portion of the body in which these effects appear. But one may say, I have no pain whatever in my kidneys or liver. Very true. Neither have we any evidence that there is a tornado on the surface of the sun; but it is none the less certain that the tornado is here, and it is none the less certain that these great organs of the body are the cause of the trouble although there may be no pain in their vicinity.

I know whereof I speak, for I have passed through this very experience myself. Nearly ten years ago, I was the picture of health, weighing more than 200 pounds, and as strong and healthy as any man I ever knew. When I felt the symptoms I have above described, they caused me annoyance, not only by reason of their aggravating nature, but because I had never felt any pain before. Other doctors told me I was troubled with malaria, and I treated myself accordingly. I did not believe, however, that malaria could show such aggravated symptoms. It never occurred to me that analysis would solve the trouble, as I did not presume my difficulty was located in that portion of the body. But I continued to grow worse. I had a faint sensation at the pit of my stomach nearly every day. I felt a great desire to eat, and yet I loathed food. I was constantly tired, and still I could not sleep. My brain was unusually active, but I could not think connectedly. My existence was a living misery. I continued in this condition for nearly a year; never free from pain, never for a moment happy. Such an existence is far worse than death, for which I confess I earnestly longed.

It was while suffering thus that a friend advised me to make a final attempt to recover my health. I sneered inwardly at his suggestion, but I was too weak to make any resistence. He furnished me with a remedy, simple yet palatable, and within two days I observed a slight change for the better. This awakened my courage. I felt that I would not die at that time. I continued the use of the remedy, taking it in accordance with directions, until I became not only restored to my former health and strength, but to greater vigor than I have before known. This condition has continued up to the present time, and I believe I should have died as miserably as thousands of other men have died and are dying every day had it not been for the simple yet wonderful power of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy I employed.

The lecturer then described his means restoration more in detail, and concluded as follows:

My complete recovery has caused me to investigate the subject more carefully, and I believe I have discovered the key to most ill-health of our modern civilization. I am fully confident four-fifths of the diseases which afflict humanity might be avoided were the kidneys and liver kept in perfect condition. Were it possible to control the action of the sun, cyclones could undoubtedly be averted. That, however, is one of the things that cannot be. But I rejoice to say that it is possible to control the kidneys and liver; to render their action wholly normal, and their effect upon the system that of purifiers rather than poisoners. That this end has been accomplished largely by means of the remedy I have named I do not have a doubt, and I feel it my duty to make this open declaration for the enlightenment of the profession and for the benefit of suffering humanity in all parts of the world.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT. Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer; every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

The fall meeting of the North Hastings teachers' association will be held at Madoc on the 18th and 19th inst.

The fruit merchant's strawberries may not fill the measure; but Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry fills the measure every time in the people's requirements of an unfailing remedy for all forms of Summer Complaints.

Mr. W. J. Guppy, of Newberry, informs us that he has used Burdock Blood Bitters in his family with good effect, and adds that the Rev. J. R. Smith has used it and speaks of it in high terms of praise. It is the great system-renovating tonic that cures all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys, acting harmoniously with Nature's laws. Over 25,000 bottles sold during the last three months.

The Campbellford *Herald* has removed into its new quarters. For ten years it was printed in the third story of the Trent block.

Mrs. Partington declared the Neuralgia to be worse than the old Rheumatism; but, however bad either may be, Burdock Blood Bitters will conquer it. It also makes pure blood, regulating the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and eradicating scrofulous humor from the system. 25,000 bottles sold in the last three months.

Two new engines, called the D. S. McMullen and H. B. Payne, have arrived from Patterson, New Jersey, for the Central Ontario. Twenty new flat cars, ten box cars, a passenger car and a baggage car are being built for the company by Mr. Crossen at Cobourg. Freight is now received all along the line from Bannockburn to Picton.

The colors of the Triangle Dyes are so beautiful, and their use so simple, they lead the dye market of the country. 10c.

Of all the sweets of which mortals can dream,
There is naught to excel strawberries and cream.
Neither is there any remedy known to mortals that can excel Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Bowel Complaints.

Mr. Lyon, the Reform candidate for the Ontario legislature in Algoma, is elected by a majority of 123 so far as heard from.

In the summer and Fall, the urchin climbs
the garden wall,
For green apples, in his frolic;
He will eat his fill, till, very ill,
He's doubled up with Colic.
The antidote is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—an unfailing remedy for Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Summer Complaints.

We have a speedy and positive cure for Catarrh Diphtheria, Canker-mouth and Headache in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50c. G. H. BOULTER, agent.

OH! WHAT A COUGH. Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease—consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of 50c. to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from Experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping-cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

The entries for the twelfth Western exhibition at London this week are 2,000 larger than last year.

$500.00 REWARD. For any Testimonials recommending McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Headache, etc., that are not genuine; none of which are from persons in the states or thousands of miles away, but from persons in and around Hamilton, Ont. We give trial bottles free of cost, so that you cannot be deceived by purchasing a worthless article, but know its value before buying. Trial bottles and testimonials given free at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

KRAM'S FLUID LIGHTNING. Wife.—What's the matter now John. Husband.—Oh, that neuralgia and toothache near kills me. Wife.—Why don't you go to PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store and get a bottle of Kram's Fluid Lightning, you know it cures all such things as toothache, neuralgia headache, lumbago, earache, sore throat, etc. It gives instant relief.

SALT RHEUM CURED. Are you troubled with Salt Rheum, Rough Skin, Pimples or Canker Sores; if so go at once to PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store and get a package of McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Price twenty-five cents. It was never known to fail.

King Alfonso, of Spain, recently paid a visit to Paris, France, and was hissed by the mob. Spain takes it as a national insult, and trouble is threatened.

Dear Sirs,—For over twenty years I have suffered greatly from Nasal Catarrh; sometimes being unable to smell or taste properly. The disease caused a severe pain over the eyes, and frequently stopped my writing on account of dizziness. The phlegm in my throat gave me much annoyance, especially in company, balls of which would occasionally fall down into my throat, and I could seldom breathe through my nose. I have taken quarts of various medicines without any apparent benefit, until I was induced, by your agent of 69 Muter street, to try your Fountain of Health. After using five bottles I am prepared to give it as my honest opinion that for the cure of Catarrh it is a grand success. I have recommended it to many of my friends, one of whom encloses his testimonial with mine. Wishing you deserved success,

I am gratefully yours,
JOSEPH BROWN,
Bookkeeper, 25 Sherborne street, Toronto.

Messrs. Churchill & Co.,—Your Fountain of Health has completely cured me of Dyspepsia, which has troubled me for nearly two years.
J. CLARK,
17 Stafford street, Toronto.

FOR THE KIDNEYS, LIVER and Urinary Organs
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont.; Rochester, N.Y.; London, Eng.

FOR SALE.

Four good carts for sale cheap.
Apply to
EZRA THOMPSON,
Con. 9, lot 12, Rawdon. Springbrook P. O.

SERVANT GIRL WANTED.

Good wages to a good girl. Apply at once to Mrs. Gray, at the manse, Stirling.

FOR SALE.

A good second-hand BUGGY and CUTTER.
Apply to JOHN GRAHAM.

Apothecaries' Hall.

PARKER & BUTLER'S
DRUG
Business

Is again in full blast, in that Fancy Block on North St., opposite Jas. Boldrick's store. We have on hand a supply of

Dry and Mixed Paints,
Coal Oil, Japan, Varnishes, Lead

Books, Stationery
and Druggists' Sundries

in great variety. Paris Green of excellent quality.

All accounts that are due must be settled without delay.

THE Great HERBAL Tonic FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH A Blood Purifier AND CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH CURE

GUARANTEE:—After fair trial, with no relief or cure effected, your money will be refunded. PRICE, $1.00.
Sold by DRUGGISTS & DEALERS Everywhere.

Geo. W. Walker,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.

Office next door to Bank of Commerce, directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week, if possible, before starting, then you can be waited upon as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

GEO. W. WALKER,
(Box 122.) Dentist, Belleville.

FOR SALE,

A good 3-spring light wagon, with iron axles. Also a quantity of lime.
ED. CANNIFF,
Con. 5, Rawdon.

Farm for Sale.

The west half of lot 9, con. 9, Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The land is in a good state of cultivation; good buildings; good cedar fences; well watered, and close to cheese factory. For particulars apply to
HENRY BERRIDGE,
Springbrook P. O.

WATERLOO MILLS, FRANKFORD ROAD.
A. HART, PROPRIETOR.
ALWAYS READY FOR GRISTING!
Flour and feed of all kinds delivered in Stirling free.
All orders left at H. & J. WARREN'S will receive prompt attention.

Jas. Boldrick's Staple Dry Goods and Clothing Store.

No establishment in the country possesses better facilities for the attention necessary for a well-kept, first-class Clothing Establishment, his knowledge being acquired practically, and by a long and successful experience. The buying of cloths, of the proper kind and at the proper price, is an advantage few possess, and I challenge any clothier in the county for comparison.

Fall stock for 1883 is now in, and I invite inspection. I have some choice fancy Overcoatings, also the finest and largest stock of Persian Lamb Caps and Muffs—first quality, warranted or money refunded—ever brought here for sale. I invite inspection, as it always gives me pleasure to have customers make comparisons.

JAS. BOLDRICK.

NEW GOODS!

The undersigned have just received a large lot of

SUGARS & TEAS

Of all grades, and they keep a full line of other FAMILY GROCERIES. Their stock of

WINES, LIQUORS AND PROVISIONS

Is complete. Also, Bakery on the premises. All the above lines of goods will be sold cheap, and special inducements for cash.

All accounts, etc., past due the firm, and all due each member of the firm before the partnership, must be settled by cash or note before the first of November, or they will be placed in other hands for collection.

SEELEY & LAGROW'S

A Boom in the Harness Trade!

T. H. McKEE

Has very great pleasure in intimating that he has removed to his very commodious and centrally situated

NEW PREMISES,

On the corner of Front and Mill streets, Stirling, in the very heart of the central part of the town. To one and all who have stood by him through all the years he has been established, and with whom business has been a pleasure as well as a profit, he returns his sincere and hearty thanks, and is determined to do all in his power to serve their interests more fully in the future than in the past. His experience, and ability to do

Good Work at the Lowest Possible Rates,

Will both be placed at their service. The present state of the trade is very favorable to buyers. In fact, the past season's trade has been marked by this all the way through. Hoping to receive a liberal patronage, I remain, respectfully,

T. H. McKEE.

SHAW & RALPH

MILL STREET, STIRLING

HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

Crockery & Glassware,

And invite inspection of the same. Prices will stand the test of comparison. Several choice CHINA TEA SETTS of beautiful design. Also, full supplies of

Provisions of all kinds, and Fresh Groceries,

In full stock. BREAD fresh baked every day. Give us a call, and we guarantee satisfaction. Stand—Mill street, Stirling.

SHAW & RALPH.

A Quantity of

TIMOTHY SEED

FOR SALE BY

MILNE and CLUTE

E F PARKER has removed the balance of his stock saved from the fire to the stand formerly occupied by H G Thurber. Any person wanting good bargains will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Fresh Stock of
GROCERIES
Just in and opened.

HEALTH FOR ALL
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT!
THE PILLS
Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the
LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.
They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds,
Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78 NEW OXFORD STREET (late 533 OXFORD STREET), LONDON,
And are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the world.
☞ Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford street, London, they are spurious.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims upon the estate of Henry Sager, late of the Township of Sidney, in the County of Hastings, Farmer, who died in the said Township on the 18th day of August A. D. 1883, are, on or before the 25th day of October next, to send by post, prepaid, to Messrs Delaney & Ostrom, of the Town of Trenton, in said County, solicitors for Hannah Maria Sager, the Administratrix of the Estate and effects of the said deceased, their christian and surnames, addresses and description, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them; and notice is also given, that after the last mentioned date the said Executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled, having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have had notice, and that she will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose debt or claim she shall not then have had notice.

DELANEY & OSTROM,
Solicitors for the Administratrix.
Dated at Trenton this 20th day of Sept. A. D. 1883.

STIRLING
TIN SHOP!
H. & J. Warren's,
Craige's Block, Manufacturers of
Cheese Vats, Milk Cans, Sap Pans, Sap Buckets, Spoils and every article in the tin line of business.

Also dealers in Stoves, Tinware, Fancy Goods, Coal Oil, Machine Oil and Cheese Factory Furnishings.

Eave Troughing, Roofing, Steam Fitting and all sort of outside work promptly attended to and done in best workmanlike manner.

H. & J. WARREN.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
ACTS UPON THE BOWELS, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND THE BLOOD.

Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

The undersigned has just received a consignment of Canned Fruits and Vegetables from the Bay of Quinte Canning and Evaporating Company, Picton, Ontario, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Quantity of SHEET MUSIC Will be sold for less than one-third of Catalogue Prices.

His shop is constantly supplied with all kinds of

Drugs, Medicines, a full assortment of Diamond Dyes, Druggists' Sundries, Harper's Bazar Patterns and Liver Pads,

All of which will be sold cheap for cash.

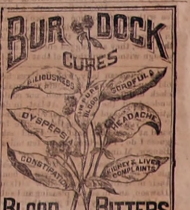
G. H. BOULTER, M.D.

OH! MY BACK!

DR. HILL'S
ENGLISH BUCHU
Is One of the Best
Kidney
INVESTIGATORS IN USE.

Will cure all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Prostatic Portion of the Urinary Organs, Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet, Gonorrhea in all its stages, Mucous Discharges, Congestion of the Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposit, Diabetes, Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, Dropsy of Kidneys, Acid Urine, Bloody Urine, Pain in the Region of the Bladder, PAIN IN THE BACK, Urinary Calculus, Renal Calculus, Renal Colic, Retention of Urine, Frequent Urination, Gravel in all its forms, Inability to Retain the Water, particularly in persons advanced in life. IT IS A KIDNEY INVESTIGATOR that restores the Urine to its natural color, removes the acid and burning, and the effect of the excessive use of intoxicating drink.

PRICE, $1; Six Bottles for $5.
☞ Send for Circular. Sold by all Druggists.
W. JOHNSTON & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS. DETROIT, MICH.



A CURE GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES
MAGNETIC MEDICINE.

Positively Cures Night Losses, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and for all Weaknesses of the Generative Organs an UNFAILING AND POSITIVE CURE. Tones up the debilitated system, arrests all involuntary discharges, removes mental gloom and despondency, and restores wonderful power to the weakened organs. ☞ With each order for TWELVE packages, accompanied with five dollars, we will send our GUARANTEE to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the CHEAPEST AND BEST Medicine in the market. Full particulars in Pamphlet, which we mail free to any address. Sold by all Druggists, one package 50 cts; Six for $2.50, or sent by mail on receipt of price, by addressing the MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO., DETROIT, MICH.

News-Argus Supplement.

STIRLING, OCTOBER 12, 1883.

C. S. Judson, Wallaceburg, says: Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for Summer Complaints, is a splendid preparation, and I do not know of a single case in which it has not given satisfaction, but on the contrary have had many testimonials to its efficacy.

The *Christian Guardian* says: "Somebody wants to know exactly what was done by the recent general conference, and what is the shape in which things are left for future action. We will answer this enquiry as briefly as possible. The general conference, composed of representatives of the uniting bodies, gave itself mainly to the work of preparing and adopting rules and regulations for the government of the future united church. Taking the discipline of the Methodist Church of Canada as a basis and guide in all matters not settled in the basis of union, the conference framed a discipline, and regulations for the future conduct of the publishing, missionary, educational and benevolent interests of the church. But as the discipline of no church provides for its dissolution, all of this work was regarded as provisional and tentative, till the doings of the conference and the constitution of the united church are formally legalized by act of parliament. All existing conferences will meet first and review their work for the year; after which the new conferences as arranged by the committee on boundaries, will meet and station the ministers. At present the united church is like a mill having all its machinery in order, but waiting for the turning on of the water, or steam, to set it in motion. All the machinery of the church is in order; when the parliamentary legislation goes into effect all will be put in motion."

J. E. Kennedy, dispensing chemist, Cobourg, says that no blood purifier that he has ever handled has had such a large sale as Burdock Blood Bitters, and adds: "In no case have I heard a customer say ought but words of highest praise for its remedial qualities.

The famous black and tan terrier 'Teaser,' owned by James Heasley, of Belleville, was awarded the first prize at the London dog show. "Teaser" has no equal in America.

Age should always command respect: in the case of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry it certainly does. For 25 years that has been the standard remedy with the people for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Colic and all Bowel Complaints.

Parry Sound is a prohibition town. All the land of the place is deeded on condition that no liquor shall ever be sold by the purchasers or their tenants. Parry Harbour is an adjoining village where drink is sold. The contrast between it and Parry Sound is said to be marked.

PIMPLES AND BLOTCHES.
Call at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store, and get a package of McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It is composed of Vaseline, Carbolic Acid and Cerate, and has never failed to remove Pimples, Blotches, Ulcerated Sores, Rough Skin. It cures when all others fail. Try it.

Pigeons make a practice of lodging on the hands of the Peterborough town clock, and interfere materially with its time keeping.

John R. Vert, Hamilton, says: "McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia and Indigestion is cheap at fifty times the price asked for it. I am a commercial man, and travel continually, and would no more think of leaving home without a bottle of McGregor's Speedy Cure in my valise than I would of leaving my team at home and going on foot." Free trial bottles at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store. Regular Size fifty cents and one dollar.

New Enterprise.

The undersigned, having purchased the property on the Ridge Road, known as

Seeley's Mills,

And having rebuilt and put all the machinery in first-class order, he will be prepared in a few days to

Crack all kinds of Grain,

Also CORN MEAL GROUND.

Having a competent man engaged to take charge of the Mill, all work entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

M. SEELEY, JR.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans and specification of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 28th Sept., 1883.

[Sti]rling News-Argus.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1883. Vol. V, No. 5.

...I did not want the money at all, ...stock."

...was standing before her on the ... with his hands behind his back. ...down apparently unmoved at the ... face that was lifted, quivering ...g, to his.

...other reason have you, then?" he ...quietly.

...oodstock," faltered the girl be- ...—oh, how hard he was! ...ust tell me that, of course," he ...you wish me to understand——" ...ll tell you"—with increasing des- ..."Perhaps you will despise me ...—I can't let you go thinking that

...d, struggling for courage. Ste- ...a step nearer.

...id you consent to marry me!" he ...same quiet voice.

..."—she stood up suddenly and ...on her knees at his feet, hiding ...her two hands—"because I—

...silence for some moments. He ...her up; but, when he spoke, his ...anged and his breath came very

...told me," he said, "that, if I ..., I would have a wife who hated ...me."

...—I know!" in a stifled voice from ...hands. "But it is not true." ...not true?"—he bent down now ...er gently to her feet. "Was ...ou came to tell me?" ...er eyes still hidden from his ...k. ...ll you came to say?"

...ening," he said in a very low

...little Kitty, lifting her tear- ...said brokenly:

...o ask you not to go away; to ..., and——"

...at?" persisted Stephen, relent-

...me be your wife.'

* * * *

...naughty little Kitty," said Ste- ...a few moments later, "do you ...must send you away?"

...ted to her feet, blushing like a ...at rose. She had forgotten all ...ur. Mr. Woodstock had done ...mind her of it. In the midst of ...ght he had not permitted him- ...er little hand.

...old me," she whispered. "I ...let you go if I could; but I

...leaven!"

...said the other thing would not ...event you——"

...ee"—smiling tenderly—"I was ...t has happened."

...en"—Kitty's eyes opened very ...you think that I—I would say ...said? Is that what you

...dared to think it," answered ...th gentle deference. "But I ...that I could not stay unless .... And when you said 'Good- ...I believed that my last hope

...g to say 'Good-night' again," ...ushing beautifully and getting ..."And—and are you a little ...ime?"

...he answered fondly; and then, ...m her hand, he drew her closer. ...e said, stooping to look into ...ve me some proof that you are ...mine." Let me be quite sure to-morrow that I have not awakened from the happiest dream a man ever dreamt."

And he took her gently into his strong arms and kissed the sweet uplifted lips with a long, grave kiss of betrothal.

* * * * *

Stephen Woodstock to his Partner

And so, old fellow, instead of my going out to Nelly's wedding, it is you and Mrs. Herbert who are to come to England for mine. My darling is very anxious indeed to become the friend of my dearest friends, and I am dying for you to see her.

We had a solemn talk about money to-day, you must know; and Kitty offered to give up the famous hundred thousand pounds to the idiots if I wished, or if the thought was disagreeable to me of taking anything from her besides her own sweet self. So then I had to confess that I am myself uncomfortably rich, and to explain to her that we shall have to devise some scheme for applying a part of the means that have been entrusted to us both to some better purpose than our own enjoyment. As if money or anything else in the world mattered, so long as I have Kitty, and Kitty has me!

We have resolved, for one thing, to portion Dora Netley and marry her to Angus Dare. They don't deserve it; so I suppose that is why they are safe to prosper and be happy after their own fashion.

Ned, I understand your happiness now. I used rather to wonder at it before, much as you know I adore your wife. Kitty has taught me what it means. Kitty has taught me everything I know that is in the least worth knowing. Kitty is—well, she is Kitty!

(THE END)

There is no remedy known to medical science that is more positive in its effect, to cure Cholera Morbus, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, and all Bowel Complaints, than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Another big bear story comes from Rawdon. This time a sheep was killed by a bear, and the owner left the carcase as a trap, and watched it all night, stationing himself only eighty feet away. During the night the bear came and stole the sheep, in spite of the watchful sentry only eighty feet away. Rawdon bears were always very social and friendly, and this one was evidently determined to keep up the reputation of the township.

It is a fact that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has more well earned testimonials of praise for its virtues in curing Cholera, Colic, Cholera Infantum, Dysentery, etc., than all other remedies of that class combined. It will stand investigation.

Photographs! Photographs! Frames! Frames!

Special Inducements for ONE MONTH at the Stirling Photo Gallery!

Card Photos only $1 per doz.
Cabinets 2.50 "

The above prices are good ONLY until the 15th of Nov. Parties intending to take advantage of these prices will please call early.

Also, a large number of CHOICE FRAMES and MATS on hand, which will be offered at Reduced Rates.

GEO. H. BOYCE.

HARDWARE!

We have a quantity of goods such as Door Bolts, Hinges, Bolts, Pipe Boxes, Axes, etc., that came through the fire, which we wish to sell before moving into new store; we will sell them at prices far below cost.

A full stock of new goods, both shelf and heavy hardware, on hand.

A large quantity of Axes of all kinds, Burrell's Axes 65c.

Call and see us. Our prices are right. H. G. Thurber's old store.

JAS. MILNE & CO.,
THURBER'S OLD STAND.

GREAT CLEARING SALE!

As the lease of the premises now occupied by the undersigned expires on the 20th of November next, and not being able to effect a satisfactory renewal, we have decided to

Clear the Whole Stock out at Cost before Removing to other Premises.

AS THE STOCK AMOUNTS TO

NEARLY $7,000 IN VALUE,

This presents an opportunity seldom to be met with of securing your

Fall & Winter Supplies

—OF—

DRESS GOODS:

Consisting of Cashmeres, All Wool Serges, Cloths, Dress Tweeds, etc

Mantles and Mantle Cloths of all kinds.

Grey Cottons, Winceys, Shirtings, Ducks, etc.

WOOLLEN GOODS:

Large variety Fancy Wool Goods, consisting of Women's Shawls, Clouds, Children's Wool Jackets, etc.

And a General stock of Dry Goods.

MILLINERY carried on as usual, and all orders promptly attended to.

The stock consists chiefly of new Dry Goods and new Millinery just to hand, and THE SALE IS GENUINE.

E. J. GILBERT.

...ONTARIO,

The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native seedling of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for fall planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

C. R. HUFFMAN
Piano Tuner,

BELLEVILLE, late of London and Detroit, WILL VISIT STIRLING every six months, in December and June, for the purpose of Tuning Pianos and Organs. Best of references given. All orders left at W. H. CALDER'S JEWELRY EMPORIUM will be attended to. Orders from the country will be attended to at an advance of prices.

Blacksmithing.
R. B. JONES,

Having rebuilt his shop, destroyed during the late fire, is prepared to serve all his old customers, and as many new ones as favor him with a call. Horseshoeing a specialty. General Jobbing promptly attended to. Shop on Front street (old stand).

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises, 20 ft. ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

Dr. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT of WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
DIARRHŒA,
AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

Texas Lands

FOR SALE!

WESCOTT & POTTER, Agents for Canada

A GRAND CHANCE now for investing in the rich alluvial lands of Western and Northern Texas. Can patent lands direct to purchaser from the State of Texas, in any quantity ranging from 640 to 75,000 acres, on easy terms and low prices, with railway facilities. These are all carefully selected lands and are doubling in value annually. Soil of the very best quality for agricultural pursuits, and climate all that can be desired. Title perfect. NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST. For further particulars address

M. W. WESCOTT,
Stirling, Ont.

...will think of us sometimes in New Zealand?"

"Very often, believe me."

"And you will write—to mamma?"

"Undoubtedly. I will send you a full description of the wedding and of the bridesmaids' dresses."

"The—the wedding?" faltered Kitty, turning deathly white.

"Yes! Miss Norrey's wedding—Mrs. Herbert's pretty sister, of whom we were speaking before dinner. She has put it off in order that I may be there to assist at the ceremony."

A great rush of returning hope and joy filled Kitty's overcharged heart almost to bursting. The color came back to her face, and her eyes filled with sudden tears. He was not going back to her, at least.

"I—I hope Miss Norrey will be very happy," she said softly. And then, with a last long clasp of the hand, Stephen Woodstock and Kitty Marjoribanks said "Good-bye."

"I have a few letters to write," said Stephen, turning somewhat abruptly to Mrs. Marjoribanks; and, as Kitty's white figure climbed slowly up the stairs, candle in hand, her mother passed into the library with Mr. Woodstock, to see that the fire was burning cheerfully.

"This is only good-night," she said kindly, giving him her hand. "I shall be down, of course, to give you your breakfast to-morrow."

Kitty was sitting on the side of her bed, when her mother went into her room, like one in a dream. She had not begun to undress.

"My little girl, do not sit up any longer!" said the anxious lady; and she took the trembling little thing into her arms and held her in a long, close clasp, that said all she would not put into words.

She knew nothing of the new wild determination that was shaping itself in Kitty's mind. Long after she was alone again, the girl sat where her mother had left her, her hands nervously clasped together, her dark eyes blazing with excitement.

"He is going to-morrow," she was saying to herself over and over again. "In a few days he will be at sea, on his way back to that far-off place where I can never reach him again. If I let him go now, he will never, never come back! Oh, I cannot let him go!"

She stood up and went rapidly to the door! but then her courage failed her, and she paused, leaning breathlessly against the wall.

"It is so late! Will he be shocked?" she thought. "But to-morrow there will be no time. Mamma will be there. I must see him to-night or let him go forever!"

She opened the door and listened. All was still. She got herself into the dim oaken corridor, closed the door softly behind her, and without pausing to think again, she ran noiselessly down the stairs into the softly-lighted hall. She listened again. There was not a sound. The girl was seized with a sudden sickening terror that it was too late, that she had hesitated and wavered too long, and that Stephen had finished his letters and gone up-stairs. She felt at that moment as if nothing in the world mattered or ever could matter, if only she could see him again for one moment; and, hesitating no longer, she opened the library-door and went in. He was still there. Kitty's heart gave a great throb of thankfulness. He had finished his letters apparently, and was sitting with his back to her and staring into the dying fire. He looked round, starting to his feet at sight of the little white apparition at the door.

"Miss Marjoribanks," he said, in a strange hoarse voice, "I thought you were asleep long ago!"

"No," she said simply, as well as she could speak for her parched lips: "I could not go to sleep. Don't scold me for coming down, I—I have something to say to you before you go."

"I am listening," he answered gently, taking her hand and putting her into a chair; for indeed she looked almost as if she were going to faint. "What have you to say to me before I go?"

"I want to tell you," began Kitty desperately, and almost choked by the beating of her heart, "that it was not for his money I

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between the undersigned, under the firm name of Boyce Bros., Photographers, Stirling, is dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts due the firm are payable to Geo. H. Boyce, who continues the business, and accounts against the firm are to be rendered to him.
Oct. 1, 1883. GEO. H. BOYCE. M. A. BOYCE.

Still in the Market!

200,000 BUSHELS GRAIN WANTED!

Delivered at my Elevator in Stirling. I am prepared to pay

WITHIN TWO CENTS OF BELLEVILLE

or Trenton Markets on Barley and three cents on Wheat and Rye. Clean your Grain well and give me a call and I will endeavor to satisfy you.

Stirling Oct. 11th 1883. A. CHARD.

FINE, FINER FINEST GOODS!

If you want to see a fine stock of Goods, call at

Calder's Jewelry Emporium

His Stock is now complete, and consists of

WATCHES--Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Watches.

CHAINS--Gold and Rolled Plate Chains.

Gold, Silver and Rolled Plate Necklets and Lockets.

PINS--A fine line of Silver Bar Pins.

BRACELETS--Silver and Rolled Plate Bracelets.

RINGS--Diamond, Gem, Keeper and Plain Gold Rings.

SETS in Gold, Rolled Plate and Silver.

JET--A good assortment of Jet Goods.

Scarf Pins, Emblem Pins, Cuff and Collar Buttons.

A fine line of Pipes, Violins, Accordeons, Clocks, Silver Plate.

CUTLERY--A full line of Rodgers' Celebrated Cutlery always in.

N.B.--See our solid Silver, full jewelled WATCH, fully warranted, only $12.

[Sti]rling News-Argus.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1883. Vol. V, No. 5[.]

The colors of the Triangle Dyes are so beautiful, and their use so simple, they lead the dye market of the country. 10c

Shortly after the wreck of the schooner *Folger* the Wellington *News* called the attention of the authorities to the piracy going on in the vicinity of South Bay, and to the fact that wrecks were being robbed by people who lived along the shores. The statement created quite a sensation, and an investigation ensued, but it ended as such things usually do. A few days ago Jack O Shea was at Picton selling 2,700 bushels of damaged wheat, a portion of the cargo of the barge *Montreal*, when he came across a young man from Oswego who had purchased the anchors, bells, etc., of the *Folger* from Captain Dennis, the owner. The young man, on the 4th, went to get the articles he had purchased and found some of them missing, among them being the bell. As the latter was valuable, he set about finding it. After a great deal of trouble the bell was found in a farmer's barn ten miles back in the country. He was scared when asked to give it up. Jack O Shea relates another instance that took place on the same shore years ago. A vessel, upon which he was, foundered and her cargo of lumber went ashore. The lumber was stolen and a short time afterwards it was found in buildings on farms. Many a shed was built of it. The recent agitation, it was thought, had put a stop to robbing wrecks at the place named.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.
This is beyond question the most successful cough medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of cough, croup and bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no medicine can stand. If you have a cough we certainly ask you to try it. Price, 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest or back lame, use Shiloh's porous plaster. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

ANSWER THIS QUESTION:
Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, coming up of the food, yellow skin, when for 75c. we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them? G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

Gilmour & Co. intend to cut 150,000 pieces on their timber limits this winter, 70,000 of which will be floated down the Moira. They now have about 100,000 pieces in the different streams of Hastings and Peterboro' counties.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price, 50c. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

KRAM'S FLUID LIGHTNING.
Cures Toothache and Neuralgia quick as flash, relieves any pain instantly, the cheapest and quickest application known. Why suffer with Toothache, Neuralgia, Headache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sore Throat, or Acute Pains of any kind when you can go to PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store and get a perfect and instantaneous cure for twenty-five cents. Ask for Kram's Fluid Lightning.

"The Methodist Church" is now the strongest Protestant denomination in the dominion. The total membership is 739,100, made up as follows: Methodist Church of Canada, 582,963; Episcopal Methodist, 103,262; Bible Christians, 27,236; Primitive Methodist, 25,680. The Church of England has a membership of 57,818, and the Presbyterian Church 629,289.

True merit brings its own reward; in the case of Burdock Blood Bitters it is rapidly bringing its reward in its increasing sales; as a prominent druggist recently said, "it now sells on its merits." It is the grand specific for diseases of Blood, Liver and Kidneys. 2?,000 bottles have been sold during the last three months.

Apothecaries' Hall.

PARKER & BUTLER'S DRUG Business

Is again in full blast, in that Fancy Block on North St., opposite Jas. Boldrick's store. We have on hand a supply of

Dry and Mixed Paints,

Coal Oil, Japan, Varnishes, Lead

Books, Stationery and Druggists' Sundries

in great variety. Paris Green of excellent quality.

All accounts that are due must be settled without delay.

Geo. W. Walker,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville.

Office next door to Bank of Commerce, directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week, if possible, before starting, then you can be waited upon as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

GEO. W. WALKER, Dentist, Belleville.
(Box 122.)

JUMBO! JUMBO! JUMBO!

STOCK

—AT—

Mrs. Wm. Martin's.

The largest and best assorted ever kept in Stirling. Call and prove it for yourself.

Farm for Sale.

The west half of lot 9, con. 9, Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The land is in a good state of cultivation; good buildings; good cedar fences; well watered, and close to cheese factory. For particulars apply to

HENRY BERRIDGE, Springbrook P. O

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...was standing before her on the ... with his hands behind his back, ...down apparently unmoved at the ...e face that was lifted, quivering ...ig, to his.

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AS THE STOCK AMOUNTS TO

NEARLY $7,000 IN VALUE,

This presents an opportunity seldom to be met with of securing your

Fall & Winter Supplies

—OF—

DRESS GOODS:
Consisting of Cashmeres, All Wool Serges, Cloths, Dress Tweeds, etc

Mantles and Mantle Cloths of all kinds.

Grey Cottons, Winceys, Shirtings, Ducks, etc.

WOOLLEN GOODS:
Large variety Fancy Wool Goods, consisting of Women's Shawls, Clouds, Children's Wool Jackets, etc.

And a General stock of Dry Goods.

MILLINERY carried on as usual, and all orders promptly attended to.

The stock consists chiefly of new Dry Goods and new Millinery just to hand, and THE SALE IS GENUINE.

E. J. GILBERT.

...native seedling of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for fall planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

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Piano Tuner,

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Blacksmithing.
R. B. JONES,

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STIRLING HOUSE,
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Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
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MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.

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EXTRACT OF WILD
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DIARRHŒA,
AND
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SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

Texas Lands
FOR SALE!

WESCOTT & POTTER, Agents for Canada

A GRAND CHANCE now for investing in the rich alluvial lands of Western and Northern Texas. Can patent lands direct to purchaser from the State of Texas, in any quantity ranging from 640 to 75,000 acres, on easy terms and low prices, with railway facilities. These are all carefully selected lands and are doubling in value annually. Soil of the very best quality for agricultural pursuits, and climate all that can be desired. Title perfect. NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST. For further particulars address

M. W. WESCOTT, Stirling, Ont.

"Very often, believe me."

"And you will write—to mamma?"

"Undoubtedly. I will send you a full description of the wedding and of the bridesmaids' dresses."

"The—the wedding?" faltered Kitty, turning deathly white.

"Yes! Miss Norrey's wedding—Mrs. Herbert's pretty sister, of whom we were speaking before dinner. She has put it off in order that I may be there to assist at the ceremony."

A great rush of returning hope and joy filled Kitty's overcharged heart almost to bursting. The color came back to her face, and her eyes filled with sudden tears. He was not going back to her, at least.

"I—I hope Miss Norrey will be very happy," she said softly. And then, with a last long clasp of the hand, Stephen Woodstock and Kitty Marjoribanks said "Good-bye."

"I have a few letters to write," said Stephen, turning somewhat abruptly to Mrs. Marjoribanks; and, as Kitty's white figure climbed slowly up the stairs, candle in hand, her mother passed into the library with Mr. Woodstock, to see that the fire was burning cheerfully.

"This is only good-night," she said kindly, giving him her hand. "I shall be down, of course, to give you your breakfast to-morrow."

Kitty was sitting on the side of her bed, when her mother went into her room, like one in a dream. She had not begun to undress.

"My little girl, do not sit up any longer!" said the anxious lady; and she took the trembling little thing into her arms and held her in a long, close clasp, that said all she would not put into words.

She knew nothing of the new wild determination that was shaping itself in Kitty's mind. Long after she was alone again, the girl sat where her mother had left her, her hands nervously clasped together, her dark eyes blazing with excitement.

"He is going to-morrow," she was saying to herself over and over again. "In a few days he will be at sea, on his way back to that far-off place where I can never reach him again. If I let him go now, he will never, never come back! Oh, I cannot let him go!"

She stood up and went rapidly to the door! but then her courage failed her, and she paused, leaning breathlessly against the wall.

"It is so late! Will he be shocked?" she thought. "But to-morrow there will be no time. Mamma will be there. I must see him to-night or let him go forever!"

She opened the door and listened. All was still. She got herself into the dim oaken corridor, closed the door softly behind her, and without pausing to think again, she ran noiselessly down the stairs into the softly-lighted hall. She listened again. There was not a sound. The girl was seized with a sudden sickening terror that it was too late, that she had hesitated and wavered too long, and that Stephen had finished his letters and gone up-stairs. She felt at that moment as if nothing in the world mattered or ever could matter, if only she could see him again for one moment; and, hesitating no longer, she opened the library-door and went in. He was still there. Kitty's heart gave a great throb of thankfulness. He had finished his letters apparently, and was sitting with his back to her and staring into the dying fire. He looked round, starting to his feet at sight of the little white apparition at the door.

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"I want to tell you," began Kitty desperately, and almost choked by the beating of her heart, "that it was not for his money I ...

* * * *

Stephen Woodstock to his Partner

And so, old fellow, instead of my going out to Nelly's wedding, it is you and Mrs. Herbert who are to come to England for mine. My darling is very anxious indeed to become the friend of my dearest friends, and I am dying for you to see her.

We had a solemn talk about money to-day, you must know; and Kitty offered to give up the famous hundred thousand pounds to the idiots if I wished, or if the thought was disagreeable to me of taking anything from her besides her own sweet self. So then I had to confess that I am myself uncomfortably rich, and to explain to her that we shall have to devise some scheme for applying a part of the means that have been entrusted to us both to some better purpose than our own enjoyment. As if money or anything else in the world mattered, so long as I have Kitty, and Kitty has me!

We have resolved, for one thing, to portion Dora Netley and marry her to Angus Dare. They don't deserve it; so I suppose that is why they are safe to prosper and be happy after their own fashion.

Ned, I understand your happiness now. I used rather to wonder at it before, much as you know I adore your wife. Kitty has taught me what it means. Kitty has taught me everything I know that is in the least worth knowing. Kitty is—well, she is Kitty!

(THE END)

There is no remedy known to medical science that is more positive in its effect, to cure Cholera Morbus, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, and all Bowel Complaints, than Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Another big bear story comes from Rawdon. This time a sheep was killed by a bear, and the owner left the carcase as a trap, and watched it all night, stationing himself only eighty feet away. During the night the bear came and stole the sheep, in spite of the watchful sentry only eighty feet away. Rawdon bears were always very social and friendly, and this one was evidently determined to keep up the reputation of the township.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between the undersigned, under the firm name of Boyce Bros., Photographers, Stirling, is dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts due the firm are payable to Geo. H. Boyce, who continues the business, and accounts against the firm are to be rendered to him.

Oct. 1, 1883. GEO. H. BOYCE. M. A. BOYCE.

Still in the Market!

200,000 BUSHELS GRAIN WANTED!

Delivered at my Elevator in Stirling. I am prepared to pay

WITHIN TWO CENTS OF BELLEVILLE

or Trenton Markets on Barley and three cents on Wheat and Rye. Clean your Grain well and give me a call and I will endeavor to satisfy you.

Stirling Oct. 11th 1883. A. CHARD.

FINE, FINER FINEST GOODS!

If you want to see a fine stock of Goods, call at

Calder's Jewelry Emporium

His Stock is now complete, and consists of

WATCHES--Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Watches.

CHAINS--Gold and Rolled Plate Chains.

Gold, Silver and Rolled Plate Necklets and Lockets.

PINS--A fine line of Silver Bar Pins.

BRACELETS--Silver and Rolled Plate Bracelets.

RINGS--Diamond, Gem, Keeper and Plain Gold Rings.

SETS in Gold, Rolled Plate and Silver.

JET--A good assortment of Jet Goods.

Scarf Pins, Emblem Pins, Cuff and Collar Buttons.

A fine line of Pipes, Violins, Accordeons, Clocks, Silver Plate.

CUTLERY--A full line of Rodgers' Celebrated Cutlery always in.

N.B.--See our solid Silver, full jewelled WATCH, fully warranted, only $12.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1883. Vol. V, No. 5.

DR. SPRAGUE

Has removed his office to his residence, the fourth house west of Dr. Faulkner's Drug Store.

J. NICHOLSON MUIR,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, Notary Public, Land Agent, etc., Calgary, N.W.T.

GEO. A. SKINNER,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR, Stirling, Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,

BARBER—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Corns, Bunions, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Alex. J. Robertson, L.D.S.,

Surgeon Dentist.

Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.

Visits Stirling Professionally Every Thursday, and may be consulted at the Scott House.

Particular attention given to the finer operations in gold, and the restoration of lost organs.

Walter L. Ridout,

ARCHITECT.

Plans, specifications, &c., prepared for all classes of building, and work superintended if required. Address, for July and August, Brunswick House, Colborne.

Head Office: Address W. R. Strickland, or W. L. Ridout, Architects, No. 12 Can. Perm. Buildings, Toronto.

M. W. SINE, V.S.,

Graduate Ontario Veterinary College,

registered member Veterinary Medical Ass'n. Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. Calls by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. OFFICE—"Review" block, Madoc.

Stirling Lodge

NO. 69.

A. F. & A. M.

G.R.C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, over Gilbert's store, on

Thursday Eve., Oct. 18, 1883.

Visiting brethren welcome.

M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE NO. 239.

I. O. F.

Meets in the Lodge room, Craige's block,

Every Wednesday Evening

At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R.S.

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines, —ETC., ETC., ETC.—

CENTREVILLE, ONTARIO.

The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native seedling of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for fall planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

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DIARRHŒA, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

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M. W. WESCOTT,
Stirling, Ont.

KITTY'S FATE.

"Isn't it?" asked little Kitty wistfully, and quite unconscious how pretty she herself was looking just then with the two great jealous spots burning in her wan cheeks.

"Such has been my experience, at least."

"You used to pretend," urged Kitty, with some confusion, "when you first came, that you had no experience about—about girls."

"Did I ever say so?" demanded Stephen, suppressing a smile. "I think it was you and Mr. Dare who took it for granted."

"Then you do know a great many?" persisted Kitty, more and more devoured by jealousy.

"Oh, when a man has been compelled to knock about the world as I have in what the old novelists used to call the 'struggle for the crust'—when he has been editor of a newspaper and part manager of a theatre and many other things in his time, it stands to reason that he meets a good many people (women as well as men, Miss Marjoribanks?"

"And"—Kitty was burning now with mortification—"you let me go on with all that stupid rubbish, though you must have known quite well I was not fast?"

"Do you think my pretended *naiveté* was any worse than your assumed wisdom? I was very glad, however, to have an opportunity of proving that your knowledge on the subject was rudimentary. And need we go back on that old grievance? If I provoked you sometimes, I beg your pardon now—on our last day together, you will forgive me, won't you, and let us part very good friends, as we are now?"

"Yes," said Kitty faintly; "but I have nothing to forgive."

And then Stephen said she must be tired, and that he would leave her to rest awhile before dinner. The poor child burst into a passion of tears as the door closed behind him.

"He is going back to New Zealand to marry Catherine's sister," she sobbed; "only he does not want to hurt me by saying so, because he has refused me!"

Mr. Woodstock went into the drawing-room with the ladies that evening after dinner. He was to start early in the morning. There were a good many good-bye words to be said.

"If only Miss Marjoribanks were well enough to play to us," said the young man, gently, "it would be just like some of our old pleasant evenings of a few months ago?"

Kitty declared that she was quite able to play, and went at once to the piano, where she played all Stephen's favorite "Songs without Words" one after another without being asked.

The music seemed to lull Stephen into a long reverie, from which he awoke, as it ceased, with a start and a smothered sigh.

"How good of you!" he said in a low, moved voice, as Kitty rose. "You wanted to make my last evening a pleasant recollection to me all my life."

"Oh, have I done that?" said Kitty, brightening. "I am glad. I have so often vexed you. I am glad to have pleased you for once, Mr. Woodstock."

And then Mrs. Marjoribanks told Kitty it was time for her to say "Good-bye" and go to bed. Obediently the poor child held out a little shaking hand.

"You will really go to-morrow?" she faltered.

"You said perhaps something might occur to prevent you."

"It has not happened," returned Stephen gravely. "And I do not think that it will."

"Well"—with a faint little smile—"you will think of us sometimes in New Zealand?"

"Very often, believe me."

"And you will write—to mamma"

"Undoubtedly. I will send you a full description of the wedding and of the bridesmaids' dresses."

"Dresses—the wedding?" faltered Kitty, turning deathly white.

"Yes: Miss Norrey's wedding—Mrs. Herbert's pretty sister, of whom we were speaking before dinner. She has put it off in order that I may be there to assist at the ceremony."

A great rush of returning hope and joy filled Kitty's overcharged heart almost to bursting. The color came back to her face, and her eyes filled with sudden tears. He was not going back to her, at least.

"I—I hope Miss Norrey will be very happy," she said softly. And then, with a last long clasp of the hand, Stephen Woodstock and Kitty Marjoribanks said "Good-bye."

"I have a few letters to write," said Stephen, turning somewhat abruptly to Mrs. Marjoribanks; and, as Kitty's white figure flashed down up the stairs, candle in hand, her mother passed into the library with Mr. Woodstock, to see that the fire was burning cheerfully.

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Kitty was sitting on the side of her bed, when her mother went into her room, like one in a dream. She had not begun to undress.

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"No," she said simply, as well as she could speak for her parched lips: "I could not go to sleep. Don't scold me for coming down, I—I have something to say to you before you go."

"I am listening," he answered gently, taking her hand and putting her into a chair; for indeed she looked almost as if she were going to faint. "What have you to say to me before I go?"

"I want to tell you," began Kitty desperately, and almost choked by the beating of her heart, "that it was not for his money I said 'Yes.' I did not want the money at all, Mr. Woodstock."

Stephen was standing before her on the hearthrug, with his hands behind his back. He looked down apparently unmoved at the lovely little face that was lifted, quivering and flushing, to his.

"What other reason have you, then?" he demanded quietly.

"Mr. Woodstock," faltered the girl beseechingly—oh, how hard he was!

"You must tell me that, of course," he added, "if you wish me to understand——"

"I—I will tell you"—with increasing desperation. "Perhaps you will despise me for it; but—I can't let you go thinking that of me."

She paused, struggling for courage. Stephen drew a step nearer.

"Why did you consent to marry me?" he asked in the same quiet voice.

"Because"—she stood up suddenly and then fell upon her knees at his feet, hiding her face in her two hands—"because I—love you."

There was silence for some moments. He did not lift her up; but, when he spoke, his voice was changed and his breath came very fast.

"But you told me," he said, "that, if I married you, I would have a wife who hated the sight of me."

"I know—I know!" in a stifled voice from behind her hands. "But it is not true."

"It was not true?"—he bent down now and lifted her gently to her feet. "Was that what you came to tell me?"

"Yes"—her eyes still hidden from his searching look.

"Was it all you came to say?"

"No."

"I am listening," he said in a very low voice.

Then poor little Kitty, lifting her tear-stained face, said brokenly:

"I came to ask you not to go away; to stay with me, and——"

"And what?" persisted Stephen, relentlessly.

"And let me be your wife."

* * * * *

"My own naughty little Kitty," said Stephen fondly, a few moments later, "do you know that I must send you away?"

Kitty started to her feet, blushing like a beautiful great rose. She had forgotten all about the hour. Mr. Woodstock had done nothing to remind her of it. In the midst of this new delight he had not permitted himself to kiss her little hand.

"Don't scold me," she whispered. "I would have let you go if I could; but I could not."

"Thank Heaven!"

"And you said the other thing would not happen to prevent you——"

"But you see"—smiling tenderly—"I was mistaken. It has happened."

"Oh, Stephen"—Kitty's eyes opened very wide—"did you think that I—I would say what I have said? Is that what you meant?"

"I hardly dared to think it," answered her lover, with gentle deference. "But I had resolved that I could not stay unless you asked me. And when you said 'Good-night' to me, I believed that my last hope was gone."

"I am going to say 'Good-night' again," said Kitty, blushing beautifully and getting to the door. "And—and are you a little happier this time?"

"A little!" he answered fondly; and then, as she gave him her hand, he drew her closer.

"Dearest," he said, stooping to look into her eyes, "give me some proof that you are mine. Let me be quite sure to-morrow that I have not awakened from the happiest dream a man ever dreamt."

And he took her gently in to his strong arms and kissed the sweet uplifted lips with a long, grave kiss of betrothal.

* * * * *

Stephen Woodstock to his Partner

And so, old fellow, instead of my going out to Nelly's wedding, it is you and Mrs. Herbert who are to come to England for mine. My darling is very anxious indeed to become the friend of my dearest friends, and I am dying for you to see her.

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Dissolution of Partnership.

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GEO. H. BOYCE.
M. A. BOYCE.

Oct. 1, 1883.

Still in the Market!

200,000 BUSHELS GRAIN WANTED!

Delivered at my Elevator in Stirling. I am prepared to pay

WITHIN TWO CENTS OF BELLEVILLE

for Trenton Markets on Barley and three cents on Wheat and Rye. Clean your Grain well and give me a call and I will endeavor to satisfy you.

Stirling Oct. 11th 1883. A. CHARD.

Photographs! Photographs!

Frames! Frames!

Special Inducements for ONE MONTH at the Stirling Photo Gallery!

Card Photos only $1 per doz.
Cabinets 2.50 "

The above prices are good ONLY until the 15th of Nov. Parties intending to take advantage of these prices will please call early.

Also, a large number of CHOICE FRAMES and MATS on hand, which will be offered at Reduced Rates.

GEO. H. BOYCE.

HARDWARE!

We have a quantity of goods such as Door Bolts, Hinges, Bolts, Pipe Boxes, Axes, etc., that came through the fire, which we wish to sell before moving into new store; we will sell them at prices far below cost.

A full stock of new goods, both shelf and heavy hardware, on hand.

A large quantity of Axes of all kinds, Burrell's Axes 65c.

Call and see us. Our prices are right. H. G. Thurber's old store.

JAS. MILNE & CO.,

THURBER'S OLD STAND.

GREAT CLEARING SALE!

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Going Calling.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Jessie and Tad and Prue happened to be in the sitting-room that afternoon, when Mrs. Gifford and Mrs. Thorne were talking about the new minister and his wife.

"I haven't called on her yet," said Mrs. Gifford.

"Nor I," answered Mrs. Thorne. "I've had so much to do that I couldn't find time. Mrs. Torrey says she likes them very much.

"Likes who, mamma?" asked Jessie, not understanding what the conversation was about.

"The minister and his wife," answered her mother. "How did you say this sleeve ought to go, Mrs. Gifford? I can't get 'the hang of it,' for some reason."

"Where do they live?" asked Jessie, who likes to know all about everything.

"Where the old minister did," answered her mother. "Don't ask any more questions now. Run away and play, please."

"I know where that is," said Prue. "I goed by there when I went to gramma's."

Jessie sat down on the door-step and looked thoughtful for as much as two minutes, then to Prue,

"Let us go calling."

"Le's," said Prue concisely; ready for anything Jessie proposed.

"Yeth, leth do tallin'," said Tad, eagerly, fearful he might be ignored in the proposed expedition.

"I don't b'leeve mamma'd let you go," said Jessie. "It's a great long ways, and you'd get tired, wouldn't he, Prue?"

"Tourse he would," answered Prue.

"No, I wouldn't," said Tad. "Me doin' if 'ou do."

"I'll go and ask mamma about it," said Jessie. So she ran in and asked if Tad might go with them. It didn't occur to her that she hadn't told where they were going.

Mrs. Gifford was trying so hard to understand the difficult pattern before her that she hardly noticed what Jessie said.

"Yes, yes," she said without thinking anything about what she was saying.

"And may we take your pa'sols?" asked Jessie, pausing at the door-way.

"Yes, yes! Do go away. I'm so bothered!" said her mother, unconscious of what she was giving assent to.

Jessie ran to the bedroom where her mother kept her parasols in the upper drawer of the bureau, and soon had possession of them. If there was anything she liked it was a parasol.

"Yes, mamma said you might go," she said to Tad, when she went down steps, "and she said we might take these," displaying her parasols. "Ain't they just lovely!"

"Oh my!" exclaimed Prue, with sparkling eyes. "But Tad hasn't got none. There's dest one for you and me."

"Oh Tad's a boy," said Jessie. "Boys never carry pasol."

It was a warm and dusty day. Every gust of wind that blew took up great handsful of sand from the road and scattered it in clouds, and it seemed to the little travellers as if a good deal of it came into their eyes, for they began to smart, and then they rubbed them with their dusty hands. The perspiration excited by the warmth of the day and the exertion of the walk made a kind of grimy paint of the dust, so that before they were half way to the parsonage they resembled little mulatto children in which the color had been rather unevenly distributed, more than anything else. Jessie led the way, with her parasol elevated as far as possible, entirely regardless of the sun which was beating in her face. She had on a sun-bonnet, tilted as far back as the strings tied under her chin would admit. Prue was bareheaded and carried her parasol over her shoulder. Tad trudged behind with an old straw hat on the back of his head, through whose tattered crown his tow-colored hair stood up as if he was frightened, his face getting redder and redder with the exercise and the heat of the sun.

"I's offul dry," he gasped, presently. "Leth not do 'talling any more."

"There!" exclaimed Jessie, "I knew you'd get tired. "You'd ought to staid at home. Wouldn't he, Prue?"

"Yes, I dess he had," puffed Prue; "I'm dry, too."

"I hear a brook," said Jessie. "We'll stop an ... t a drink."

They reached the stream pretty soon, and Jessie made a cup of a great leaf.

"Oh, that's dood, offul dood," said Prue, with a long sigh of relief as the water went gurgling down her throat. "I never dot so dry, anywhere's I does, I dess. Ain't it dood, Tad?"

"Yeth," answered Tad, taking long pulls at the leaf-cup. "It's doodest I ever thee!"

"Well, if you've got enough, we'd better go," said Jessie, and they went on.

The minister's wife was just putting the tea-things on the table when she happened to look out of the window, and saw three forlorn looking children straggling up the path.

"Oh, William!" she cried, "do come here. Such a laughable sight I haven't seen in many a day!"

Jessie was almost at the door, her parasol elevated to the last degree, her sunbonnet off, and dragged by one string. About half way to the gate was Prue, with her parasol hanging over her shoulder in a most dejected way. Just coming through the gate was poor weary little Tad, and all three were so begrimed with dust that it was hard to tell what the color under it might be; but whenever it broke through the coating of brown it was bright red.

Tap, tap, tap!

Mrs. Rainsford smoothed down her face decorously and opened the door.

"Good-day," said Jessie. "We come a calling. It's awful warm." And then she helped herself to the first chair that she came to and drew a great breath of weariness. Prue lifted two very heavy feet over the door sill, and looked about the room, but hadn't life enough left to say anything. Tad got as far as the steps, and there he gave out, with a comical groan. The minister's wife lifted him into the house and put him in the big rocking-chair.

"Poor little fellow! You're all tired out, aren't you?"

"Yeth," said Tad; "an' I'm tho' hungry," with a longing look at the tea-table.

"I'm dest starved," said Prue. "I want some bre'm butter."

"I guess we'll stay to supper," said Jessie. Then she added, as if fearful that the nature of the visit might be misunderstood,

"We come a callin'."

The minister and his wife looked at each other and laughed.

"They ran away, I presume," he said, lifting Tad to his knee. "What's your name, little man?"

"Tad," answered the little man. "I'se free years old."

"And my name's Jessie, and her'n's Prue," said Jessie, in a general introduction. "What's yours?"

"You may call me Aunt Delia, and him Uncle Will," said the minister's wife. "I know you'd look a good deal better if your faces were washed, and I think you'd feel better. After we've washed them we'll have something to eat."

She got a basin of cool water and bathed the red, half-blistered faces. Then she combed their hair, and they looked quite like human beings again.

She brought out three more plates, filled three cups with milk, and then invited her little friends to come to supper. They needed no urging.

"This is the doodest milk I ever see," said Prue, almost emptying her cup at the first draught.

"Yes, it's awful good," said Jessie. "So's the bread,—and everything."

They were about half through eating when somebody knocked at the door.

Mrs. Rainsford went to answer the knock.

"Have you seen anything of three stray children?" Jessie heard asked, and called out with her mouth full of bread and butter.

"We're here. We're eatin' an' it tastes awful good."

"Oh Jessie!" exclaimed her mother, as she and Mrs. Thorne came into the room. "What made you run away? We've been so frightened!"

"We didn't run away," said Jessie. "You said Tad might go, and that we might take the pa'sols."

"I do remember something about it, but I was too busy to pay much attention to what was said," said Mrs. Gifford. Then, to the minister's wife, "This is Mrs. Thorne, and I am Mrs. Gifford. These two children are mine, and this one belongs to her. We were talking about calling on you, and that very likely put the idea into their heads. I'm sorry they've made you so much trouble."

"They've made me no trouble at all," answered the ministers wife. "I've enjoyed the visit very much. I'm glad they came, for it has saved us from the formal calls you would have made. Now suppose we consider ourselves past the calling period of our acquaintance, and I want you to sit down and take tea with us just as we'd known each other a long time."

"We'll come again," said Jessie, as they started for home, after supper, and

"Es, we'll tum adin," echoed Prue, and sleepy Tad roused up enough to say,

"We'll tum thome time."

So, you know, now, how Mrs. Thorne and Mrs. Gifford made their first call on the new minister and his wife.—*The Minnehahan.*

Discovery of the Telephone.

"Was the invention of the telephone the result of a deliberate research and experiment for that purpose, or was it a discovery rather than a creation?"

"It was the result of long and patient study of two distinct lines of thought which finally blended in one, producing the telephone. I had for a long time studied the subject of speech and the organs by which it is produced, as had my father before me, and in doing so conceived the idea of producing artificial sounds by a certain system. I came to Canada for my health, I am a native of Scotland, you know, and while studying electricity in the woods there, and on regaining my lost health I was called by the officials of the Boston schools to introduce a new system of teaching them to speak. I had long believed it possible to teach the deaf the use of the mouth and organs of speech, and had demonstrated it in some degree, and gladly accepted the opportunity of putting the system into practical operation. I undertook the work, keeping up, however, my study of electricity and its application to sound production, working late at night after other people were at rest. In the course of my efforts to demonstrate to the deaf how the sound waves effect the hearing ear I made use of a little instrument with a membranous diaphragm which responded to the sound waves. I conceived the idea of writing those sound waves on smoked glass so they might be read. Continuing the experiment still further, I obtained a human ear, and found by speaking into it I could produce similar but more satisfactory results, a little bone in the ear being moved by the vibration of the ear drum and writing the sound waves on the glass. All this time I was continuing my experiments with sound and the application of electricity to its production. I had succeeded in a considerable degree, when suddenly the idea of connecting the two successful experiments occurred to me, and I did so, attaching the ear to the instrument by which the sounds were produced, and I had the telephone. The remainder was only a matter of detail. The two lines of thought and investigation which I had followed so long and patiently blended there, and the result was the telephone."

The Alaska Metropolis.

Nothing could be finer than the picture that opened before us on the shining Sunday morning when the steamship Idaho wound her way between the little islands in the harbor and fired a resounding shot point blank against the echoing mountains behind Sitka. The queer and out-of-the-way capital of our latest territory seemed quite a metropolis after the unbroken wilderness we had been journeying through, and the rambling collection of weather-beaten and moss-covered buildings that have survived from Russian days, and the government buildings, in their coats of yellow brown paint, smote us with a sense of urban vastness and importance. The castle frowned from its rocky height, as castles are supposed to do, and the 1,200 inhabitants of this town, more than half of whom are Indians, gave immediate signs of life before the echoes of the cannon had ceased ringing on the air. At a first look it wears the air and dignity of a town with a history, and can reflect on the brilliant good old days of Russian rule, to which fifteen years of American occupancy have only given more lustre by contrast. When Baranoff founded the town of old Sitka in 1799, the United States knew nothing of this end of the world, and few of its people learned of the Indians murdering the inhabitants and burning the houses in 1801. A new site was chosen for a town, and the first buildings for the settlement of New Archangel was erected in 1804. In 1832 Baron Wrangell moved the capital from the island of Kodiak to Sitka, or New Archangel, and then followed the brilliant Russian regime that closed on the 18th of October, 1868, when the territory was formally transferred to the United States in consideration of the sum of $7,200,000 in gold. In all the vast territory of 577,390 square miles there were but 30,000 inhabitants, and not one-tenth of them were white. The withdrawal of the Russian governor and his miniature court, the civil officers, the military garrison, and the naval fleet left Sitka a deserted village with the grass growing higher and higher in its streets with every year that is gone over its head until it has now become picturesque in its ruin and abandonment.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Vital Statistics in New York.

A leading New York journal states that, last year, there were nearly ten thousand more deaths in that city than there were births. The respective figures stand 37,951 to 27,321. The increase of population must, therefore, be entirely attributable to the inflow from outside. Great numbers of the old-land emigrants remain in the city, and it is the ambition of tens of thousands of American farmers' sons to become perminent residents of the great commercial metropolis. The comparative majority of deaths over births may be attributable to several causes. The sanitary condition of the city is none of the best, anyway, and the number of deaths on that account is very great. Then, fast living and intemperance prevail to a frightful extent. The number of unmarried persons, of both sexes, is larger probably in proportion to the entire population than in other cities. The *Times* attributes this much to the fact that many are able to earn barely enough to maintain themselves, and are not, therefore, safe in undertaking additional expenses. Added to this must be mentioned the fact that both marriage and parentage seems to be growingly unpopular with the average native American. It has long been considered so in the Eastern States, and it is doubtless becoming more so in New York.

Once, when a certain very eccentric laird, named Hamilton, had business with the Duke of Hamilton, at Hamilton Palace, the Duke politely asked him to lunch. A liveried servant waited upon them and was most assiduous in his attentions to the Duke and his guest. At last our eccentric friend lost his patience, and looking at the servant, addressed him thus:—"What for are ye dance, dancing about the room that gait; can ye no draw in your chair and sit down? I'm sure there's plenty of room for three."

Her Letter.

BRET HARTE.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
 Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe *even* you would admire—
 It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm bediamonded out of all reason,
 My hair is done up in a cue;
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
 Is wasting an hour upon you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
 I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal half spoken,
 That waits—on the stairs—for me yet,
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
 And then he adores me indeed,
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
 Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
 "And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
 With whom do I waltz, flirt or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
 And diamonds and silks, and all that!"
"And isn't it a change to the ditches
 And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
 Each day in the park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
 To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
 By Brady, and tinted at that—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
 And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
 In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
 The "finest *soiree* of the year,"
In the midst of a *gaze de Chambery*,
 And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
 And the dance that we had on the "The Fork;"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
 Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
 And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
 Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis*;
And how I once went down the middle
 With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
 On the hill when the time came to go;
Or the few baby peaks that were peeping
 From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
 Of—the something you said at the gate;
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
 To "the best paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
 To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
 That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
 And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
 The lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
 (Mamma says my taste still is low;)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
 I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel—
 Whatever's the meaning of that;
Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel
 In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good-night! here's the end of my paper;
 Good-night! if the longitude please—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
 Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
 And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

Arresting a "Rat."

The *London and China Telegraph* publishes the following under its Hong Kong news: An absurd story circulated among the Chinese, had the effect of crowding the magistracy compound and Arbuthnot road with some hundreds eager to see a prodigy said to have been captured by the police. The origin of the sensation seems to have been that three women were arrested on a charge of kidnapping, one of whom bears a name, or nickname, meaning in English the great rat. As she was being taken to the station, some people who knew her raised the cry that the police had arrested the great rat. A number of persons, who were unaware of this woman's title, were seized with the impression that the police had captured some extraordinary rat, and the most absurd rumors went about with great rapidity, causing the crowding at the magistracy we have mentioned. One story had it that a monster rat had been captured weighing twenty-six catties, and another story was that the creature was a rat fairy, a marvelous animal which had, among other powers, that of changing itself into any form it pleased. It was believed that when arrested the rat fairy was disporting under the form of a huge rat with a woman's head, and the beast was going to have its pranks put an end to by the magistrate, who would stamp his seal upon it, and then it would have to remain in the same form in future, no further change being possible. The police and the officers of the court could not clear off the crowd, who choked the court and its entrances and kept up an incessant noise in the hope of seeing the rat. His worship, through the interpreter, informed them no such rat had been caught. The crowd received the statement with incredulity, and hung about the court in gradually diminishing numbers long after the business was done.

Intellectual "Bruisers."

The physical bruisers with their beetle brows, bull dog jaws and fully developed animalism have been giving their exhibitions with "hard gloves," and raking in the hard cash from the kindred spirits that believe in said bruisers as the very excellent of the earth and the greatest glories of humanity. Now come the intellectual bruisers with their smug looks and self-sufficient airs, gently and earnestly proclaiming to the world that in the interest of all that is high and noble and for the advancement of "humanity" in all its nobleness, they—the said bruisers—are "just a goin' to begin," and will be 'appy to have a friendly round with any "gentleman" who is still foolish enough to believe in a personal God, and will assure all that he will guarantee that he—the said peripatetic bruiser—will, for the low charge of a quarter per head, knock any such "pusson" out of time in ten minutes, and give the audience one of the most wonderful intellectual treats that have ever been presented to any number of free men on this continent for the last two hundred years. Come, gentlemen, look alive, and bring out your man. Here am I, etc., etc., ready, etc., etc., to prove, etc., etc., with infinite ease, etc., etc. Step right in *gemeln.* The greatest intellectual mill ever known—far better even than the Mill o' the Floss, whatever that was, and whenever fought. Satisfaction given or your money returned. Business really meant. Will cover any reasonable amount at the shortest notice. Now, then, show your man that we may fight together.

A Sign of Consumption.

Little Mary, who is very much interested in studying "the laws of health," since school began, had been asking Mr. Rattler all sorts of questions about diseases and their remedies. "Now, Papa," she continued, "if you neglect a bad cold you lay a foundation for the consumption, don't you?" "Yes," answered her father. "And consumptives are thin and pale, ar'n't they?" "Yes." "What other signs are there in, well, in quick consumption, papa?" queried the child. "Five minutes for refreshments, posted in railroad stations," responded R. The examination closed.—Boston *Courier.*

About a hundred thousand Canadians are engaged in the lumber business. The total product of lumber in Canada in 1881 was $38,541,752.

LORD CARNARVON'S SPEECH AT MONTREAL.

Enthusiasm over Canada—Eloquent Utterance of a Polished Statesman.

The following is a full report of Lord Carnarvon's speech on the occasion of the recent banquet in Montreal in his honor:

DESIRE TO SEE CANADA.

Sir Francis Hincks, honorable gentlemen and gentlemen,—The welcome that you have just now accorded to me touches me most deeply, and words from me are feeble indeed to acknowledge my deep sense of it. I have long desired, Sir Francis, to see Canada. (Hear, hear.) Long official relations with this country, long personal friendships that it has been my good fortune to form with Canadians, have led me earnestly to desire it, and now at last I have the great pleasure, and believe me that that pleasure is doubled when I find myself receiving this most kindly welcome, this most splendid hospitality, in the fair city of Montreal. (Loud applause.) I am reminded, Sir Francis, by what you have just said, that round your board this evening are gathered

REPRESENTATIVES FROM ALL PARTS AND SECTIONS

of this great Dominion. We have the representatives of old France with their kindliness, with their courtesies, with the chivalry that belongs to that race—(applause)—and all of them united in hearty loyalty to our beloved sovereign. (Loud applause.) We have also representatives here in no small number of English, Scotch and Irish, those who speak the tongue with which we are familiar, and which it does one good to hear again, after crossing three thousand miles of salt water. (Applause.) We have indeed representatives of all shades of party politics and opinions—(hear, hear);—most grateful to me is the sight, and most gratefully do I acknowledge it to those gentlemen who have so deeply honoured me. Sir Francis, you have been good enough to refer to the

CONFEDERATION ACT OF 1867,

and to the share, whatever it was, I had in passing that important measure. As you were speaking I bethought me of those who were my colleagues in England on that occasion. I have the happiness of saying that three at least most distinguished men are present here to-night. My old friend, if I may so say, Sir Leonard Tilley, Sir Alex. Galt and Sir Hector Langevin—(applause)—with whom I have been so pleased to renew an acquaintance, interrupted now for many years. I wish I could number up more. Some have been unavoidably absent by the grave cares of office and by other pressing business, but some are no longer on this side of the great river. If I might, for one moment, single out the remembrance of one for whom I had a deep regard, and I may say a personal affection, it would be the memory of

SIR GEORGE CARTIER.

(Loud applause.) English and French alike may remember him with pleasure and pride. I recall all his charming qualities, and I delight to think that one whose name was so familiar with his generation, and who played so important a part in Canadian politics, is destined to have a statue in Ottawa. (Hear, hear, and applause.) In 1867 it was my good fortune to take a small share in England of that important measure. Since then I have been proud, and have looked on it as the greatest pride in my public life (applause), and I deeply prize the recollection of it. I indeed played but a small part. It was only given to me to place the coping stone as it were upon the edifice which others had built. It was jealousies that were laid aside; the practical unanimity which you, sir, describe that we adopted. These were the true foundations upon which that great measure rested. I try to recall now that I am in Canada.

A RETROSPECT.

What was the position of Canada before that measure became law? There were separate provinces jealous, and proudly jealous, of their rights. There was much sacrifice of personal feeling and of legal rights, and there was, as those of my three colleagues who are here will remember, great anxiety in discussing the great difficulty in adjusting the balance of power between the Dominion Government and the sovereign rights of the several states. How great that difficulty was can be best imagined when we remember that it cost that great republic across our border a long and bloody war to determine it, and that after that war and after one hundred years of national existence, even now questions involving the rights of the Federal Government and the States will from time to time come up to be decided by the peaceful arbitration of the tribunals. It was, therefore, no easy matter, I say, to adjust skilfully the balance of power, and for fifteen or sixteen years this great dominion has worked on without any great friction. It shows, therefore, that the engineers who framed the machinery did not greatly miscalculate the power of the respective parts to each other. (Great applause.) Gentleman, pray think for one moment how isolated was the position of those several provinces. With separate custom houses along the frontier guarding the commerce of each State, hostile tariffs interefering with the free transmission of goods; men bought and sold in those different states with different currencies; they weighed out the articles by a different scale of weights and measures; banking was carried on under different conditions and the postal service, which now ranges with perfect uniformity, from one end of the dominion to the other, was a different system in each different state, and now all that has been united and brought under one common system. More than that, we have seen every great question peaceably and naturally solved. There was the Hudson's Bay Company question which, I remember, was the perplexity and vexation of every politician that came within the walls of Downing street, a question that ranked second only to the Newfoundland Fisheries in complexity—(applause)—a question that was made up of charter rights and historical researches and local opinions, and conflicting views all heaped one upon another, Pelion upon Ossa, and all this has been quietly and, I think, successfully solved (applause), and I might say solved to the satisfaction of both parties, if I am to judge, or if I can form any judgment by the present price at which the Hudson Bay Company's shares stand (loud applause), and lastly, gentlemen, when the Confederation Act was passed, the great North-west was a lone land of misery and of myth; it is now added to and incorporated in the Dominion, and the Canadian Pacific Railway, stretching like a great bar of iron from sea to sea, traversing that vast continent which is washed by two oceans, opens up boundless realms of fertility to the resources, to the industry, to the happiness of the human race. (Great applause.) I was told the other day that just after the Confederation Act passed the number of letters that were sent, I think it was in a week or fortnight, I forget which, from the Red River Territory, as it then was called, to England, was some fifty or sixty; I am told now that it numbers over ten thousand. (Loud applause.) What does this mean? It means this: that children are writing to their parents, that fresh bonds of affection are growing up between individuals — bonds of affection that will throw out, I trust, good and worthy examples to you, and that will hold you by another tie of loyalty to the Mother Country. (Loud and continued applause.) More than two thousand yeaps ago Plato said, "Time, infinite time, is the maker of cities," but had Plato lived in these days, he would have had to qualify that assertion, if he had seen Winnipeg start into existence in the course of two years. (Applause.) Sir Francis, it has been my good fortune during the last few weeks, all too short for my own pleasure, to see much of old and settled Canada. I have seen Quebec with its picturesque ramparts and its historical associations; I have seen Montreal with its fair palaces; I have seen Hamilton embosomed in trees, Kingston with its Military College and its Thousand Islands, and Toronto with its English spirit and energy. (Loud applause.) All those I have seen, and while life remains the recollection of it will never fade from my memory; but I have also seen, and with inexpressible pleasure on every side of me, the

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY,

of comfort, of content. (Applause.) I have recognized a land, not of luxuries, but a land where the necessaries of life abound and where the life of her citizens is manly, simple, vigorous. (Loud applause.) Oh, gentlemen, may that long last, may that long be your lot, and I trust that none of the corruptions of modern civilization, neither the love of money nor the feverish desire of speculation, may ever tempt you to forfeit that which seems to me to be the crown of glory to you, (Applause.) But I know that it is sometimes said that questions arise and difficulties, and even, perhaps, some little friction in different parts of your constitutional machinery. Well, my answer to that is twofold: First of all, I remember the words of a very wise sage of old who said that every well constituted state required a discordant concord. (Applause).

CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTIONS.

From time to time it is needed that waters of your lake should be stirred in order to keep them pure, and in the next place, these difficulties, these slight frictions are incident to all human workmanship. I would venture to say to your statesmen, and if I dare to take upon myself, I would believe that it would be the opinion of the highest tribunals, that that act is not to be construed merely as a municipal act; it is to be viewed as a treaty and as an alliance, (applause), and I would say to the great mass and body of the people that no legislative or constitutional machinery can be maintained in its efficiency unless there be sobriety of judgment and plain common sense on their part. (Applause.) Gentlemen, what is it that has created this great prosperity that I admire so much; what magician is it who is waving his hand over your magnificent country? I believe it to be, first of all, that you owe deep obligations to your statesmen, those who originally conceived the design, those again who, whatever their difference of opinion might have been, loyally accepted it when it had become law—(loud applause)—next I believe you owe much to this noble country, so rich in all gifts, and lastly to the free and great people that live within it. Gentlemen, the greatest gift that England has bestowed upon you seems to me to be this: that we have given to you absolute, unqualified, unstinted freedom in self government, combined with a union with the monarchy of England. (Loud and long continued applause) But, gentlemen, no gift, no heritage, if it is to endure, can remain unimproved. Nations, like men, ever rise to a higher conception of their duties or they sink. (Hear, hear.) And I apprehend that the law of all individual and political life is this, that there must be constant progress, but orderly, harmonious progress. (Hear, hear, and applause.) May such be your lot, may you go on from political strength to political strength in the course which you have already adopted. The nations of the older world are passing through a time of difficulties and trials which perplexes many and strains the nerve of many. I am not myself gloomy; I believe in the triumph of right principle, but in our evening sky there there are many clouds which may cause at least anxiety. With you on this side of the Atlantic the difficulties are very different; you have great and new problems to work out, problems as important to yourselves as they are important, I believe, to the welfare of the whole human race. (Hear, hear.)

CANADA'S POSITION.

May I express this hope that in working out these questions, they will be worked out on the old lines of a God-fearing and law-abiding people. (Loud applause.) One word more. Canada is no ordinary possession of the Crown—(hear, hear and applause)—none may rank entirely beside her, even in the group of noble nationalities which England, the mother of nations, has planted abroad. But your position, gentlemen, is great, so also are your duties and responsibilities great. You have to deal with many of these questions that in ordinary circumstances an independent power would have to deal with; questions arising out of your Federal Government, out of your new settlement of new countries; aye, and I would even say, out of your foreign relations. I pray you only so to administer it in an imperial and not merely a colonial spirit, (Loud applause.) We have, thank God, many ties, some visible, some hardly perceptible and these are not the least strong to bind us together.

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

One, very important, is the most visible of all, to which you, Sir Francis, alluded a short time since when you gave the health of His Excellency the Governor-General. He is the representative of the sovereign in this country, and if on the eve of the departure of my noble friend, Lord Lorne, I may be permitted to say one word without presumption it would be this:—It has been my fortune to deal with several Governors-General of this country, and I may truly say, to the best of my belief, none of them ever administered their great trust in a more single-minded and unselfish spirit; none have ever sought more fully than Lord Lorne to identify himself with Canada and Canadian interests. (Loud and long continued applause.) It will be hard, I think, to find his equal, but though his successor, I believe, will labor to follow in his footsteps in this respect, I cannot view without regret—for pray believe me, I was before I came here half a Canadian at heart and now I am an entire Canadian (applause)—I cannot as a Canadian view his departure without sincere regret (Hear, hear, and applause). There are yet

SOME OTHER TIES OF CONNECTION

between Canada and the Mother Country which are very powerful; I fain would see more Canadians go to England; I would fain see more Englishmen enjoy the happiness of a welcome in Canadian homes (Loud applause.) I am quite sure that both parties gain somewhat from the accumulated wealth of learning, of literature, of mental activity, in England, from the great heritage which has come down to us in these respects through unbroken centuries of civilation; but England may gain, I am confident, still more largely by contact with the free and simple and natural life of Canada, (Loud applause.) Coming as I do from the artificial and sometimes over-heated atmosphere of European life, I welcome the air bath in which I am plunged here in Canada. (Applause) I would almost venture to bring to mind those exquisite lines of Milton:—

As one who long in populous cities spent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer morn to breathe
Among the peasant cottages and farms,
Adjoined, from each thing met, conceives delight.

(Applause.) Such, gentlemen have been my feeling during the last few weeks I have spent in Canada. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I have trespassed longer, much longer than I desire. I only wish that I could find words adequately to express the pleasure with which I have seen

THIS GREAT COUNTRY,

to express the overwhelming boundless kindness and hospitality which has covered me from the first hour that I set foot on Canadian soil, to the last hour that I am with you; that I could express the sense that during the whole time that I have been here I had been in England, and in the happiest parts of England, and lastly, that I could express my ardent desire that the connection of this great country may strengthen with her strength and grow with her growth. (Loud and long continued applause.) Gentlemen, in legislation, in self-government, you are free, and may you ever remain free as the winds of heaven, but in loyalty to the Crown, in love to the Mother Country, may you ever be bound in the chains of adamant. (Applause.) Individuals pass swiftly, like the shadows across the mortal scenes, but the life of the State is a long one; that which to the individual is so long is to the State a very short affair; party politics cannot divide us. Statesmanship has many forms and voices, but in spite of all these individuals may do much. Let us in our generation teach our children on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean that we in Canada and in England are kith and kin, members of a common family, subjects of a common sovereign, and united to each other by ties of loving affection that time in its course can only strengthen. (Prolonged applause and cheering)

AN ALASKA VILLAGE.

The Settlement of Kaigau and Its Distinguished Russian Residents.

On a wet and gloomy evening we anchored off Kaigau, an ancient settlement of the Hydah Indians, and a place of note in the archipelago, writes a correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* from Alaska. The Hydahs are a superior race, skilled in the arts of war and the crafts of peace, and Hydah carvers have wrought matchless *totems*, canoes, bowls, spoons, halibut clubs, and hooks from time immemorial. A sullen reef lies as a barrier before their town, and the trading company has sounded the desertion of the old site by building the storehouses on the shores of the opposite islands, where the recently-named American bay offers safe shelter and anchorage. Meanwhile Kaigau has two little curving beaches built round with native houses and guarded by tall and moss-grown totem poles, rich with all quaint and heraldic carvings. A semicircle of more ancient totems stand about the shore of the smaller beach, and back in the dense undergrowth rise the carved beasts that stand in emblem over the graves of dead and gone Hydahs. At Kaigau the missionary's wife and sister have lived for two years and seen about one white woman until our boat-load of them went ashore from the Idaho and embarrassed them with a superfluity. The other white residents of Kaigau are the Russian Count Zuboff and his pretty, black-haired countess, a couple interesting in themselves and their history, and more extraordinary in their being found in this remote end of the world. The Count Zuboff is a man of fascinating address and appearance, polished manners and cultivated tastes, and being exiled for Nihilistic tendencies, he chose Alaska to Siberia, and made his way across the friendly chain of mountains to "the home of the free and the land of the brave." He married a charming Russian lady at Sitka, and with the calm of a philosophic mind and the patience of a patriotic heart, he waits the time when amnesty or anarchy shall permit his return to holy Russia. Adversity and years in the savage wilderness have not robbed these people of their ease and grace of manner, and the handsome Count had all the charm and spirit that must have distinguished him in the gay world of his native capital. The little countess was unfeignedly glad to see a few fellow-creatures and in the dusk of that dreary, wet night welcomed us to her simple home, and showed us her treasures, from the big blue-eyed baby to a wonderfully painted dance blanket. When we expressed curiosity at the latter, the pretty Russian seized the great piece of fringed and painted deerskin, and wrapping it about her shoulders, threw her head back with fine pose, and stood as an animated tableau in the dusk and firelight of her Alaska chalet. "This was a cultus potlatch," she said, with a dainty accent, as she explained the way it came into her possession, and we laughed not a little that that dilettante word cultus means "worthless" in the Chinook jargon. Setting aside all traditions of his rank, this Nihilist count talked business with our captain in a most American manner, and but for the inherent accent and air a listener might have taken him for the most practical of business men, whose whole life had been spent in commercial marts, or as agent for a great trading company.

Borrowers.

What a wise man David had been, that is David, King of Israel, whose Psalms some of the stilted stupids of the present day think such poor things. Now just let every body consider such a remark as this:—"*The wicked borroweth and payeth not again; but the righteous showeth mercy and giveth.*" Ah, David good old fellow, so you too knew the terrors connected with borrowing neighbours! Yes and not only borrowing neighbors but neighbors who were of the wicked one, *for they never paid back.* That was bad. No wonder that, though a King, you often cried out in the agony of your heart because of the wicked who beset you round like bees and clamorously asked for what they never meant that you should see any more. Dear David, what *did* they borrow? Did they ever send round of a morning to the palace back door for a cupful of oatmeal with which they might make a little wholesome porridge that their souls might bless God and the King before they gave up the ghost? It is to be feared not, for it was not at all certain that the virtues of oatmeal porridge were sufficiently known at that time and in those regions, though it is certain that in after years Daniel, who was of the seed royal, relished "pulse" which was either porridge or mush. Leigh Hunt or his wife borrowed from the Carlyles many a cupful of porridge ready-made, but who could ever expect that such cupsful would ever be repaid? Leigh had fully learnt the lesson that base is the soul that pays, but the enemies of David's soul do not seem to have pursued the food which Scotchmen love. What then? Did they borrow rice to make puddings of? It is possible, but not in the last degree likely. Did they ask for a "drawing" of tea? or had they the slightest hankering after brown sugar in even the smallest quantities? History does not say that the saccharine arrangement was very common in those days, indeed TRUTH believes that the word *sugar* does not occur even once in the whole of the Bible. So it is to be presumed that it was not for either brown or crushed sugar that the servant damsel came round the corner. It is provoking that the King of Israel does not condescend to particulars. Perhaps it was a few fresh eggs that formed the special object of desire. Perhaps, as David was a family man it was a cradle of which he had, no doubt, a considerable stock. This is not improbable. We have heard of well authenticated cases of a cradle being borrowed for six months and of the owner being then directed to send for it as it was no more required. So it is exceedingly likely that David was tried by his cradles being coveted and not returned in time when a new arrival clamorously cried for their soothing movements. Or was it a plug of tobacco? Hush, how dare you insinuate that the sweet singer of Israel loved the weed and blew a cloud? No, it was *not* tobacco that was asked for, for if it had been David would have sent the unfortunate to the general store round the corner. It was—it was—well what was it? As sure as fate, it was a couple of pounds of new potatoes just when they had newly come in and were a most toothsome morsel. Yes, and there was a solemn promise to repay, but it came to nothing. No wonder that David said in his haste that all men were liars. Such conduct was enough to provoke any body. But we take the liberty of saying that if David had been settled in some quarters of Canada and had been beside some borrowing neighbours there who hold their heads pretty high, he would have said all that he did say, not in his haste, but decidedly, and in the most emphatic terms at his leisure time. Sure as any thing he would! Why there are those who will borrow a single suck of an orange or, *Crede mihi*, a single blow of a slightly soiled and greatly crushed pocket handkerchief! Borrow! why Heaven help them they would borrow the coppers that are laid on the eyes of the dead, and find some use for the bleached bones of their neighbours' grandmother! Oh ye borrowing fiends that add a new terror to life and rob the grave of half its gloom, read the 37th Psalm and repent in dust and ashes, while at the same time let all sotried cry out in the agony of their souls. From all too familiar and borrowing neighbours, good Lord deliver us!

George H. Willett, in gaol at Cardwell N. Y., made a beautiful miniature church and sent it to Warren county fair for exhibition. The managers of that great moral show would not permit it to be shown, however, on the ground that it might create sympathy. Willett is supposed to be a murderer.

BOB BURDETTE.

The Philosophy of an Idler who Takes the World as it Comes.

One of my most difficult tasks in my useful and busy life is to find things to worry and fret about. Not that I enjoy worry or love to fret, but I want to keep as close to humanity as possible. I do not wish people to become unhappy and envious at beholding me a creature far superior to all the ordinary ills of mortal man. I want to suffer just enough annoyance to identify me with the race of man. And sometimes I am dismayed, on waking in the morning, to discover that there isn't a thing in the world to trouble me—not a care, not an uncertainty, not one solitary little bother.

Perhaps the manager may suggest that I might trouble myself a little to get up or find a subject for my letter.

Ah yes; but there, you see, the manager falls into the common error of my fellowmen. This is no trouble to me. It worries him sometimes (don't you see?) to have a long letter about nothing come straggling in; but it doesn't worry me a bit.

Another friend tells me my debts ought to worry me enough to keep me awake; but they don't. They worry my creditors. Oh, shades of the bankrupt! how they do worry my unhappy creditors. But I don't fret about that. Sometimes I am a little annoyed because I can't get into debt any deeper. Such is the base ingratitude of a tradesman upon whom one has lavished one's custom without ever asking the price of anything; but the debt that I have already incurred is so much clear gain. Don't I never intend to pay my debts? By the hands of Midas, I do. I am a villain else. But when? When I get rich, good creditor; when I get rich. Therefore, doth it much behoove thee to fly around and find me an excellent publisher, who spends his time in writing cheques and paying royalties.

And I can not feel solicitous because the country is going to the dogs. Not I. I am very fond of dogs, and had much rather go to them than have them come to me. And how jolly for us all to go there together? Besides, no sooner has a man convinced me that the country is going to the dogs than another man tells me that it is going right straight to glory and prosperity, and that it was never in such excellent hands.

I am not distressed because Ananias Shapira has sold the wise men with a case of old leather containing specimens of Horace Greeley's manuscript. Because I am not a wise man. I do not know Sanskrit from English. If I had found the Moabite stone, in all probability I would have thrown it at a dog. If it was too big to throw at a dog I would have made a well curb of it. That's the kind of an Orientalist I am. In fact it rather pleases me to see an eminently wise man caught up with once in a while. It serves to keep him in sight, and keeps him from soaring far away into the illimitable realms of viewless ethereality and intangible aerostatics of the Concord summer school of philosophy.

I do not grieve very much because Paddy Ryan was shot. Had he lived he would have fought Sullivan again. How much better it is for a man to be shot clear full of holes than to become a human sandbag for the amusement of the eminent Boston Professor of Bicipital Forces and External Craniology.

I am not cast down because Oscar Wilde's new play has been cut up by the critics. I have been chopped up, and knifed and clubbed by the critics myself, and I assure you it made me mad as thunder, and I am well pleased to see Marie Prescott take an incautious hand in the fight. As for me and my house, I will stand afar off and witness the skirmish. Every time the critics get Oscar over the ropes I will yell, "Fib him! Hammer him in the eye! Maul his ribs!" And oft as Oscar knocks a critic down, I will throw my hat in the air and shriek, "Bully! Now jump on him! Dance on his corsage! Walk all over him!" Secure under my own vine and fig-tree I will view the battle without anguish and with no anxiety about the result. I will joyously crown the victor with triumphant bays (with a record of 3.18) whoever he is, and pour the balm of consolation into the wounds of the vanquished, whichever it may happen to be.

But there are some unsolved mysteries in the great problem of life that give me cause for reflection and anxiety. If I were rich I believe I would build me a lonely cell somewhere in Clifton, or some place like that, worth about $90,000, with a store room like a wholesale grocery, where I might have plenty of help in studying these intricate problems in our daily economy, or extravagance, as the case may be. For often and often I wonder:

Why you always put teaspoons into the vase upside down?

Why the pantaloons of a godless atheist who never said a prayer in his life bag at the knees just as quickly and decidedly as the breeks of the saint who spends half his days on his knees?

Why it is wrong to eat pie with a knife?

What Washington said to General Lee at the Battle of Monmouth?

How the directory of a railroad company can get rich, while the stockholders gradually starve to death?

How a receiver prospers and grows fat on a business that ruined the merchant?

Why the man who "has gone out of politics" never misses a convention and always keeps "in the hands (and also the pockets) of his friends?"

What the State would do for penitentiaries if all the rascals should suddenly step up and confess?

Why a woman falls like a flash not two inches from the banana skin she steps on, while a man falls like a cyclone half way round the block howling like a demon at every plunge, and at last climaxes with a crash under a peanut stand on the other side of the street?

Why "pure bear's oil" is always cheaper when pork is away down, and booms up like a balloon in the cholera years?

Why, when spring chickens are so small you have to eat them by the dozen to taste one, the price is so high you have to buy them by the chicken?

Why a man frequently tries to make himself necessary when he would serve humanity much better by making himself scarce?

Why it is so much easier to lose half a dozen bets than it is to win one?

Why Tom Thumb was always billed as "twenty-three years old" until the day he died, when he made a jump of more than his lifetime?

Why some people "remember the Sabbath day" as though it was only a parlour-car porter, and give it a quarter in full for all demands?

Whatever became of the "blue-glass remedy?"

And what went with all the archery clubs?

I don't believe in philosophy wasting its time on trifles. If the wise men want something useful and practical to ponder over, here are their problems.

The Use and Abuse of Bathing.

A physician gives general rules for bathing as follows: A warm bath with liberal use of Castile soap, is best for cleanliness, and night the best time. Twice a week is often enough. Too frequent warm baths debilitate the system. A cool sponge or wet cloth bath should be taken daily for its tonic effect, and always in a warm room. If strong and vigorous the best time is in the morning; if not strong the cold bath had better be omitted and the tepid substituted. After exercise, if greatly fatigued, take no bath, but rub down vigorously with a dry towel. If thoroughly warmed up but not tired, take a tepid sponge bath standing. Never take a tub bath, except when bathing for cleanliness. A warm shower bath followed by a cool sprinkling is preferable to a cold bath after exercise, and renders Turkish baths wholly unnecessary; those should be reserved for medical cases. Skin disorders are frequently caused by excessive bathing and the use of too much soap. Although general rules for bathing could be given, every man must be guided by his own physical condition and his occupation.

FASHION NOTES.

Canvas woven stuffs are all the rage.

The Langtry turban is as popular as ever.

Chatelaine watches are exceedingly fashionable.

Short yokes and full waists will be much worn.

Cream white will not be worn any longer by brides.

Gallon is revived for dress and bonnet trimmings.

Silver white is the new shade for bridal dresses.

Arcadia velveteen is a fine importation for fall suits.

Large balls and spots are the newest designs for Oriental and Spanish laces.

Plaids and checks are used in silks worn with cloth and cheviot costumes.

Velvet vests are introduced into Spanish laces intended for dresses and bonnets.

Plaid silks and satins for dress and waist will be more worn by fashionable women than any other.

The gauntlet glove is coming into fashion for morning use in quiet colors, of fine wool shades. They are made in four different lengths, and the longest cuffs reach nearly to the elbow.

The taste for dressy coaching costumes is on the wane since the princess of Wales and the Queen of Austria have set their faces against this exaggerated use of finery, and have shown the women on the other side of the water how much more beautiful they appear on the top of a coach in a plain dark suit of drap d'ete, broad cloth, and navy blue flannel.

Dresses of cashmere and silk remain popular, and choice dresses are much worn as spring continue in style. Cloth dresses will again be made by tailors, giving a tremulous talk to made suits, tinge is a favorite color; so is blue. By the bye, modistes assure their early patrons that a little later on in the season it will not be an unusual sight to see a blue wool dress elaborately trimmed with red braid.

Black straw hats are trimmed with white feathers or embroidered muslin scarfs, and costly laces are to be extensively used on bonnets. Capotes are covered with black gauze tightly drawn over the frame, with rich black lace over the gauze, the crown being plain. The brims are bound with cordings or narrow velvet, and covered with two or three rows of lace. Modest fall dresses seem to be trimmed with a profusion of lace.

A new dress fabric, designed for bridal toilets and evening wear, is of silk gauze overlaid with designs in velvet. These come in silver white for brides and in delicate colors for evening toilets. While on the subject of bridal dresses it should be told that all fabrics, whether of silk, satin, or velvet, designed for this purpose, are finished so as to show a silver sheen, which distinguishes them from the cream-white in vogue last season.

Among the new imitation laces that promise to become favorites are the imitation Valenciennes laces, which this year are made about half the size of the real, both in design and color, than ever before. This lace is being used largely for trimming fine underclothing and summer dresses. A feature of this imitation lace is that copying the Alencon lace. To the French women belong the praise or blame, whichever it should be, of introducing the fashion of wearing imitation laces.

From across the sea come rumors of the decline of colored hosiery and the supremacy of white balbriggans again. It is also told that the bride abroad are dropping the old custom of furnishing their trousseaus with sets upon sets of elaborate underclothing. The rule at present prevailing leads the supply to sets of half a dozen. The trimming is also less elaborate than heretofore but quite as costly, for all the lace embroidery must be real to meet the requirements of the present style.

Gossip.

We confess to a very real it wholly inexcusable sympathy for gossip. As long, that is, as the gossip is not a malicious slander and malicious back biting under a more euphonious name. For that we have no patience. A mere back biter, slimy, treacherous, and cowardly coward and tomtom, be he or she is, as the case may be—male and female of that genus are alike detestable—should be cast to the most hopeless sort of earthly Purgatory.

But a little lively, not ill-natured humanly interesting talk about one's neighbors is it not delightful? Let the propriety dragons preach as they like to the contrary. A sharp critic will no doubt remind one that the most inveterate dragon will never preach about the *delightfulness* of gossip, but about its *wrongfulness*. It delightfulness is a foregone conclusion. Were it not so delightful it would not be done. But let this pass. It is natural for men and women to talk about one another, and if kept with in due bounds there is nothing wrong about it either. Why "dear me," what a dull uninteresting dreary round of monotonous existence life would become were "our joys to be all immoderately sealed about our neighbors, their joys and sorrows, their weaknesses, their little peculiarities, their mistakes and awkwardnesses, their lovemakings, flirtings, courtings, their house-warmings and heart-breakings, their billings and coolings and all the other trifling things which after all make up life the warp and the woof of life for most of us. The worst of it is that gossip is so often ill-natured, and much of it is malicious, and is simply devilish. There is so much of it, which in the most barefaced way is manufactured out of the whole cloth, and stamped with the signet ring of approval of Satan the father of lies. How shall the right kind always be kept so, and no harm be done? Ah-ye, but how can one make fun of his neighbor's weakness without being over malignant? There's the rub.

A Modern Glimpse of the Dark Ages.

In discussing the marvels of modern science it is perhaps well, to bring to mind some of the horrors of the pre-scientific age. This is added by the extraordinary trial of certain Hungarian Jews charged with murdering a Christian girl, so as to mingle her blood with the flour to be converted into Passover bread. In the course the story was told on his own father by a Jewish lad, who swore positively that he saw his relatives murder the girl in a subterranean cellar, and her blood into vessels to take to their home. Credence was given to this terrible accusation by the whole Christian population, and a number of innocent Jews were at once in peril of losing their lives through the malice of the witnesses against them. Of course the story was finally disproved, and the lad himself confessed his infamy. The bloodthirsty ferocity and credulity which the trial revealed on the part of a modern and a nominally Christian community was simply amazing. This belief in a periodical sacrifice of a Christian child by Jews, in order to mix the blood with the flour of the unleavened bread, can be traced back to the fifth century. We will give a page of incidents, in which the Jews in the middle ages were plundered and murdered, because of the repeated revivals of this superstitious illusion. In 1255, in Lincoln, England, ninety-two of the richest Jews were arrested, their property confiscated, and eighteen of them were hung, because a Christian boy was found floating in the river near a Jewish residence. At last accounts the Jews were again being persecuted in Hungary, Poland, and Russia by the envenomed and superstitious peasantry.—*Demorest's Monthly for October.*

The "season" at Niagara Falls is pronounced a failure. The Indians who frequent the place and sell their relics to visitors complain of "no trade," and when they left for their native home in Limerick, Ireland, the other day, one of them observed in a tone of disgust; "Begorra, there's more money in workin' on the railway at eighty-five cents a day."

Solitude.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.

Sing and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bear a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they fly from you.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But some you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and lay at your feet a hundred you live,
But no man can help you die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lively throng;
But one by one we must all journey
Through the narrow aisles of gloom.

UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

BY MABEL S. EMERY.

It was very warm in the cars that night, even in the new May twilight after the sun had set. Will Prince threw aside the evening paper as he sat down, came to a stand-still in the North Conway junction, and put his head out of the window to survey the familiar situation. The down-train on the Portsmouth and Ottawa was a little late, and the delay was greater than usual. It was an ugly little station at North Gilbert; no broad eaves to fancy gables to the structure severely plain, and unadorned as a wood-shed. A stout man in blue and white checked shirt sleeves was rolling a huge packing-box along the platform with a series of bumps and thumps, and a young girl with a baby carriage stood by the window of the ticket office, chatting with some one inside. Four small boys completed the visible population; one of the number, yellow-haired and freckled, had a paper bag of peanuts, and was counting them out into four little heaps, while the others sat in a row on the edge of the platform, kicking their battered shoes back and forth, and watching the problem in a very long division with hungry eye. The village street ran off at an angle behind the station, revealing just a glimpse of white cottage houses among the trees, and the modest spire of a gray, painted church.

Will was a Massachusetts boy who had been brought up in the way to shield gentlemanly boys who was well read in the polished writings of Mr. Hale; but it was with no conscious memory of a chance suggestion in "How To Do It" that a bright idea suddenly occurred to him—an idea which he forthwith proceeded to put into execution. He turned toward the four urchins, just beginning on the allotted shares of peanuts. Let's see—"Charlie" was a common name. He would try that.

"Hallo, Charlie!"

It was the yellow-haired capitalist who responded. He counted a handful of nuts into his outstretched hand, and stepped up. Will beckoned him to the window.

"Is your mother pretty well, Charlie?"

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, evidently a little puzzled.

"And how are the rest? are they pretty well too?"

"The rest?—oh—Dora? Yes, she's pretty well, thank you."

"Who was Dora? His sister, probably. Better steer clear of family nomenclature.

"You've grown tremendously since I saw you last. Do you go to school now?"

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, fingering his pockets.

"Have a nice teacher?"

"Pretty good. She's awful cross sometimes."

"That's too bad," said Will sympathetically. "Let's see. How old have you got to be now? Why, you're quite a young man!"

"Ten next—" But the A. and O. train was now ready to start, and Will started up once more with a snort and jerk, leaving puffed and red-faced, but very good-natured, Charlie, to finish his sentence. Will laughed a little to himself at "Charlie's" probable bewilderment, and then turning again to the evening paper, quite forgot the joke in the interest of its columns. It did occur to him once, as he reached home at Shirley, some miles beyond, to speculate a moment as to "Dora's" identity, and meeting a friend as he left the cars, even that shadow of interest in the affair faded out and left nothing behind.

Meanwhile, in a certain small house at North Gilbert, a certain small boy was at the work of Fates. He was scowling darkly over a spelling-book, the pages very much thumbed and dog-eared, and two ladies, one elderly and one young, were sitting near the student-lamp, busy over needlework and a new magazine.

"Spell, Dora! Hear me now, won't you? I know it just's well's I ever can."

"Where do you begin?" asked Dora, taking the book.

"Firs' column, page thirty-one. Kerosene—k-e-r-o-s-e-n-e—kerosene. What's the next one?"

"Cannibal."

"C-a-n-n-a-b-e-l—Oh, mother! there was a man on the train to-night, and he asked how you was, and how Dora was. He thought I knew him, but I didn't."

"What train?" asked Mrs. Bradley, looking up from her work.

"The quarter of seven on the Central. He knew me, but I didn't remember him a single bit."

"Old or young?" asked Dora.

"Oh, I do' know; pretty old; a old's you an' I."

Dora laughed. She had a big dimple in either pink cheek, and lacked her small brother's freckles. She looked like a rather pretty girl of twenty, but attained to the venerable age of eighteen.

"What did he look like, Charlie? Was he tight-colored or dark? Good looking?"

"I do' know 's he was so very good-looking. He had a big nose—kind of a funny nose—but his eyes were jolly."

"Was it Mr. Downing?"

"Why, no! Of course not. I s'ld think I'd seen him enough times; 'n' I don't know who this one was."

"Joe Bruce?"

"I guess not!" said Charlie, with an air of disgust. "He's just soft nothing, and this one wasn't. No, it's somebody 's had been here for a good while; he said how much I'd grown."

Dora clasped both hands over the spelling-book, and gazed reflectively at the dimpled knuckles.

"Who in the world—Can you think of any body, mother?"

"Nobody in particular," said Mrs. Bradley. "Anyone might be passing through the train, and a large nose isn't sure to identify you by."

"Were his eyes light or dark, Charlie?"

"Light. No, they wasn't either; they were black—real jolly eyes. Queer of he face was kind 'o long 'n solemn."

Dora leaned her chin on her hands, as if a change of attitude would assist the mental vision.

"Dear me! how queer! Didn't you notice anything else about him?"

"My gracious! I s'ld think you wanted me to *stare* at folks!" cried Charlie, a little tired of the catechism. "Well, I didn't—Yes, I did, too. He had a ring with a big stone in it, 'n' 'twas too big 'n' almost dropped off 'n his finger. It had a *P* on it."

"Oh, a *P*! Now let me think over the directory. Pennell—Piper—what's Lily Avery's cousin's name?"

"Brank Parker."

"Twasn't he. Jim Parsons—whom else do you know with a *P*?"

"George Penhallow," suggested Mrs. Bradley. It was an inspiration.

"Why, mother! Do you suppose it twas George? It's years and years since we've seen him. Do you suppose it could have been he?"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Bradley, thoughtfully. "It might be, really. Let me see. It's six—seven years since we've seen him. He must be twenty one by this time."

"I do believe it was," declared Miss Dora, with an air of pleased conviction. "I'd like to see him again; wouldn't you, mother? Don't you remember what splendid times we used to have together those summers? He was just the brightest boy But didn't he love to tease! He was a dreadful pickle sometimes."

"And then his aunt Louisa—Mrs. Carrington," mused Mrs. Bradley. "We heard she was better after that visit to Philadelphia, and she could walk around the house on crutches. I wish he had called to see us. Well, perhaps he will another time. It seems so remember us. I wonder where they're living now?"

"I wish he had called," said Dora; "that is, if he is as nice as he used to be. I always liked him ever so much."

For a week or two, uneventfulness Will passed by the little station twice a day without seeing anything of "Charlie," and, indeed, without thinking of the incident, two or three times in the interval. The morning train which took him into the office of Smith, Brown & Co., passed the Junction too early to afford much likelihood of seeing anyone but the station-master and chance passengers from the other direction. One morning, when it stopped as usual, Will did see his small friend at some distance from the station, sauntering along the top of a loose pile of boards left beside the railway—apparently sent on some errand by his mother, for he had a milk can in one outstretched hand, and a basket in the other. Someone shouted to him—an invisible urchin from behind the station:

"Say! Charlie Bradley! why ain't you goin' fishin?"

"Cause she won't let me," called Charlie in response.

"Oh, my gracious! Why don't you toss up?"

"I have tossed." And he began to walk dejectedly back over the clean, white planks.

"Tease again!" shouted the pertinacious friend; but whether or no Master Charlie took the hint good advice was left unstated, for the train just then started off and rumbled away down the track.

A day or two after this the boy was at the station again when the train was due to arrive. Will caught his eye and gave him a friendly nod and smile.

"I told 'em I saw you that night," said Charlie, coming up to the window.

"Oh! did you, though?" said Will, opening his eyes.

"Yes; and they didn't know who you were at first."

"Didn't they, really?" returned Will, with a mischevious twinkle "Honestly?"

"Oh, they did afterwards. Dora said you used to be an awful plague."

"Dora ought to know, I'm sure," said Will. "I never plague people now. I've reformed."

"I don't believe it."

"You don't? Why?"

"Oh—because—I wish 's I was goin' in the cars somewhere."

"So do I. Look out, there, young man! You'll get under the cars pretty soon, and you won't like that much. Good night."

"Who in the world am I?" thought Will. Some family councilhas settled my identity—that's certain. Dora used to be an awful plague,' did I? This is getting interesting."

It became more interesting as the weeks went by, and he continued to see, every now and then, two brown eyes, a freckled nose, and a rumpled head of yellow hair somewhere about the North Gilbert station. There is just enough precarious mystery and intricacy in the matter to make it a pleasant subject for speculation. It was perfectly evident that this unknown family had invested him with the personality of somebody else; but as long as the affair came no nearer home there could be no harm in it. So he appreciated the joke, and watched every day for some new instalment. In chapters sometimes they started up once more with a snort and jerk, in very puffed mites would be spent in coatting from the car-window, while waiting for the other train.

"They laughed like everything last night," the boy confided to him once. "They always appeared to mean his aunt or and sister; he never spoke of anyone else. "Dora had a lot of old papers 'n' things out, 'n' she found some pictures you grew once, ever so long ago—awful funny ones—pictures about what they did at a picnic once that you went to. It was where a great fat man was tumbling out of a boat, and—oh, lots of others. Do you remember 'em?"

"Not exactly," said Will. "How do you know they were mine? Did they have my name on them?"

"Yes."

"How was it spelled?" asked Will carelessly.

"Ho! Don't you know how to spell your own name? I can spell it, Charlie, coming nearer the mark than he thought.

"Generally. I thought perhaps you didn't."

"Thought I was a baby, didn't you?" said Charlie, a trifle offended at this slight to his years. "It was F—c—"

Oh, that locomotive! Why would the earliest blow off steam a mile and a half stopped running. Oh, yes," and then he fell to coughing.

The afternoon Will was at his desk in the office of Smith, Brown & Co.'s, making out a pile of monthly "statements," when his attention was caught by a word or two between Mr. Smith, the senior partner, and a stranger with whom he was talking—some old schoolfellow.

"Oh, Bradley!" Yes, indeed, I remember Bradley well; a first-rate fellow. Died some six or eight years ago, I believe. How was it? Did he leave much property?"

"Not much, I imagine. His widow lives very quietly with him in a little country place out here somewhere—North Gilbert, I think, is the place he used to rent when he was alive."

"Oh, yes, I remember her well, too; she used to be an old flame of mine before Brad-ley cut me out. Yes, indeed, I remember Bradley."

"She has a daughter now, and one other child—a boy, I believe. Well, well! I'm getting to be quite a family man, I'm and I. But let's see, now, about that estate."

Will got the items mixed on the paper he was making out, and had to begin it over again.

He took the depot side of the train that night, hoping, though with no especial purpose or reason to see the familiar, round, boyish face; but it was not there. Only the station agent was on the platform, and smoked a cigar on the platform and idly beamed the car windows. Then a young man came along beside the train, evidently just alighted.

"Pretty warm, ain't it?" said the station-master, colloquially. "Goin' right up home?"

"Yes." The stranger hesitated.

"Just's well take a bundle along and leave it for Miss Bradley? Come on the three-forty express. I thought that boy o' theirs'd be down by this time; he's almost always hangin' round in the way somewhere. But you never can ketch holt of a boy when he'd be any use."

"Oh, yes," said the young man, with suspicious alacrity. "I can take it just as well as not. Fetch it along."

Will watched him around the corner of the building, with a little scowl on his own forehead—though just why he should have frowned over the civility of one stranger to another stranger he couldn't have quite explained. The next day he hurried out of the office in season to buy a bunch of rare pink pond-lilies at a florist's, and carry them with him to the train. It was the last of July—a warm, sultry night—and he began to think about his vacation. It was Charlie's vacation, he knew. If Charlie should not be at the station to-night! But he was there, hand in pockets, and a sailor-hat on the back of his head. Will held the pink lilies in a careless bunch by the window-edge.

"We don't have those kind of pond lilies here," remarked Young America, eying them curiously. "Where'd you get 'em?"

"Found a bunch of mine," said Will. "Here, take them; I don't get home enough. You can give some to the teacher in the morning."

"Oh, but school's done," said Charlie. He held up his hands, nevertheless, and caught the blossoms as they fell. "I'll give 'em to Dora. She's crazy after pond-lilies."

"All right," said Will, so innocently as if this were not precisely what he had intended. "They're yours. Do what you please with them."

The train began to start.

"Oh, I forgot," said Charlie, walking along the platform and looking up at the window with some anxiety, as the train began the wheels. "Mother said to give her love to your aunt, if I saw you again, and she'd like to have you come some day, if you won't you? I know Dora—" But here again the conversation came to a sudden end, for which the engineer was alone responsible.

Several weeks passed after this without a meeting at North Gilbert. Will had his short vacation in August, and spent it in a tramp over the mountains of Maine, which contains with half a dozen friends. The city office and Smith, Brown & Co.'s books were left behind, and he was for adventure, and the first few days of duty resumed seemed long enough.

"Well, mother, it's a pretty fix!" said Mr. Smith, in anxious consultation. "That block-head who took your place here wasn't good for a thing. Somebody'll have to go to Fulton-bury and see them."

"Yes, sir!" said Will interrogatively.

"Ought to be done right away, too. I can't go, of course, and I don't know who I can spare. Jones is sick. You'll have to go yourself, sir."

"All right," said Will.

"Why, yes—it's right on your way home; so it is. Well, you stop over to-night, will you and start the first thing in the morning? Won't make any difference to you, will it?"

"Not a bit," said the bookkeeper, cheerfully ignorant of the possibilities of fate; and so it was decided.

Fultonbury was some eight or nine miles out on the Central. Will jumped off the train there, found his employer's correspondent, and, having cleared up the small misunderstanding between them, thought about getting home to Shirley. It is supposed he could take the next train? How soon was it due?

"Why, no; there isn't any other that stops here until the three-forty train, at eleven. This isn't an express station."

Of course it was not. He knew it himself. Never from memory. He waited, now, in a dingy, commonplace village like Fultonbury. It was a cheerful prospect. Was there no help for it?

"Not unless you walk over to Paper-Mill Village and take the seven-thirty express. It's three miles over there."

"Which way?"

"Straight down by the glue-factory, and keep the main road."

"I'll do it," said Will, and he started off.

It was just after sunset, with not a cloud to be seen. Low, round hills and now and then a farm house with a patch of evergreen trees, stood outlined dark against the pale rosy flush along the horizon, which melted into purple blue and then into a paler silvery blue overhead. Will was a good walker, he had had practice, too, during vacation, and the straight country road was rapidly left behind. He passed one or two villages on the way, then went on again at a swinging pace towards the cluster of gray roofs he could see ahead. This must be Paper-Mill Village. It was further away than it looked. The three miles from Fultonbury were nearer four, and, when he found himself at last at the end of the long, straight, tree-lined avenue, he pulled out his watch and looked at it with some anxiety as to the time. There were several minutes yet before the train would be due. Down a steep embankment at his right stood a group of tall wooden buildings, silent and lifeless. Pane after pane were broken here and there in the windows. A great iron wheel, rusty and weed-wreathed, lay before the front doors; that had apparently been there for years. Path and roadway had grown up to Roman wormwood, and the gate was padlocked. There was the paper-mills, no doubt. Manufactures had evidently suffered a decline here.

An old gentleman was leaning over the front gate, of the house, a little way up, a round-faced little man, with an asthmatic cough. The house was on the corner of a second street, both running in a general way toward the railroad.

The train whistled faintly down the track.

"This is Paper-Mill Village, I suppose?" said Will hurriedly, pausing for an instant at the gate. "Which is the way to the station, please?"

The old gentleman choked, and smiled. "Paper-Mill Village! Oh, yes,—North Gilbert's the same. They used to call it Paper-Mill Village, but they've dropped it long ago. Oh, yes," and then he fell to coughing.

He stood and stared at him.

"North Gilbert? Well, I *am* an idiot!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sunlit Rooms.

No articles of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the benefit of sunlight. Dampness and mildew thrive in the dark, and the rays of sunlight will force itself into the apartment. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed, perfect health is nearly if not wholly dependent upon sunlight as it is upon air. Sunlight and fresh air be as abundant except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And daily walks should be taken for the purpose of imbibing a sufficient quantity of the sun's light, which no money can procure. It is a well-established fact that the people who live much in the open air are stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight. And certainly there is nothing strange in this result, since the same law applies with equal force to nearly every animate thing in nature. It is a fact that we have seen in isolated dwellings so that every room may be filled with sunlight some time in the day, and it is possible that some young sunny soul be so built as to admit more light than they now receive.—*Californian.*

Tell Us We Lie.

Here is a chance for the ministers. When they come home from their long vacation let them omit to tell us what they have seen abroad or in the mountains or at the sea-shore. Let them take the people to task for their little sins; don't let us have any doctrinal sermons or theological discourses; let us have undiluted Christianity, which denounces lying, dishonesty, trickery, undue advantage over one's neighbour, licentiousness and all kinds of wrong-doing.—*New York Hour.*

Little girls of from 4 to 8 frequently wear the Louis XV. jacket with large roses forming a collar, and pockets in the same style. Under the loose waistcoat is worn a plaited skirt.

Hong Kong's Growth.

The growth of Hong Kong in thirty years, from a small and piratical fishing village into a great city, is as striking a story as any that can be told of American progress, says the London *Standard*. Some of the largest fortunes that Englishmen have put together have been made in Hong Kong. But the halcyon days are now gone by when Derby winners were bought by mercantile firms and shipped to China, and when the colors of the house might be first on the race courses there. The merchant princes whose splendid hospitality was in the last decade to excite the enthusiasm of the garrison officers no longer reside in Hong Kong. Those of them who are alive have sunk into obscurity in the House of Commons at home, and the trade which enriched them has passed in great part into the hands of John Chinaman. The Chinese traders are running very hard the English merchants of Hong Kong. They have established a fleet of their own steamers, they project joint-stock companies, and one of them is a legislator in the Hong Kong council. Twenty years ago they have settled down in this busy place. These are kept in order by an armed police force 200 strong, made up of Sikhs from the Punjaub, Englishmen, and Chinamen in about equal proportions. There is now visiting Hong Kong a large travelling circus, and the crowd which nightly gathers under the great canvas tent is characteristic of the place. Twenty or thirty Sikhs, dressed with their quaint hats and dainty wives; Malays from Borneo; swarthy half-blooded Portuguese and Dutch from the islands. In one corner are settled a detachment of grinning and bearded Sikhs, fraternizing with the crew of a newly-arrived French man-of-war. Sailors of all nations there are, and the ubiquitous British soldier is of course present. Front and English, German and French gaslit man in evening dress, and behind is a vast crowd of Chinese men and women, with ever-restless fans add life and movement to a scene which only the Orient is possible in lands owning the sway of Queen Victoria. Hong Kong, as I have informed you by telegraph, is the real base of operations for the French forces in Tonquin. Agents of the French commissariat are busily contracting for supplies, and the French paign requirements. Steam launches are in great demand for the navigation of the Sankoi. On the other hand, many of the Chinese merchants in Canton are quietly sending down to Hong Kong their money and valuables, to keep them in security until quiet shall be restored again. While the agents of the Anamite government, like those of France, are quietly buying all the munitions of war they can obtain.

Carey's Murderer.

There is something refreshingly American in the way in which O'Donnell, the Irishman, seems to regard himself. Our readers will probably remember him as the gentleman who was instrumental in making the translation of Carey the Dublin assassin and informer, from those troublesome regions to Cape Town, and who, by reason of a climate, where possibly, there may be a more congenial field for the exercise of his peculiar talents. Now, Patrick O'Donnell in all probability served his day and generation in a not altogether useless fashion by never permitting the opportunity of making the translation of Carey the Dublin assassin and informer, from those troublesome regions to Cape Town, and who, by reason of a climate, where possibly, there may be a more congenial field for the exercise of his peculiar talents. Now, Patrick O'Donnell in all probability served his day and generation in a not altogether useless fashion by never permitting the opportunity of making the translation of Carey the Dublin assassin and informer, from those troublesome regions to Cape Town, and where he would probably be cut off from any association with the Irish Land Leaguers, and to patriots of course, considerable latitude must be given. In many ways they are a peculiar people. O'Donnell is disgusted at the apparent want of appreciation which is manifested by many of his compatriots. He is especially severe on the Dublin Irishmen, "the Dublin Irishmen" as he calls them, will be under eternal reproach if the author of "the most popular song since the shooting of Constable Talbot," to use his own forcible language—is allowed to pass over the dark river to join his victim in the study of the mysteries beyond, by reason of his not encouraging to the poor fellow who fancied he was helping to avenge the wrongs of Ireland, and who has got his reward. He may prove to be an unenviable nearness to a hempen rope. His hopefulness, however, and buoyancy of spirits in this awkward situation are quite Herculean. In ancient times, he says, the Greeks used to carve their heroes into a bronze statue, and place it in the Pantheon, and fix the inscription underneath, "Let the Athenians know that we have made this statue to Harmodius and Aristogiton, that we have made them free men." Now, the Dublin Irishmen are not free men and true as Missouri produces, walks the earth to-day a *free* and *innocent* man. Strange, truly strange things are done in thy name!

The way to Cook Oysters.

The oyster is eaten in a variety of styles. He will be eaten to-day fried, boiled, stewed, steamed, scalloped, and raw. Some people in Chicago eat them pickled. The Chicago is proverbially the oldest never, in short, showed any pity or devised any plan for making the wretched mollusc quite so forlorn or the hopeless case so hopeless. Perhaps the same remark has often been made, but it is not the less appropriate to have it repeated in the terse, well-weighed words which the Doctor knows so well how to use. Let anybody look at Toronto or any other place and ask who started and who supports every profitable institution which has been found within its limits? The answer would not be difficult. These institutions are all Christian in their origin and their support is all but exclusively due to those who are either Christians in fact or call themselves such. It is the pervading spirit of Christianity that makes the difference. It is disgusting to see how well what scepticism did in ancient times for Greeks, Romans, etc. He knows the difference which Christianity made in the difference to suffering, the contempt for the weak, the cruelty to the dependent, the indifference to the law, the selfishness in the strong, the monstrous, the all but incredible inhumanity every where, and therefore he says "Christianity has founded all hospitals" he speaks by the card. When something like a contradiction to this has now and then occurred it has been simply the natural selfishness of disguised and indirect and perhaps insensible influence, individuals have not been so heartless as their opinions would have led them to be; in short they were another illustration of those who caught Christians halting and ran away with their clothes.

A Constitutional.

Few people walk enough in winter, yet it is precisely at that season that people of sedentary habits should walk. How grateful the crisp air is to the lungs, how invigorating it is to the nostrils; how it rejuvenates and sustains one in a swinging gait of four or five miles an hour. The cheeks glow quite shine, and the muscles ache with delightful vigor, after a walk through the winter sunshine. A sleigh ride is not half so good. It robs us of half of the necessary exercise. Try it if you would seek health and strength. Winter walking as a nervous tonic is a thousand times better than cocaine, and for the complexion it is worth a whole harbor full of lotions and washes. It will put an edge on appetite that no money buy at the doctor's, and in prompting digestion is better than a corner drug store's entire stock of bitters and tonics. We have never tried it, take a walk. Keep your mouth closed, your shoulders well thrown back, your head up, and remember that your legs and especially your hips, were given you to walk with. Some people walk with their knees, bodies, and also shoulders; no wonder they don't like it. We don't like to see them. There is an art in walking as in other things. If you don't believe it observe the motion of some shapely woman who knows how to move, or study the gait of the man who has some spring or litheness in him. It is never too late to learn to walk.

Seasonable Domestic Recipes.

CUCUMBER PRESERVES.—Gather young cucumbers a little longer than your middle finger, and lay in strong brine one week; wash them and soak them one day and night in clean water, changing this four times; line a bell-metal kettle with vine leaves, and lay in the cucumbers with a little alum scattered among them; fill up with clear water; cover with vine leaves, then with a close lid, and green as for the pickles. Do not boil them. When well greened drop in ice water; when perfectly cool wipe, and with a small knife slit down one side; dig out the seeds; stuff with a mixture of chopped citron and sodden raisins; sew up the incision with a fine thread; weigh them, and make a fine syrup, allowing a pound of sugar for every pound of cucumbers, with a pint of water, heat to a lively boil, skim, and drop in the cucumbers, simmer half an hour; take out; spread upon a dish in the sun, while you boil down the syrup with a few slices of ginger root added; simmer five minutes and put into glass jars, tying them up when cold.

POTATO JELLY.—Cook one tablespoonful of potato flour one half a pint of boiling water, and when perfectly dissolved let it boil a moment. Remove from the fire and flavor with nutmeg; add sugar to taste. This is nutritious and easy digested by invalids. Potato flour is obtained by grating raw potatoes into cold water. The raspings fall to the bottom, the starch is drained off, thoroughly dried and pulverized. For infants and invalids potato flour may be made into many agreeable forms.

BOILED HAM.—Boil three or four hours, according to size, then skin the whole of it for the table; then set it in the oven for half an hour; cover thickly with pounded rusk or bread crumbs, set back for half an hour longer. Boiled ham is always improved by being set in a little water, one hour, till much of the fat dries out, and it also makes it more tender.

RASPBERRY JAM.—To five or six pounds of fine raspberries (not too ripe) add an equal quantity of the finest quality of white sugar. Mash the whole in a preserving kettle; add one pint of water (current juice is better, but will do) and boil gently until it jellies upon a cold plate, then put into small jars; tie a thick white paper over them. Keep in a dark, dry and cool place.

MASHED POTATOES.—Peel one dozen large potatoes and when they are cool drain dry, put in a little salt, pepper and butter; add a little butter while beating. Beat briskly with a fork for five minutes until light and creamy, and serve immediately.

BRONCHITIS AND SYRINGA.—The object to be attained in broiling a chop or beefsteak, says Mr. Mattieu Williams in his "Chemistry of Cookery" is to raise the juices of the meat throughout to a high temperature of one hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit, as quickly as possible, in order that the outer layers may be coagulated before the water of their juices shall have had time to evaporate to any considerable extent; therefore a coal about as hot as can be as near to the surface of the glowing carbon as possible. But the practical housewife may say that if broiled to a depth of three inches, some of the fat will be melted and burn, and then the steak will be smoked. This may require a little more chemistry. There is smoking and smoking; smoking that produces a detestable flavor, and smoking that does no mischief at all beyond appearances. The flame of a smoking coal fire is due to the distillation and combustion of tarry vapors. If such a flame strikes a comparatively cold surface like that of the meat, it will condense and deposit a coating of film of crude coal tar and coal naphtha, most nauseous and rather mischievous; but if the flame that which has passed through combustion of its own fat, the deposit on a mutton chop will be a little mutton oil, on a beefsteak a little beef oil, and the smoke is rendered by mutton carbon or beef carbon. But these oils and carbons have no other flavor than that of cooked mutton and cooked beef; therefore they are perfectly innocuous, in spite of their guilty appearance. If readers are skeptical, let them appeal to experiment, by putting a little mutton fat to the torture, and taking its own confession. To do this, divide the chop in equal halves, place half one half over a flaming coal, immersing it in the flame, and cook it thus. Now cut a bit of fat off the other, throwing this fat on a surface of clear, glowing, flameless coal or coke; ash, when a good blaze has obtained, immerse this half-chop recklessly and unmercifully into this flame; before let it blaze and fizz, drop some fat and make more flame, but hold it there, nevertheless, for a few minutes, and then taste the result. In spite of its blackness, it will be found (just supposing it to be above-named temperature) a deliciously cooked, juicy, nutritious, digestible morsel, apparently raw, but nevertheless more thoroughly cooked than if it had been held twice as long, at double the distance from the surface of the fire.

Dr. Mulvany on Scepticism.

Dr. Mulvany never uttered truer or more timely words than when he said that scepticism never built any hospitals, never devised refuges for the incurables or houses for the fallen women, never, in short, showed any pity or devised any plan for making the wretched not quite so forlorn or the hopeless case so hopeless. Perhaps the same remark has often been made, but it is not the less appropriate to have it repeated in the terse, well-weighed words which the Doctor knows so well how to use. Let anybody look at Toronto or any other place and ask who started and who supports every profitable institution which has been found within its limits? The answer would not be difficult. These institutions are all Christian in their origin and their support is all but exclusively due to those who are either Christians in fact or call themselves such. It is the pervading spirit of Christianity that makes the difference. It is disgusting to see how well what scepticism did in ancient times for Greeks, Romans, etc. He knows the difference which Christianity made in the difference to suffering, the contempt for the weak, the cruelty to the dependent, the indifference to the law, the selfishness in the strong, the monstrous, the all but incredible inhumanity every where, and therefore he says "Christianity has founded all hospitals" he speaks by the card. When something like a contradiction to this has now and then occurred it has been simply the natural selfishness of disguised and indirect and perhaps insensible influence, individuals have not been so heartless as their opinions would have led them to be; in short they were another illustration of those who caught Christians halting and ran away with their clothes.

A Constitutional.

Few people walk enough in winter, yet it is precisely at that season that people of sedentary habits should walk. How grateful the crisp air is to the lungs, how invigorating it is to the nostrils; how it rejuvenates and sustains one in a swinging gait of four or five miles an hour. The cheeks glow quite shine, and the muscles ache with delightful vigor, after a walk through the winter sunshine. A sleigh ride is not half so good. It robs us of half of the necessary exercise. Try it if you would seek health and strength. Winter walking as a nervous tonic is a thousand times better than cocaine, and for the complexion it is worth a whole harbor full of lotions and washes. It will put an edge on appetite that no money buy at the doctor's, and in prompting digestion is better than a corner drug store's entire stock of bitters and tonics. We have never tried it, take a walk. Keep your mouth closed, your shoulders well thrown back, your head up, and remember that your legs and especially your hips, were given you to walk with. Some people walk with their knees, bodies, and also shoulders; no wonder they don't like it. We don't like to see them. There is an art in walking as in other things. If you don't believe it observe the motion of some shapely woman who knows how to move, or study the gait of the man who has some spring or litheness in him. It is never too late to learn to walk.

MISCELLANEOUS.

William Horace Liegard and Lucombe Scarelle, the actors, had a fight in the American Exchange, London. Neither is much more than five feet in height, and the encounter was comical in its fury.

Some scientists have gone so far as to hold that cholera would come to this country from Egypt on the regular telegraph wires. The epidemic couldn't find a more rapid mode of locomotion in travelling from pole to pole.

THE ALLANS.—Mr. Allan, of Aros, Scotland, one of the leading proprietors of the great Allan Line of Canadian Steamships, is a thorough temperance man, and President of the Highland Temperance League. He recently presided at a meeting of the League at Inverness, and delivered an earnest address. The brother Hugh Allan, of Montreal, was for many years a total abstainer from spirituous liquors and tobacco.

The population of New York city is estimated at 1,225,000. There are 19,075 drinking saloons, a proportion of one to 125 of the population (juvenile and adult). Estimating a family of five persons to every twenty-five families maintain the twenty-sixth to supply them with liquor. The Hebrew, bakers, and grocers, north of the city number 7,197, the shops for the sale of liquor number 2 878 more than those for the sale of food. Of the 1,000 business houses of the Board of Aldermen ten are liquor sellers and two ex-liquor sellers (all saloon or drama-shops).

The G. T. R. Company has at last taken up the question of a railway station in Montreal, in a serious way, and before a great while the Grand Trunk Railway in the Eastern Metropolis will be able to congratulate themselves on the possession of a building something like a station. The present Bonaventure station is a new unsightly heap which should have been carted into the river long ago. The new building it is said, will cost a million and half by the time it finished. A hundred thousand dollars have already been deposited in the Bank of Montreal as a guarantee that the work will go on.

The Methodist clergymen are not without humour even when in Conference assembled. They have dispensed with "presents" in the marriage ceremony, as far as the women are concerned. It is just as well. There is precious little

HOME MATTERS.

At the Rawdon fair on Wednesday, Mr. T. Walker sold a grade bull calf to a gentleman from Monteagle for $25.

Remember the Sabbath-school entertainment in St. Andrew's church, West Huntingdon, this (Friday) evening.

The anniversary of Bethel M. E. Sunday-school, Marmora road, will be held on Monday evening next. Refreshments served at 7 o'clock. followed by addresses, music, etc. Proceeds for the benefit of the school funds.

There was only one member of the committee of management of the bible society who put in an appearance at the meeting announced to take place at Dr. Boulter's on Monday evening, and of course no business could be done.

After horses were shown at the fair on Wednesday, a rack race was organized, open to all who had not won prizes. A purse of $5 was raised, and offered all in one prize. Two horses entered, Albert Figet winning. He now challenges the whole county on a rack.

As Mr. Wm. Ashley was driving into the village the other morning, a spark from his pipe set fire to some things in his wagon, and a horseblanket and an umbrella were burned before the incipient conflagration was discovered. Mr. Ashley declares this to be a warning to smokers, but has not sworn off yet.

Mr. Milne has put plate glass in the front of the dry goods department of his block. The two monster panes, boxed for shipment, weighed over half a ton. They were placed in position this week, and will make a splendid pair of windows for displaying goods. The whole block is a great improvement on the burnt buildings, and will be ready for occupation shortly after Nov. 1st.

A meeting of bee keepers and those interested in bee culture will be held in the town hall, Trenton, on the 16th inst., at 10 o'clock a.m., for the purpose of organizing a bee keepers' association. All bee keepers and persons interested in bee culture are invited. The promoters are P C. Dempsey, Chas. Post, David Hawley, J. G. A. Wallace, G. Young and J. H. Peck.

Stirling division Sons of Temperance have completed arrangements for the holding of their entertainment, which will come off on Tuesday evening next in the new Orange hall, McKee's block. The division wishes in this way to augment its funds, and has prepared an attractive programme. The admission fee being only ten cents places it within the reach of all. The programme includes short addresses by the local ministers, readings, recitations, music, etc., to close with a novelty in the shape of a shadow pantomime, entitled "Medico's road to fame," which will be very interesting and laughable. Tickets may be had of any member of the division.

The *Intelligencer* says: "The annual fair of the North Hastings Agricultural Society took place on the 4th at Garner's, and was a very successful one. The attendance was large and the quality of the exhibits excellent. In cattle the entries were very numerous and all the animals were in a fine condition. The class for carriage horses was also well filled, and some excellent animals were presented. The swine and sheep, though not numerous, were good. The display of carriages, wagons and agricultural implements was first class, and reflected great credit upon the exhibitors. In the fine arts department, the offertories were numerous and varied, and elicited a great deal of attention. In grain, roots and vegetables the show was very good. As a whole the fair was up to the standard of any yet given by this society.

A tea-meeting was held on the anniversary of the opening of the C. M. church in the Eggleton neighborhood, Thursday evening of last week. Tea was served about seven o'clock to a goodly crowd, the church being nicely filled. After the eatables had been disposed of, Rev. Mr. Walker took the chair, and, after delivering a brief but pointed address, called upon Rev. Messrs. Leitch, McCauley, Young and Stratton, who entertained and profited the audience with well chosen words. The music was provided by the choir of the Stirling church, who did themselves credit, and lent much to the enjoyment of the evening. The organ used was loaned for the occasion by Mr. Paul Eggleton. The proceeds, including a children's social held next evening, amounted to some $46, to be divided between the Sunday-school and church improvements.

Rawdon Fair.

This event took place on Wednesday last, and passes on record as decidedly the most successful exhibition ever held by this society, both as to number of entries and the quality of the exhibits. The degree of excellence was so general, extending to every department, as to make any particularization quite uncalled for. The display of cattle, perhaps, might be noted. The judges remarked that the cattle display showed what has been noticed before, viz., that the breed of cattle in Rawdon is steadily improving, each year the exhibit being a little better than the year before. They also stated, in their report, that they "found the cattle a very superior class, fit for any county exhibition." This is saying a great deal, and about the same might be said of many other classes. The display of sheep was very superior, as was also the ladies' department, being the best ever known. There was a great crowd, but an utter absence of the mountebank exhibitions, cheap Johns, wheels of fortune, and other nuisances that monopolized the day last year. The directors deserve all praise for this, as their firm announcement that such things would not be allowed had the desired effect, rendering unnecessary any more harsh measures. The day was all that could be desired, the rain accomodatingly staying off, though threatening more or less towards the close. Owing to the unexpected demand on our advertising columns, we are obliged to leave the prize list over until next week, when it will be given in full.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

STIRLING PUBLIC SCHOOL.

To the Editor of The News-Argus.

SIR,—In looking over the columns of THE NEWS-ARGUS of the 28th ult., my attention was drawn to the above caption, and, having waited long and patiently, hoping that somebody would "rise and explain," I eagerly read the article, and then I re-read it, expecting to find the problem solved. But to my dismay your reporter had, wisely or otherwise, left out just the information that the citizens of this village would like to have. Possibly your reporter had some "axes to grind," or was credulous enough to believe the fallacy that he enunciated as a reason why especially the senior department is so thinly attended; or, to be more charitable, possibly he was a modest man, and had nothing at stake, and so concluded not to tell the whole truth. In the interest of the rate payers, who are asked to hand out from $1,400 to $1,600 per annum for the education of the youth of this village; in the interest of the homes, whose parents fondly look for the development of the child on the one hand, or on the other are indifferent thereto; in the interest of the rising generation, who are growing up in ignorance and consequent idleness, in most cases; and in the interest of every developing principle there is in man's social, mental, moral and religious being, I appeal to you and other guardians of the public to give us the secret *why* our public school is in the condition you describe, especially in the numerical presentation of the senior department. Now, sir, it is a flimsy excuse to suppose that the boys and girls in their teens are "gone to trades or other occupations." The fact is that a score or two at least may be found about their homes and on the streets, who ought to be in the school, but who, for some cause, cannot be induced to enter. If in former years "a large number of young ladies and gentlemen, or grown boys and girls, were in attendance in this department," one naturally asks, Why not now? Either the population is decreasing among the youth, which is not apparent, or the feeders from the other departments have failed to furnish supplies for want of efficiency or otherwise; or the department itself has been, and is being, so poorly manned as to bring it into such disrepute that not more than ten or a dozen are in attendance; or the citizens themselves have become careless as to the education of their children. Admitting there are as many children as ever, in either of the other cases, it may properly be asked, What part of the responsibility rests on the school board? If the latter be true, then is the board not responsible for not enforcing the school act? If not, then certainly, as the guardian of the public's rights, trusted with the disbursement of their money, it should rise above selfishness, bigotry or prejudice, and, without fear or favor, ascertain at once where the wrong lies, and seek without delay a remedy. Some think the fault lies in the small salary paid. If dame Rumor be correct, there is surely enough paid for the benefits received, but possibly an increase would remedy the evil, by furnishing the best available talent; and then should the board demand that it be faithfully utilized in the interest of the public. This superior talent once secured, then let there be fewer changes, as in a graded school it seems clear, to me at least, no good can come of frequent changes. Hoping that some wiser head will more thoroughly ventilate this question, and, if my surmises are not correct, give us the *real* foundation of the wrong,

I am, dear sir,
Yours, etc.,
CITIZEN.

[NOTE—The above, though rather severe on our reporter, is willingly inserted. That functionary, however, wishes to remind "Citizen" that he did not go to the school-house, like Carleton's "ancient virgin," with "Lamp all trimmed and burnin', to kindle another fuss," but to pay a friendly visit, as a citizen, feeling a due interest in the school along with all other municipal institutions. Though he was aware that for several years back some element was at work against the interests and advancement of our public school, yet this particular visit was not made with the intention of "writing up," or of peeping behind the scenes in any way whatever, but as the same duty which all parents owe the place where their children are taught, and where they spend the longest hours of their happiest (?) days. As he moved through the various departments, however, and observed the neglected condition of the rooms, attendance, etc., all so conspicuous as to be noticeable to the blindest, the force of habit grew upon him, and he wrote and printed things *as they appeared* on that occasion, and added some hurried comments. So much for an answer to "Citizen's" insinuations *re* reporter. As to the real question at issue, viz., What is the matter with our public school? "Citizen" does well to insist upon an answer from some source. In the school the stock of advanced pupils seems to be "running out." It can hardly be held, nor did the reporter hold, that there were no suitable subjects for the senior department in the school section. That would mean the commencement of depopulation. Now that a grievance is opened up, it is to be hoped "Citizen" will have many followers, and the matter, being a public one, may be publicly ventilated, and to that end the columns of THE NEWS-ARGUS, as usual, are at the disposal of all, whether they take the side of *pro* or *con*.]

Dear Sirs,—For over twenty years I have suffered greatly from Nasal Catarrh; sometimes being unable to smell or taste properly. The disease caused a severe pain over the eyes, and frequently stopped my writing on account of dizziness. The phlegm in my throat gave me much annoyance, especially in company, balls of which would occasionally fall down into my throat, and I could seldom breathe through my nose. I have taken quarts of various medicines without any apparent benefit, until I was induced, by your agent of 69 Muter street, to try your Fountain of Health. After using five bottles I am prepared to give it as my honest opinion that for the cure of Catarrh it is a grand success. I have recommended it to many of my friends, one of whom encloses his testimonial with mine.

Wishing you deserved success,
I am gratefully yours,
JOSEPH BROWN,
Bookkeeper, 25 Sherborne street, Toronto.

Messrs. Churchill & Co.,—Your Fountain of Health has completely cured me of Dyspepsia, which has troubled me for nearly two years.
J. CLARK,
17 Stafford street, Toronto.

FOR THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER and Urinary Organs
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont.; Rochester, N.Y.; London, Eng.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims upon the estate of Henry Sager, late of the Township of Sidney, in the County of Hastings, Farmer, who died in the said Township, on the 18th day of August A. D. 1883, are, on or before the 25th day of October next, to send by post, prepaid, to Messrs Delaney & Ostrom, of the Town of Trenton, in said County, solicitors for Hannah Maria Sager, the Administratrix of the Estate and effects of the said deceased, their christian and surnames, addresses and description, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them; and notice is also given, that after the last mentioned date the said Executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled, having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have had notice, and that she will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose debt or claim she shall not then have had notice.

DELANEY & OSTROM,
Solicitors for the Administratrix.
Dated at Trenton this 20th day of Sept. A. D. 1883.

Jas. Boldrick's Staple Dry Goods and Clothing Store.

No establishment in the country possesses better facilities for the attention necessary for a well-kept, first-class Clothing Establishment, his knowledge being acquired practically, and by a long and successful experience. The buying of cloths, of the proper kind and at the proper price, is an advantage few possess, and I challenge any clothier in the county for comparison.

Fall stock for 1883 is now in, and I invite inspection. I have some choice fancy Overcoatings, also the finest and largest stock of Persian Lamb Caps and Muffs—first quality, warranted or money refunded—ever brought here for sale. I invite inspection, as it always gives me pleasure to have customers make comparisons.

JAS. BOLDRICK.

NEW GOODS!

The undersigned have just received a large lot of

SUGARS & TEAS

Of all grades, and they keep a full line of other FAMILY GROCERIES. Their stock of

WINES, LIQUORS AND PROVISIONS

Is complete. Also, Bakery on the premises. All the above lines of goods will be sold cheap, and special inducements for cash.

All accounts, etc., past due the firm, and all due each member of the firm before the partnership, must be settled by cash or note before the first of November, or they will be placed in other hands for collection.

SEELEY & LAGROW'S

A Boom in the Harness Trade!

T. H. McKEE!

Has very great pleasure in intimating that he has removed to his very commodious and centrally situated

NEW PREMISES,

On the corner of Front and Mill streets, Stirling, in the very heart of the central part of the town. To one and all who have stood by him through all the years he has been established, and with whom business has been a pleasure as well as a profit, he returns his sincere and hearty thanks, and is determined to do all in his power to serve their interests more fully in the future than in the past. His experience, and ability to do

Good Work at the Lowest Possible Rates,

Will both be placed at their service. The present state of the trade is very favorable to buyers. In fact, the past season's trade has been marked by this all the way through.

Hoping to receive a liberal patronage, I remain, respectfully,

T. H. McKEE.

SHAW & RALPH

MILL STREET, : : : STIRLING

HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

Crockery & Glassware,

And invite inspection of the same. Prices will stand the test of comparison. Several choice CHINA TEA SETTS of beautiful design. Also, full supplies of

Provisions of all kinds, and Fresh Groceries,

In full stock. BREAD fresh baked every day. Give us a call, and we guarantee satisfaction. Stand—Mill street, Stirling.

SHAW & RALPH.

A Quantity of

TIMOTHY SEED

FOR SALE BY

MILNE and CLUTE

E F PARKER has removed the balance of his stock saved from the fire to the stand formerly occupied by H G Thurber. Any person wanting good bargains will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Fresh Stock of

GROCERIES

Just in and opened.

HEALTH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT!

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds,

Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY's Establishment, 78 NEW OXFORD STREET (late 533 OXFORD STREET), LONDON, And are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the world.

☞ Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford street, London, they are spurious.

GUARANTEE:—After fair trial, with no relief or cure effected, your money will be refunded. PRICE, $1.00.
Sold by
DRUGGISTS & DEALERS Everywhere.

STIRLING
TIN SHOP!
H. & J. Warren's,

Craige's Block, Manufacturers of
Cheese Vats, Milk Cans, Sap Pans, Sap Buckets, Spoils and every article in the tin line of business.

Also dealers in Stoves, Tinware, Fancy Goods, Coal Oil, Machine Oil and Cheese Factory Furnishings.

Eave Troughing, Roofing, Steam Fitting and all sort of outside work promptly attended to and done in best workmanlike manner.

H. & J. WARREN.

Burdock
BLOOD
BITTERS.

ACTS UPON
THE BOWELS, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND THE BLOOD.

Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

The undersigned has just received a consignment of Canned Fruits and Vegetables from the Bay of Quinte Canning and Evaporating Company, Picton, Ontario. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

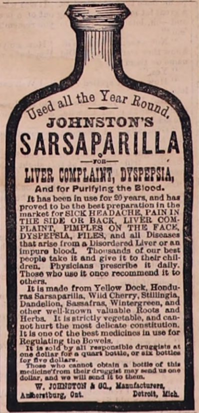
Quantity of SHEET MUSIC Will be sold for less than one-third of Catalogue Prices.

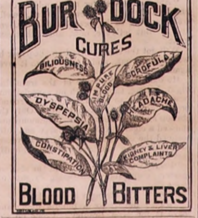
His shop is constantly supplied with all kinds of

Drugs, Medicines, a full assortment of Diamond Dyes, Druggists' Sundries, Harper's Bazar Patterns and Liver Pads,

All of which will be sold cheap for cash.

G. H. BOULTER M.D.





℞ No. 66.

Endorsed by the French Academy of Medicine for INFLAMMATION OF THE URINARY ORGANS, caused by Indiscretion or Exposure. Hotel Dieu Hospital, Paris, treatment. Positive cure in one to three days. Local treatment only required. No nauseous doses of Cubebs or Copaiba. INFALLIBLE, HYGIENIC, CURATIVE, PREVENTIVE. Price $1.50, including Bulb Syringe. Sold by all Druggists, or sent free by mail securely sealed, on receipt of price. Descriptive Treatise free on application. AMERICAN AGENCY "66" MEDICINE CO., Detroit Mich., and Windsor, Ont.

CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.

Inform their friends that they have received their

Full Cloths,
Scotch, Canadian and English Tweeds,
Broadcloths,
Worsted Suitings,
Overcoatings,

EVERYTHING NEW AND FRESH,

And made up under the personal supervision of MR. FRED. WARD, with a full staff of Experienced Workmen.

They advise their customers to order early, as a better choice may now be had, and more time taken in making, than later in the season.

TWO FIRST-CLASS COAT HANDS WANTED.

Stock Complete in General Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Salt, Coal, etc.

As You Were!

MARTIN & TURNER

—HAVE REMOVED—

Back to their Old Stand

And NEW BUILDING, where they have more room and larger stock, and are better than ever prepared to supply the wants of their customers. A new consignment of

Coal and Wood Stoves just received,

And we invite comparison of patterns and prices. All the various lines of our usually large stock are again being filled up with new goods, and prompt attention will be paid, as ever, to all orders.

Hardware, Tinware, Coal Oil, Machine Oil,

ETC., A FULL STOCK.

ROOFING & EAVETROUGHING

And Jobbing of all kinds attended to on short notice, at Rock Bottom Prices.

MARTIN & TURNER.

How to Save Money!

BY BUYING YOUR

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

AT

O. Hewat's Popular Grocery & Liquor Store.

OF COURSE. It is an acknowledged fact that you can get better value for your money there than at any other store in town. Nothing but good fresh Groceries, etc., kept in stock.

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Of the best quality always on hand. FISH of all kinds by the barrel or lb. FLOUR and FEED, Oranges and Lemons, Canned Fruits and Vegetables of all kinds. Give my TEAS a trial. A nice lot of PORK for sale cheap.

O. HEWAT.

GLEN ROSS MILLS

In Full Blast Again!

COME ON WITH YOUR GRISTING!

D. MORGAN, Proprietor.

WATERLOO MILLS,
FRANKFORD ROAD.

A. HART,
PROPRIETOR.

ALWAYS READY FOR GRISTING!

Flour and feed of all kinds delivered in Stirling free.

All orders left at H. & J. WARREN'S will receive prompt attention.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

Are now preparing for an

Immense Trade in Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes.

With Enlarged Premises and Enlarged Stock.

A large lot of TRUNKS of all descriptions for sale cheap.

HOGS LOST.

Strayed from the premises of Wm. Fanning, Marmora road, six pigs and three hogs, one white, eight black. Information received by
WM. FANNING.

FOR SALE.

Four good carts for sale cheap. Apply to
EZRA THOMPSON,
Con. 9, lot 12, Rawdon. Springbrook P. O.

SERVANT GIRL WANTED.

Good wages to a good girl. Apply at once to Mrs. Gray, at the manse, Stirling.

FOR SALE.

A good second-hand BUGGY and CUTTER. Apply to JOHN GRAHAM.

News-Argus Supplement.

STIRLING, OCTOBER 16, 1883.

Still in the Market!

200,000 BUSHELS GRAIN WANTED!

Delivered at my Elevator in Stirling. I am prepared to pay

WITHIN TWO CENTS OF BELLEVILLE

or Trenton Markets on Barley and three cents on Wheat and Rye. Clean your Grain well and give me a call and I will endeavor to satisfy you.

Stirling Oct. 11th 1883, A. CHARD.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims upon the estate of Henry Sager, late of the Township of Sidney, in the County of Hastings, Farmer, who died in the said Township, on the 18th day of August A. D. 1883, are, on or before the 25th day of October next, to send by post, prepaid, to Messrs Delaney & Ostrom, of the Town of Trenton, in said County, solicitors for Hannah Maria Sager, the Administratrix of the Estate and effects of the said deceased, their christian and surnames, addresses and description, the full particulars of their claims, a statement of their accounts, and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them; and notice is also given, that after the last mentioned date the said Executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled, having regard only to the claims of which she shall then have had notice, and that she will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose debt or claim she shall not then have had notice.

DELANEY & OSTROM,
Solicitors for the Administratrix.

Dated at Trenton this 20th day of Sept. A. D. 1883.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren's,

Craige's Block, Manufacturers of

Cheese Vats, Milk Cans, Sap Pans, Sap Buckets, Spoils and every article in the tin line of business.

Also dealers in Stoves, Tinware, Fancy Goods, Coal Oil, Machine Oil and Cheese Factory Furnishings.

Eave Troughing, Roofing, Steam Fitting and all sort of outside work promptly attended to and done in best workmanlike manner.

H. & J. WARREN.

Rawdon Fair—Prize List.

THOROUGHBRED CATTLE.

Bull 2 years old—1 Thos Walker, 2 F Taylor, 3 J Butler.
Bull 1 year old—1 W Vandervoort, 2 S Bailey.
Bull calf—1 and 2 F Taylor.
Milch cow—1 Thos Walker, 2 and 3 W Vandervoort.
Heifer 2 yrs old—1 F Taylor, 2 W Vandervoort.
Heifer 1 yr old—1 and 2 F Taylor.
Heifer calf—1 Thos Walker, 2 D Wootton, 3 W Vandervoort.

GRADE CATTLE.

Bull 2 yrs and over—No entries.
Bull 1 yr old—1 Wm Totton, 2 S Caverly.
Milch cow—1 and 2 J C Wilson, 3 Thos Walker.
Heifer 2 yrs old—1 J C Wilson, 2 Thos Walker, 3 W Vandervoort.
Heifer 1 yr old—1 and 2 J C Wilson, 3 Thos Walker.
Bull calf—1 and 2 Thos Walker.
Heifer calf—1, 2 and 3 Thos Walker.
Yoke of oxen—1 Wm Heath, 2 J McComb.
Special prize—1 Thos Walker.
2 cows (special prize)—1 Thos Walker.
Heifer 2 yrs old—1 J C Wilson.

HORSES.

Brood mare with foal by her side—1 Wm Totton, 2 Thos Hume, 3 A Barton.
Spring colt—1 Wm Totton, 2 G Cotton, 3 D Linn.
Gelding 3 yrs old—1 Wm Sharp.
Gelding 2 yrs old—1 J A Vandervoort, 2 Wm Heath, 3 J S Hagerman.
Colt 1 yr old—1 G Watson, 2 D Linn, 3 D Wootton.
Mare colt 3 yrs old—1 and 3 Wm Sharp, 2 J A Vandervoort.
Mare colt 2 yrs old—1 J A Vandervoort, 2 Wm McMaster, 3 S Caverly.
Mare colt 1 yr old—1 James Reed, 2 D McComb, 3 D Wootton.
Span of draught horses—1 Thos Walker, 2 F Taylor.
Span of carriage horses—1 S S Vandervoort, 2 J S Hagerman, 3 S Caverly.
Saddle horse—1 E McCann, 2 and 3 L Tucker.
Single horse in harness—1 Thos Hume, 2 J McComb, 3 E McCann.

SHEEP—LEICESTERS AND COTSWOLDS.

Ram 2 yrs and over—1 S Bailey, 2 J McComb.
Ram 1 yr old—1 Thos Hume, 2 Thos Walker.
Ram lamb—1 F Taylor, 2 S Caverly, 3 F Taylor.
2 ewes 2 years old and over—1 F Taylor, 2 T Hulme, 3 T Walker.
Shearling ewes—1 F Taylor, 2 T Walker, 3 T Hume.
Pair ewe lambs—1 F Taylor.

GRADE SHEEP.

Ram 2 years and over—1 N Clark.
Shearling ram—1 W Kingston, 2 C A Jordison, 3 W Meiklejohn.
Ram lamb—1 J McComb, 2 N Clark.
2 aged ewes—1 J McComb, 2 W Kingston, 3 D Wootton.
Shearling ewes—1 W Vandervoort, 2 S Bailey, 3 N Clark.
Farmers' Advocate—2 ewes of any age—F Taylor.
Pair ewe lambs—1 W Kingston, 2 J McComb, 3 D Wootton.

SWINE.

Boar—1 J McComb, 2 S Caverly.
Boar spring pig—1 and 2 S Caverly.

[St]irling News-Argus.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1883. Vol. V, No. 6.

The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native seedling of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for fall planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

S. R. HUFFMAN

Piano Tuner,

BELLEVILLE, late of London and Detroit, WILL VISIT STIRLING every six months, in December and June, for the purpose of Tuning Pianos and Organs. Best of references given. All orders left at W. H. CALDER'S JEWELRY EMPORIUM will be attended to. Orders from the country will be attended to at an advance of prices.

Geo. W. Walker,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville.

Office next door to Bank of Commerce, directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week, if possible, before starting, then you can be waited upon as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

(Box 122.) GEO. W. WALKER, Dentist, Belleville.

Blacksmithing.

R. B. JONES,

Having rebuilt his shop, destroyed during the late fire, is prepared to serve all his old customers, and as many new ones as favor him with a call. Horseshoeing a specialty. General Jobbing promptly attended to. Shop on Front street (old stand).

STIRLING HOUSE,

Stirling, - Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises, 20 ft. ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.

ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

Farm for Sale.

The west half of lot 9, con. 9, Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The land is in a good state of cultivation; good buildings; good cedar fences; well watered, and close to cheese factory. For particulars apply to

HENRY BERRIDGE,
Springbrook P. O.

W. S.
MARTIN
& CO.

Are now preparing for an

Immense Trade in Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes.

With Enlarged Premises and Enlarged Stock.

A large lot of TRUNKS of all descriptions for sale cheap.

[...]RING
SALE!

[...]w occupied by the under-
[...]nber next, and not being
[...]we have decided to

[...]e Stock out
[...] Removing
[...]emises.

[...] IN VALUE,

[...]om to be met with of
[...]r

[...] Supplies

[...]:

[...]meres, All Wool
[...] Dress Tweeds,

[...]ntle Cloths

[...] Winceys,
[...]cks, etc.
[...]ODS:

[...]ool Goods, consist-
[...]louds, Children's Wool

[...] of Dry Goods.

[...]rried on as
[...]ers promptly

The stock consists chiefly of new Dry Goods and new Millinery just to hand, and THE SALE IS GENUINE.

E. J. GILBERT.

Photographs!
Photographs!

Frames!
Frames!

Special Inducements for ONE MONTH at the Stirling Photo Gallery!

Card Photos only $1 per doz.
Cabinets 2.50 "

The above prices are good ONLY until the 15th of Nov. Parties intending to take advantage of these prices will please call early.

Also, a large number of CHOICE FRAMES and MATS on hand, which will be offered at Reduced Rates.

GEO. H. BOYCE.

HARDWARE!

We have a quantity of goods such as Door Bolts, Hinges, Bolts, Pipe Boxes, Axes, etc., that came through the fire, which we wish to sell before moving into new store; we will sell them at prices far below cost.

A full stock of new goods, both shelf and heavy hardware, on hand.

A large quantity of Axes of all kinds, Burrell's Axes 65c.

Call and see us. Our prices are right. H. G. Thurber's old store.

JAS. MILNE & CO.,
THURBER'S OLD STAND.

FOR THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER and Urinary Organs
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

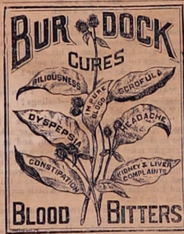
For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont.; Rochester, N.Y.; London, Eng.

JUMBO!
JUMBO!
JUMBO!
STOCK
—AT—
Mrs. Wm. Martin's.

The largest and best assorted ever kept in Stirling. Call and prove it for yourself



ST. LAWRENCE CANALS

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans and specification of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the forms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 28th Sept., 1883.

Dr. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT OF WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
DIARRHŒA,
AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy, those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

Upon a Subject of Vital Interest, Effecting the Welfare of All.

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is specially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep pace with the march of modern discoveries and events:

"A general demand for reformation is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the nineteenth century. The common people, as well as the more enlightened and refined, cry out with no uncertain voice to be emancipated from the slavery of conservatism and superstition which has held the masses in gross ignorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the 'Dark Ages' came near obliterating the last glimmer of truth. Dogmatic assertions and blind empiricism are losing caste among all classes of all countries. People are beginning to think for themselves, and to regard authority much less than argument. Men and women are no longer willing that a few individuals should dictate to them what must be their sentiments and opinions. They claim the right to solve for themselves the great questions of the day, and demand that the general good of humanity shall be respected. As the result of this general awakening, we see, on every hand, unmistakable evidences of reformatory action. People who, a few years ago, endured suffering the most intense in the name of duty, now realize the utter foolishness of such a course. Men who were under the bondage of bigoted advisers allowed their health to depart; suffered their constitutions to become undermined, and finally died as martyrs to a false system of treatment. There are millions of people filling untimely graves who might have lived to a green old age had their original troubles been taken in time or properly treated. There are thousands of people to-day thoughtlessly enduring the first symptoms of some serious malady, and without the slightest realization of the danger that is before them. They have occasional headaches, a lack of appetite one day and a ravenous one the next, or an unaccountable feeling of weariness, sometimes accompanied by nausea, and attribute all these troubles to the old idea of 'a slight cold' or malaria. It is high time that people awoke to a knowledge of the seriousness of these matters, and emancipated themselves from the professional bigotry which controls them. When this is done, and when all classes of physicians become liberal enough to exclude all dogmas, save that it is their duty to cure disease as quickly and as safely as possible, to maintain no other position than that of truth honestly ascertained, and to endorse and recommend any remedy that has been found useful, no matter what its origin, there will be no quarreling among the doctors, while there will be great rejoicing throughout the world.

"I am well aware of the censure that will be meted out to me for writing this letter, but I feel that I cannot be true to my honest convictions unless I extend a helping hand and endorse all that I know to be good. The extended publications for the past few years, and graphic descriptions of different diseases of the kidneys and liver, have awakened the medical profession to the fact that these diseases are greatly increasing. The treatment of the doctors has been largely experimental and many of their patients have died while they were casting about for a remedy to cure them."

"It is now over two years since my attention was first called to the use of a most wonderful preparation in the treatment of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Patients had frequently asked me about the remedy and I had heard of remarkable cures effected by it, but like many others I hesitated to recommend its use. A personal friend of mine had been in poor health for some time and his application for insurance on his life had been rejected on account of Bright's disease. Chemical and microscopical examinations of his urine revealed the presence of large quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, which confirmed the correctness of the diagnosis. After trying all the usual remedies, I directed him to use this preparation, and was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month, and within four months no tube casts could be discovered. At that time there was present only a trace of albumen, and he felt, as he expressed it, 'perfectly well,' and all through the influence of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy he used."

"After this I prescribed this medicine in full doses in both acute and chronic nephritis [Bright's disease] and with the most satisfactory results. My observations were neither small in number nor hastily made. They extended over several months and embraced a large number of cases which have proved so satisfactory to my mind, that I would earnestly urge upon my professional brethren the importance of giving a fair and patient trial to Warner's Safe Cure. In a large class of ailments where the blood is obviously in an unhealthy state, especially where glandular engorgements and inflammatory eruptions exist, indeed in many of those forms of chronic indisposition in which there is no evidence of organic mischief, but where the general health is depleted, the face sallow, the urine colored, constituting the condition in which the patient is said to be 'bilious,' the advantage gained by the use of this remedy is remarkable. In Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes; to wash out the epithelial debris which blocks up the *tubuli uriniferi*, and to prevent a destructive metamorphosis of tissue."

"Belonging as I do to a branch of the profession that believes that no school of medicine knows all the truth regarding the treatment of disease, and being independent enough to select any remedy that will relieve my patients, without reference to the source from whence it comes, I am glad to acknowledge and commend the merits of this remedy thus frankly.

Respectfully yours,
R. A. Gunn, M. D.,

Dean and Professor of Surgery, United States Medical College of New York; editor of *Medical Tribune*; Author of Gunn's New and Improved Hand-Book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine, etc., etc.

A barn belonging to Mr. Simpson, 3rd con. of Sidney, was burned Saturday night.

CAUTION.

We advise all who are afflicted with a cough or cold to beware of opiates and all medicines that smother and check a cough suddenly, as serious results surely follow. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam loosens and breaks up coughs and colds in a safe and effectual manner.

DO NOT BE DUPED.

A recently advertised and highly puffed remedy for deafness has lately been exposed as an unmitigated fraud. Not so with Hagyard's Yellow Oil; none name it but to praise. John Clark, of Millbridge, testifies that it cured him of deafness.

Jim McCabe, an escaped convict, was in the act of shooting a Port Hope constable on the 11th, but the officer got the first shot and killed the convict. He gave himself up and was acquitted.

KRAM'S FLUID LIGHTNING

Is the only instantaneous relief for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, etc. Rubbing a few drops briskly is all that is needed. No taking nauseous medicines for weeks; but one minute's application removes all pain and will prove the great value of Kram's Fluid Lightning. Twenty-five cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Sunday-School Social.

The gathering at St. Andrew's church, West Huntingdon, on Friday evening last, was a success in every sense. The basement of the church was used for the occasion, which was indeed a worthy one—that of furnishing a library for the Sunday-school there. Miss Robertson, the teacher, was the originator of the scheme. Her salutatory or opening address, stating the object of the meeting, was a well timed effort; possessing a voice clear and melodious, she read with the finest and happiest effect:

"*Friends, fellow-teachers, Bible-class and children.*

"We welcome you this evening with a heartfelt, genial, loving welcome. If you come as strangers from more advanced circles of society, we ask you to look forbearingly and kindly on our humble efforts. We can not summon up at will the muses of Euterpe, Polymnia and Thalia, even though on our programme appear the names of music, singing and oratory, mingled with pastoral and comic. If you are friends who know something of the workings of our Sunday-school, you will be less disposed to criticise the defects, errors or blunders which may occur in the getting up or in the rendition of our programme. We aspire to great things here; our ideals are high, although we do it in a very humble way, and acknowledge we are but beginners. There is no occasion to discuss the merits of the object of our meeting this evening; all, from the five-year-old child to the hoary sire, know the value of books, although it may take mature minds and contemplative dispositions to form an idea of the influence the books we read and the thoughts we think have on our characters and minds, and this is particularly so on minds as yet unmoulded, and which will become what the books they read or the thoughts they think make them. If, as a result of our meeting together this evening, the children of our Sunday-school are enlightened and elevated above the now ruling standard; if, when we who now meet are widely separated, or quietly sleeping "the sleep that knows no waking," the thoughts stirred by these books have had a tendency upward and onward, and the spirit of the writer has been imbibed by the young and earnest readers, and these in turn communicated to those over whom *they* wield an influence, who will say our meeting has been in vain? As the radiations of the stone cast in yonder lake are widening and increasing, so is influence, and as a wave may it carry as it goes the heightening influence, opening imagination, and with patience, hope and prayer drive away the grim monsters of ignorance and vice, and awaken each of us to see the golden opportunities which float down the tide of time, and now pass us, mere empty bubbles of the present, and are lost in the idle surf on the strand of the dead past. Therefore, friends, we welcome you as partakers in a good work, in which each individual present contributes his or her share. One word in regard to the character of our entertainment. We are amateurs here at entertaining the public, and if the first one is less worthy, less truly ennobling than we would wish, we ask your kindness to overlook defects. We have begun low in the literary scale, and hope if it is our privilege to give another entertainment at any time that it will grow in merit and in power, something an enlightened and cultivated community can and will esteem. We welcome you to-night as friends and brothers. We welcome you as coming to provide a way by which we may promote if not kindle a love of literature amid too much of gloom and ignorance. We welcome you one and all, lovers of music; we hope to give you something by which you'll find your minds "disturbed, delighted, raised, refined." Lovers of sentiment, lovers of fun, we hope to give something interesting to all, and if not we give at least a cordial, heartfelt, loving welcome.

"H. ROBERTSON.

"Ivanhoe, Oct. 12th, 1883."

The usual list of dialogues, recitations, etc., was rapidly run over, and as only three weeks were employed to learn them, the actors are to be congratulated in their success. "The difficulty of taking photographs" was well acted by Messrs. Hiarty and Haggerty and the Misses Robertson and Rolands. "The troubles of a literary woman" was masterly executed by Misses Robertson and Rolands. The play shewed the troubles of the lady, surrounded by four or five incorrigible brats, and annoyed by a wasteful and careless servant, while composing a sublime article for THE NEWS-ARGUS. Messrs Adam Haggerty, A. Garrett and McTaggart are natural actors. Miss Fargey recited a finely selected piece, and Mr. Rutledge gave a noble piece its proper rendering. Much praise, too, is due Master Joe Haggerty and the younger ones for their efforts. "The deaf aunt" was a success. Misses Fargey, Garrett and Mr. Ashley acted their parts perfectly. Miss Garrett, in two Scotch pieces, was loudly cheered, and deservedly so. In her last piece, attired in the garb of an auld guid wife, she chastises her young son, and the audience was convulsed. The instrumental and vocal music of Mr. Reed, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Nayler and Miss Butcher were well chosen. Miss Butcher never sang better in effect and voice. We regret to say that there was too much hilarity in the crowd, but for rudeness it is not equal to some Stirling crowds. The receipts amounted to $62, which should be very satisfactory to the school, and to Miss Robertson's indefatigable efforts is such a grand success mainly due.

A REMARKABLE RESULT.

W. A. Edgars, of Frankville, was a terrible sufferer from Chronic Kidney and Liver Complaint, and at one time was so bad that his life was despaired of. He was cured by four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters.

A COMMON ANNOYANCE.

Many people suffer from distressing attacks of sick headache, nausea, and other bilious troubles, who might easily be cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. It cured Lottie Howard, of Buffalo, N. Y., of this complaint, and she praises it highly.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. Gordon McWilliams, hotel-keeper, having purchased the late residence of Mr. T. P. Pearce, now of Belleville, is busy with a considerable number of men in building stables, sheds, etc., at the back. After making some changes in the house itself, to render it more convenient for the purposes of a hotel, Mr. McWilliams intends to move his family and business from the premises he now occupies to these more commodious premises. The travelling public then need not be put to any inconvenience for hotel accommodation, as by that time there will be three public houses in the village.

The village is already beginning to feel the benefits which railways always carry with them. We understand that the firm of Carscallen & Gladney receive all of their goods via the Central Ontario railway, instead of, as heretofore, having to haul them by teams from Stirling and Belleville. This is an advantage not only to the merchant, who thus receives his goods with greater promptness, but also to the consumer, who gets the goods at a lower figure, the merchant paying less freight.

A station is being built at the intersection of the Madoc and Marmora road, which when completed, and the road opened to the travelling public, will be a great convenience to the village and the surrounding country. It is a great pity the company did not see fit to deviate somewhat from its direct course, and build the road so as to pass through the village.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

Died, in Rawdon (Spry settlement), on Monday, 7th inst., Mrs. Mack, after a short illness. Funeral took place on Tuesday, and was fairly attended.

The Methodist parsonage is being painted, which adds to its appearance greatly.

The enterprising firm of Gladney & Carscallen are having their extensive store bricked by the Messrs. Langman, of Stirling. They well deserve the prosperity that is attending their efforts.

Mr. T. P. Pearce, of Belleville, spent a few days here last week. He has just returned from the North-West, and does not appear to be so much enamored with that region. He is a practical man.

Our band is making fair progress, judging from their practice last week. Our excellent boys deserve success.

The mighty Nimrods of Marmora spent last week in the bush with good account. How could it be otherwise when they were headed by Mr. Bleecker and Mr. Craske, who never miss!

The popular pastor of St. John's and his amiable wife have returned from their holiday trip, looking better.

THE GREATEST HEALING COMPOUND is a preparation of carbolic acid, vaseline and cerate called McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will cure any sore, cut, burn or bruise when all other preparations fail. Call at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store, and get a package. Twenty-five cents is all it costs.

McGREGOR'S SPEEDY CURE.

From the many remarkable cures wrought by using McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and Affection of the Liver, and from the immense sale of it without any advertising, we have concluded to place it extensively on the market, so that those who suffer may have a perfect cure. Go to PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store and get a trial bottle free, or the regular sizes at fifty cents and one dollar.

A painter named Carswell jumped from a train in motion at Cobourg Sunday, missed his footing, and lost a leg under the wheels.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer; every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

We have a speedy and positive cure for Catarrh Diphtheria, Canker-mouth and Headache in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50c. G. H. BOULTER, agent.

OH! WHAT A COUGH.

Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease—consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of 50c. to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from Experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping-cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

The colors of the Triangle Dyes are so beautiful, and their use so simple, they lead the dye market of the country. 10c

Brooklyn bridge in nineteen weeks earned $69,663, cost $52,000 for running expenses, and the interest charge alone is $750,000 per annum. The stock would be low were it built on spec.

Dear Sirs,—For over twenty years I have suffered greatly from Nasal Catarrh; sometimes being unable to smell or taste properly. The disease caused a severe pain over the eyes, and frequently stopped my writing on account of dizziness. The phlegm in my throat gave me much annoyance, especially in company, balls of which would occasionally fall down into my throat, and I could seldom breathe through my nose. I have taken quarts of various medicines without any apparent benefit, until I was induced, by your agent of 69 Muter street, to try your Fountain of Health. After using five bottles I am prepared to give it as my honest opinion that for the cure of Catarrh it is a grand success. I have recommended it to many of my friends, one of whom encloses his testimonial with mine.

Wishing you deserved success,
I am gratefully yours,
JOSEPH BROWN,
Bookkeeper, 25 Sherborne street, Toronto.

Messrs. Churchill & Co.,—Your Fountain of Health has completely cured me of Dyspepsia, which has troubled me for nearly two years.

J. CLARK,
17 Stafford street, Toronto.

Address W. H. Burk, Publisher, Detroit, Michigan, for a sample copy of his very excellent family paper, the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser and Michigan Home Journal*, and you will not be disappointed. The copy now before us fully sustains the growing reputation of this old established weekly, and has more attractions as a general family journal than any paper that visits our sanctum. The first page is brimful of merry anecdotes and bits of information; the second page has a generous instalment of a short and very interesting serial story; while page 3 is devoted to the interests of the ladies and their gentlemen friends, who visit the sitting room to give information on and discuss subjects connected with home life. Pages 4 and 5 give editorials and news of the week. The former are spicily independent, the latter very full and complete. On page 6 the young people and the older members of the family circle find much to interest them, while the general market on page 7 must be invaluable to producer and buyer. Page 8 is especially the farmers' page, and besides interesting letters from subscribers on farm topics, contains many useful hints on agricultural affairs. To many, the liberal quantity of poetry, both original and selected, that appear in the pages of the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser*, is quite an attraction. Indeed, we believe all will find much to commend in this worthy journal, a sample of which will be cheerfully forwarded by the publisher.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO LET,

A Room suitable for a milliner, or large office, over our store in Craige's block.

FOR SALE,

A good CUTTER and two BUGGIES, for either cash or satisfactory note.

Chas. Craige & Bro.

[St]irling News-Argus.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1883. Vol. V, No. 6.

Sow—1 S Caverly, 2 J Heath, 3 W McMaster.
Sow spring pig—1 J McComb, 2 and 3 S Caverly.

ROOTS AND VEGETABLES.

Bush of potatoes—1 G B Vandervoort, 2 S Caverly.
Bush of turnips—1 Thos Walker, 2 D Wootton.
½ bush of carrots—1 C A Jordison, 2 D Wootton.
½ bush white carrots—1 C A Jordison.
½ bush blood beets—1 D Wootton, 2 P Outwater.
½ bush onions—1 C A Jordison, 2 D Wootton.
2 Heads cabbage—1 P Outwater, 2 C A Jordison.
2 Heads cauliflower—1 S Caverly, 2 C A Jordison.
Squash—1 C A Jordison.
2 Water melons—1 S Caverly.
12 Tomatoes—1 C A Jordison, 2 D Wootton.

FRUIT.

12 Winter apples—1 J Butler, 2 D Wootton, 3 S Caverly.
12 Fall apples—1 C A Jordison, 2 D Linn, 3 D Wootton.
Pears—1 W Meiklejohn, 2 D Linn.
Grapes—1 S Caverly, 2 D Linn, 3 G Watson.
Maple sugar—1 J S Hagerman, 2 L Tucker.

LEATHER AND ITS MANUFACTURES.

Set lumber harness—1 Thos Walker, 2 A McCabe.
Set carriage harness—1 R Kingston.
Single harness—1 Thos McKee, 2 J Heath.
Side upper leather—1 Thos McKee, 2 G Vandervoort.
Calfskin—1 Thos McKee, 2 G Vandervoort.

SEEDS.

Fall wheat—1 W Kingston, 2 W McMaster.
Spring wheat—1 G Watson, 2 W McMaster.
½ bush corn in ear—1 S Caverly, 2 S Bailey.
Barley—1 R Kingston, 2 W Kingston.
Large peas—1 S Bailey, 2 A Horton.
Small peas—1 A Horton, 2 C A Jordison
Oats—1 S Bailey, 2 D Wootton.
Timothy seed—1 A McCabe, 2 W McMaster.
Clover seed—1 W Kingston, 2 W Vandervoort.
Beans—1 C A Jordison, 2 W Meiklejohn.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Cheese—1 Wm Brown, 2 Wm Meiklejohn.
Butter—1 G Watson.
Firkin butter—1 G Watson, 2 F Taylor.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Lumber wagon—1 Thos Walker.
Democrat wagon—1 R Kingston, 2 J Heath.
Buggy—1 R Kingston, 2 S Caverly.
Steel plough—1 J Heath.
Seed drill—1 G Vandervoort.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Loaf home-made bread—1 J Butler, 2 Wm Meiklejohn, 3 C A Jordison.
Fullcloth undressed—1 J B Rupert, 2 J S Hagerman.
White flannel all wool—1 D McComb, 2 J S Hagerman.
White flannel cotton warp—1 J B Rupert, 2 J Reed.
Colored flannel all wool—1 P Outwater, 2 J B Rupert.
Colored flannel cotton warp—1 A Horton, 2 P Kingston.
Quilt patch work—1 P Outwater, 2 Wm Meiklejohn.
Ornamental needlework—1 J S Hagerman, 2 J Butler.
Crochet work—1 J S Hagerman, 2 P Outwater.
Embroidery in braid—1 P Outwater, 2 J S Hagerman.
Berlinwool flowers—1 J S Hagerman, 2 S Bailey.
Fancy knitting—1 J S Hagerman, 2 S Caverly.
Pair socks—1 Jesse Neal, 2 J B Rupert.
Pair stockings—1 P Outwater.
Pair mittens—1 S Caverly, 2 P Outwater.
Home-made carpet—1 Wm Vandervoort, 2 J S Hagerman.

HORSES.

Stallion—1 G Hubble, 2 Wm Sharp.
Stud colt 3 years old—1 A Barton.
Stud colt 2 years old—1 J C Wilson, 2 Wm McMaster.
Trotting match—1 R Todd.

HOGS LOST.

Strayed from the premises of Wm. Fanning, Marmora road, six pigs and three hogs, one white, eight black. Information received by
WM. FANNING.

SERVANT GIRL WANTED.

Good wages to a good girl. Apply at once to Mrs. Gray, at the manse, Stirling.

FOR SALE.

A good second-hand BUGGY and CUTTER. Apply to JOHN GRAHAM.

New Enterprise.

The undersigned, having purchased the property on the Ridge Road, known as

Seeley's Mills,

And having rebuilt and put all the machinery in first-class order, he will be prepared in a few days to

Crack all kinds of Grain,

Also CORN MEAL GROUND.

Having a competent man engaged to take charge of the Mill, all work entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.

M. SEELEY, JR.

Texas Lands

FOR SALE!

WESCOTT & POTTER,
Agents for Canada

A GRAND CHANCE now for investing in the rich alluvial lands of Western and Northern Texas. Can patent lands direct to purchaser from the State of Texas, in any quantity ranging from 640 to 75,000 acres, on easy terms and low prices, with railway facilities. These are all carefully selected lands and are doubling in value annually. Soil of the very best quality for agricultural pursuits, and climate all that can be desired. Title perfect. NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST. For further particulars address
M. W. WESCOTT,
Stirling, Ont.

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...SALE!
...y occupied by the under-
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...neres, All Wool
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...cks, etc.
...ODS:
...ool Goods, consist-
...Clouds, Children's Wool
...of Dry Goods.
...arried on as
...ers promptly
...Dry Goods and new Milli-
...IS GENUINE.

FOR THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER and Urinary Organs
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

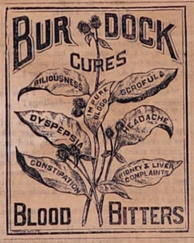
For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont.; Rochester, N.Y.; London, Eng.

JUMBO! JUMBO! JUMBO!
STOCK
—AT—
Mrs. Wm. Martin's.

The largest and best assorted ever kept in Stirling. Call and prove it for yourself



ST. LAWRENCE CANALS

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans and specification of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 28th Sept., 1883.

Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT of WILD STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
DIARRHŒA,
AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy, those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

Upon a Subject of Vital Interest, Effecting the Welfare of All.

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is specially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep pace with the march of modern discoveries and events:

"A general demand for reformation is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the nineteenth century. The common people, as well as the more enlightened and refined, cry out with no uncertain voice to be emancipated from the slavery of conservatism and superstition which has held the masses in gross ignorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the 'Dark Ages' came near obliterating the last glimmer of truth. Dogmatic assertions and blind empiricism are losing caste among all classes of all countries. People are beginning to think for themselves, and to regard authority much less than argument. Men and women are no longer willing that a few individuals should dictate to them what must be their sentiments and opinions. They claim the right to solve for themselves the great questions of the day, and demand that the general good of humanity shall be respected. As the result of this general awakening, we see, on every hand, unmistakable evidences of reformatory action. People who, a few years ago, endured suffering the most intense in the name of duty, now realize the utter foolishness of such a course. Men who were under the bondage of bigoted advisers allowed their health to depart; suffered their constitutions to become undermined, and finally died as martyrs to a false system of treatment. There are millions of people filling untimely graves who might have lived to a green old age had their original troubles been taken in time or properly treated. There are thousands of people to-day thoughtlessly enduring the first symptoms of some serious malady, and without the slightest realization of the danger that is before them. They have occasional headaches, a lack of appetite one day and a ravenous one the next, or an unaccountable feeling of weariness, sometimes accompanied by nausea, and attribute all these troubles to the old idea of 'a slight cold' or malaria. It is high time that people awoke to a knowledge of the seriousness of these matters, and emancipated themselves from the professional bigotry which controls them. When this is done, and when all classes of physicians become liberal enough to exclude all dogmas, save that it is their duty to cure disease as quickly and as safely as possible, to maintain no other position than that of truth honestly ascertained, and to endorse and recommend any remedy that has been found useful, no matter what its origin, there will be no quarreling among the doctors, while there will be great rejoicing throughout the world.

"I am well aware of the censure that will be meted out to me for writing this letter, but I feel that I cannot be true to my honest convictions unless I extend a helping hand and endorse all that I know to be good. The extended publications for the past few years, and graphic descriptions of different diseases of the kidneys and liver, have awakened the medical profession to the fact that these diseases are greatly increasing. The treatment of the doctors has been largely experimental and many of their patients have died while they were casting about for a remedy to cure them."

"It is now over two years since my attention was first called to the use of a most wonderful preparation in the treatment of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Patients had frequently asked me about the remedy and I had heard of remarkable cures effected by it, but like many others I hesitated to recommend its use. A personal friend of mine had been in poor health for some time and his application for insurance on his life had been rejected on account of Bright's disease. Chemical and microscopical examinations of his urine revealed the presence of large quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, which confirmed the correctness of the diagnosis. After trying all the usual remedies, I directed him to use this preparation, and was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month, and within four months no tube casts could be discovered. At that time there was present only a trace of albumen, and he felt, as he expressed it, 'perfectly well,' and all through the influence of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy he used."

"After this I prescribed this medicine in full doses in both acute and chronic nephritis [Bright's disease] and with the most satisfactory results. My observations were neither small in number nor hastily made. They extended over several months and embraced a large number of cases which have proved so satisfactory to my mind, that I would earnestly urge upon my professional brethren the importance of giving a fair and patient trial to Warner's Safe Cure. In a large class of ailments where the blood is obviously in an unhealthy state, especially where glandular engorgements and inflammatory eruptions exist, indeed in many of those forms of chronic indisposition in which there is no evidence of organic mischief, but where the general health is depleted, the face sallow, the urine colored, constituting the condition in which the patient is said to be 'bilious,' the advantage gained by the use of this remedy is remarkable. In Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes; to wash out the epithelial debris which blocks up the *tubali wriniferi*, and to prevent a destructive metamorphosis of tissue."

"Belonging as I do to a branch of the profession that believes that no school of medicine knows all the truth regarding the treatment of disease, and being independent enough to select any remedy that will relieve my patients, without reference to the source from whence it comes, I am glad to acknowledge and commend the merits of this remedy thus frankly.

Respectfully yours,
R. A. Gunn, M. D.,
Dean and Professor of Surgery, United States Medical College of New York; editor of *Medical Tribune*; Author of Gunn's New and Improved Hand-Book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine, etc., etc.

A barn belonging to Mr. Simpson, 3rd con. of Sidney, was burned Saturday night.

CAUTION.

We advise all who are afflicted with a cough or cold to beware of opiates and all medicines that smother and check a cough suddenly, as serious results surely follow. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam loosens and breaks up coughs and colds in a safe and effectual manner.

DO NOT BE DUPED.

A recently advertised and highly puffed remedy for deafness has lately been exposed as an unmitigated fraud. Not so with Hagyard's Yellow Oil; none name it but to praise. John Clark, of Millbridge, testifies that it cured him of deafness.

Jim McCabe, an escaped convict, was in the act of shooting a Port Hope constable on the 11th, but the officer got the first shot and killed the convict. He gave himself up and was acquitted.

KRAM'S FLUID LIGHTNING

Is the only instantaneous relief for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, etc. Rubbing a few drops briskly is all that is needed. No taking nauseous medicines for weeks; but one minute's application removes all pain and will prove the great value of Kram's Fluid Lightning. Twenty-five cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Sunday-School Social.

The gathering at St. Andrew's church, West Huntingdon, on Friday evening last, was a success in every sense. The basement of the church was used for the occasion, which was indeed a worthy one—that of furnishing a library for the Sunday-school there. Miss Robertson, the teacher, was the originator of the scheme. Her salutatory or opening address, stating the object of the meeting, was a well timed effort; possessing a voice clear and melodious, she read with the finest and happiest effect:

"*Friends, fellow-teachers, Bible-class and children.*

"We welcome you this evening with a heartfelt, genial, loving welcome. If you come as strangers from more advanced circles of society, we ask you to look forbearingly and kindly on our humble efforts. We can not summon up at will the muses of Euterpe, Polymnia and Thatia, even though on our programme appear the names of music, singing and oratory, mingled with pastoral and comic. If you are friends who know something of the workings of our Sunday-school, you will be less disposed to criticise the defects, errors or blunders which may occur in the getting up or in the rendition of our programme. We aspire to great things here; our ideals are high, although we do it in a very humble way, and acknowledge we are but beginners. There is no occasion to discuss the merits of the object of our meeting this evening; all, from the five-year-old child to the hoary sire, know the value of books, although it may take mature minds and contemplative dispositions to form an idea of the influence the books we read and the thoughts we think have on our characters and minds, and this is particularly so on minds as yet unmoulded, and which will become what the books they read or the thoughts they think make them. If, as a result of our meeting together this evening, the children of our Sunday-school are enlightened and elevated above the now ruling standard; if, when we who now meet are widely separated, or quietly sleeping "the sleep that knows no waking," the thoughts stirred by these books have had a tendency upward and onward, and the spirit of the writer has been imbibed by the young and earnest readers, and these in turn communicated to those over whom *they* wield an influence, who will say our meeting has been in vain? As the radiations of the stone cast in yonder lake are widening and increasing, so is influence, and as a wave may it carry as it goes the heightening influence, opening imagination, and with patience, hope and prayer drive away the grim monsters of ignorance and vice, and awaken each of us to see the golden opportunities which float down the tide of time, and now pass us, mere empty bubbles of the present, and are lost in the idle surf on the strand of the dead past. Therefore, friends, we welcome you as partakers in a good work, in which each individual present contributes his or her share. One word in regard to the character of our entertainment. We are amateurs here at entertaining the public, and if the first one is less worthy, less truly ennobling than we would wish, we ask your kindness to overlook defects. We have begun low in the literary scale, and hope if it is our privilege to give another entertainment at any time that it will grow in merit and in power, something an enlightened and cultivated community can and will esteem. We welcome you to-night as friends and brothers. We welcome you as coming to provide a way by which we may promote if not kindle a love of literature amid too much of gloom and ignorance. We welcome you one and all, lovers of music; we hope to give you some thing by which you'll find your minds "disturbed, delighted, raised, refined." Lovers of sentiment, lovers of fun, we hope to give something interesting to all, and if not we give at least a cordial, heartfelt, loving welcome.

"H. ROBERTSON.

"Ivanhoe, Oct. 12th, 1883."

The usual list of dialogues, recitations, etc., was rapidly run over, and as only three weeks were employed to learn them, the actors are to be congratulated in their success. "The difficulty of taking photographs" was well acted by Messrs. Hiarty and Haggerty and the Misses Robertson and Rolands. "The troubles of a literary woman" was masterly executed by Misses Robertson and Rolands. The play shewed the troubles of the lady, surrounded by four or five incorrigible brats, and annoyed by a wasteful and careless servant, while composing a sublime article for THE NEWS-ARGUS. Messrs Adam Haggerty, A. Garrett and McTaggart are natural actors. Miss Fargey recited a finely selected piece, and Mr. Rutledge gave a noble piece its proper rendering. Much praise, too, is due Master Joe Haggerty and the younger ones for their efforts. "The deaf aunt" was a success. Misses Fargey, Garrett and Mr. Ashley acted their parts perfectly. Miss Garrett, in two Scotch pieces, was loudly cheered, and deservedly so. In her last piece, attired in the garb of an auld guid wife, she chastises her young son, and the audience was convulsed. The instrumental and vocal music of Mr. Reed, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Nayler and Miss Butcher were well chosen. Miss Butcher never sang better in effect and voice. We regret to say that there was too much hilarity in the crowd, but for rudeness it is not equal to some Stirling crowds. The receipts amounted to $62, which should be very satisfactory to the school, and to Miss Robertson's indefatigable efforts is such a grand success mainly due.

A REMARKABLE RESULT.

W. A. Edgars, of Frankville, was a terrible sufferer from Chronic Kidney and Liver Complaint, and at one time was so bad that his life was despaired of. He was cured by four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters.

A COMMON ANNOYANCE.

Many people suffer from distressing attacks of sick headache, nausea, and other bilious troubles, who might easily be cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. It cured Lottie Howard, of Buffalo, N. Y., of this complaint, and she praises it highly.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. Gordon McWilliams, hotel-keeper, having purchased the late residence of Mr. T. P. Pearce, now of Belleville, is busy with a considerable number of men in building stables, sheds, etc., at the back. After making some changes in the house itself, to render it more convenient for the purposes of a hotel, Mr. McWilliams intends to move his family and business from the premises he now occupies to these more commodious premises. The travelling public then need not be put to any inconvenience for hotel accommodation, as by that time there will be three public houses in the village.

The village is already beginning to feel the benefits which railways always carry with them. We understand that the firm of Carscallen & Gladney receive all of their goods via the Central Ontario railway, instead of, as heretofore, having to haul them by teams from Stirling and Belleville. This is an advantage not only to the merchant, who thus receives his goods with greater promptness, but also to the consumer, who gets the goods at a lower figure, the merchant paying less freight.

A station is being built at the intersection of the Madoc and Marmora road, which when completed, and the road opened to the travelling public, will be a great convenience to the village and the surrounding country. It is a great pity the company did not see fit to deviate somewhat from its direct course, and build the road so as to pass through the village.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

Died, in Rawdon (Spry settlement), on Monday, 7th inst., Mrs. Mack, after a short illness. Funeral took place on Tuesday, and was fairly attended.

The Methodist parsonage is being painted, which adds to its appearance greatly.

The enterprising firm of Gladney & Carscallen are having their extensive store bricked by the Messrs. Langman, of Stirling. They well deserve the prosperity that is attending their efforts.

Mr. T. P. Pearce, of Belleville, spent a few days here last week. He has just returned from the North-West, and does not appear to be so much enamored with that region. He is a practical man.

Our band is making fair progress, judging from their practice last week. Our excellent boys deserve success.

The mighty Nimrods of Marmora spent last week in the bush with good account. How could it be otherwise when they were headed by Mr. Bleecker and Mr. Craske, who never miss!

The popular pastor of St. John's and his amiable wife have returned from their holiday trip, looking better.

THE GREATEST HEALING COMPOUND is a preparation of carbolic acid, vaseline and cerate called McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will cure any sore, cut, burn or bruise when all other preparations fail. Call at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store, and get a package. Twenty-five cents is all it costs.

McGREGOR'S SPEEDY CURE.—From the many remarkable cures wrought by using McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and Affection of the Liver, and from the immense sale of it without any advertising, we have concluded to place it extensively on the market, so that those who suffer may have a perfect cure. Go to PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store and get a trial bottle free, or the regular sizes at fifty cents and one dollar.

A painter named Carswell jumped from a train in motion at Cobourg Sunday, missed his footing, and lost a leg under the wheels.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.—Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer; every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

We have a speedy and positive cure for Catarrh Diphtheria, Canker-mouth and Headache in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50c. G. H. BOULTER, agent.

OH! WHAT A COUGH.—Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease—consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of 50c. to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from Experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping-cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

The colors of the Triangle Dyes are so beautiful, and their use so simple, they lead the dye market of the country. 10c

Brooklyn bridge in nineteen weeks earned $69,663, cost $52,000 for running expenses, and the interest charge alone is $750,000 per annum. The stock would be low were it built on spec.

Dear Sirs,—For over twenty years I have suffered greatly from Nasal Catarrh; sometimes being unable to smell or taste properly. The disease caused a severe pain over the eyes, and frequently stopped my writing on account of dizziness. The phlegm in my throat gave me much annoyance, especially in company, balls of which would occasionally fall down into my throat, and I could seldom breathe through my nose. I have taken quarts of various medicines without any apparent benefit, until I was induced, by your agent of 60 Muter street, to try your Fountain of Health. After using five bottles I am prepared to give it as my honest opinion that for the cure of Catarrh it is a grand success. I have recommended it to many of my friends, one of whom encloses his testimonial with mine.

Wishing you deserved success,
I am gratefully yours,
JOSEPH BROWN,
Bookkeeper, 25 Sherborne street,
Toronto.

Messrs. Churchill & Co.,—Your Fountain of Health has completely cured me of Dyspepsia, which has troubled me for nearly two years.
J. CLARK,
17 Stafford street, Toronto.

Address W. H. Burk, Publisher, Detroit, Michigan, for a sample copy of his very excellent family paper, the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser and Michigan Home Journal*, and you will not be disappointed. The copy now before us fully sustains the growing reputation of this old established weekly, and has more attractions as a general family journal than any paper that visits our sanctum. The first page is brimful of merry anecdotes and bits of information; the second page has a generous instalment of a short and very interesting serial story; while page 3 is devoted to the interests of the ladies and their gentlemen friends, who visit the sitting room to give information on and discuss subjects connected with home life. Pages 4 and 5 give editorials and news of the week. The former are spicily independent, the latter very full and complete. On page 6 the young people and the older members of the family circle find much to interest them, while the general market on page 7 must be invaluable to producer and buyer. Page 8 is especially the farmers' page, and besides interesting letters from subscribers on farm topics, contains many useful hints on agricultural affairs. To many, the liberal quantity of poetry, both original and selected, that appear in the pages of the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser*, is quite an attraction. Indeed, we believe all will find much to commend in this worthy journal, a sample of which will be cheerfully forwarded by the publisher.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO LET,

A Room suitable for a milliner, or large office, over our store in Craige's block.

FOR SALE,

A good CUTTER and two BUGGIES, for either cash or satisfactory note.

Chas. Craige & Bro.

been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for fall planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

S. R. HUFFMAN
Piano Tuner,

BELLEVILLE, late of London and Detroit, WILL VISIT STIRLING every six months, in December and June, for the purpose of Tuning Pianos and Organs. Best of references given. All orders left at W. H. CALDER'S JEWELRY EMPORIUM will be attended to. Orders from the country will be attended to at an advance of prices.

Geo. W. Walker,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.

Office next door to Bank of Commerce, directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week, if possible, before starting, then you can be waited upon as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.

(Box 122.) GEO. W. WALKER, Dentist, Belleville.

Blacksmithing.
R. B. JONES,

Having rebuilt his shop, destroyed during the late fire, is prepared to serve all his old customers, and as many new ones as favor him with a call. Horseshoeing a specialty. General Jobbing promptly attended to. Shop on Front street (old stand).

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.

Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises, 20 ft. ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.

ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

Farm for Sale.

The west half of lot 9, con. 9, Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The land is in a good state of cultivation; good buildings; good cedar fences; well watered, and close to cheese factory. For particulars apply to
HENRY BERRIDGE,
Springbrook P. O

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

Are now preparing for an

Immense Trade in Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes.

With Enlarged Premises and Enlarged Stock.

A large lot of TRUNKS of all descriptions for sale cheap.

E. J. GILBERT.

Photographs! Photographs!
Frames! Frames!

Special Inducements for ONE MONTH at the Stirling Photo Gallery!

Card Photos only $1 per doz.
Cabinets 2.50 "

The above prices are good ONLY until the 15th of Nov. Parties intending to take advantage of these prices will please call early.

Also, a large number of CHOICE FRAMES and MATS on hand, which will be offered at Reduced Rates.

GEO. H. BOYCE.

HARDWARE!

We have a quantity of goods such as Door Bolts, Hinges, Bolts, Pipe Boxes, Axes, etc., that came through the fire, which we wish to sell before moving into new store; we will sell them at prices far below cost.

A full stock of new goods, both shelf and heavy hardware, on hand.

A large quantity of Axes of all kinds, Burrell's Axes 65c.

Call and see us. Our prices are right. H. G. Thurber's old store.

JAS. MILNE & CO.,
THURBER'S OLD STAND.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. | STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1883. | Vol. V, No. 6.

DR. SPRAGUE
Has removed his office to his residence, the fourth house west of Dr. Faulkner's Drug Store.

J. NICHOLSON MUIR,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, Notary Public, Land Agent, etc. Calgary, N.W.T.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR, Stirling, Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Alex. J. Robertson, L.D.S.,
Surgeon Dentist,
Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Visits Stirling Professionally Every Thursday, and may be consulted at the Scott House.
Particular attention given to the finer operations in gold, and the restoration of lost organs.

Walter L. Ridout,
ARCHITECT.
Plans, specifications, &c, prepared for all classes of building, and work superintended if required. Address, for July and August, Brunswick House, Colborne.
Head Office: Address W. R. Strickland, or W. L. Ridout, Architects, No. 12 Can. Perm. Buildings, Toronto.

M. W. SINE, V.S.,

Graduate Ontario Veterinary College,
registered member Veterinary Medical Ass'n. Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. Calls by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. OFFICE—"Review" block, Madoc.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.
G.R.C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, over Gilbert's store, on
Thursday Eve., Nov. 15, 1883,
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room, Craige's block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R.S.

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—
CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO.
The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native seedling of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for fall planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

S. R. HUFFMAN
Piano Tuner,
BELLEVILLE, late of London and Detroit, WILL VISIT STIRLING every six months, in December and June, for the purpose of Tuning Pianos and Organs. Best of references given. All orders left at W. H. CALDER'S JEWELRY EMPORIUM will be attended to. Orders from the country will be attended to at an advance of prices.

Geo. W. Walker,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office next door to Bank of Commerce, directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week, if possible, before starting, then you can be waited upon as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
(Box 122.) GEO. W. WALKER, Dentist, Belleville.

Blacksmithing.
R. B. JONES,
Having rebuilt his shop, destroyed during the late fire, is prepared to serve all his old customers, and as many new ones as favor him with a call. Horseshoeing a specialty. General jobbing promptly attended to. Shop on Front street (old stand).

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises, 20 ft. ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

Farm for Sale.
The west half of lot 9, con. 9, Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The land is in a good state of cultivation; good buildings; good cedar fences; well watered, and close to cheese factory. For particulars apply to
HENRY BERRIDGE,
Springbrook P. O

W. S. MARTIN & CO.
Are now preparing for an
Immense Trade in Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes.
With Enlarged Premises and Enlarged Stock.
A large lot of TRUNKS of all descriptions for sale cheap.

GREAT CLEARING SALE!

As the lease of the premises now occupied by the undersigned expires on the 20th of November next, and not being able to effect a satisfactory renewal, we have decided to

Clear the Whole Stock out at Cost before Removing to other Premises.

AS THE STOCK AMOUNTS TO

NEARLY $7,000 IN VALUE,

This presents an opportunity seldom to be met with of securing your

Fall & Winter Supplies
—OF—
DRESS GOODS:
Consisting of Cashmeres, All Wool Serges, Cloths, Dress Tweeds, etc
Mantles and Mantle Cloths of all kinds.
Grey Cottons, Winceys, Shirtings, Ducks, etc.
WOOLLEN GOODS:
Large variety Fancy Wool Goods, consisting of Women's Shawls, Clouds, Children's Wool Jackets, etc.
And a General stock of Dry Goods.
MILLINERY carried on as usual, and all orders promptly attended to.

The stock consists chiefly of new Dry Goods and new Millinery just to hand, and THE SALE IS GENUINE.

E. J. GILBERT.

Photographs! Photographs!
Frames! Frames!

Special Inducements for ONE MONTH at the Stirling Photo Gallery!

Card Photos only $1 per doz.
Cabinets 2.50 "

The above prices are good ONLY until the 15th of Nov. Parties intending to take advantage of these prices will please call early.

Also, a large num'er of CHOICE FRAMES and MATS on hand, which will be offered at Reduced Rates.

GEO. H. BOYCE.

HARDWARE!

We have a quantity of goods such as Door Bolts, Hinges, Bolts, Pipe Boxes, Axes, etc., that came through the fire, which we wish to sell before moving into new store; we will sell them at prices far below cost.

A full stock of new goods, both shelf and heavy hardware, on hand.

A large quantity of Axes of all kinds, Burrell's Axes 65c.

Call and see us. Our prices are right. H. G. Thurber's old store.

JAS. MILNE & CO.,
THURBER'S OLD STAND.

FOR THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER and Urinary Organs
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

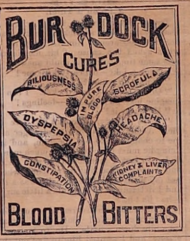
For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont.; Rochester, N.Y.; London, Eng.

JUMBO! JUMBO! JUMBO!
STOCK
—AT—
Mrs. Wm. Martin's.

The largest and best assorted ever kept in Stirling. Call and prove it for yourself



ST. LAWRENCE CANALS

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans and specification of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into con'ract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The Departm'nt will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 28th Sept., 1883.

Dr. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT OF WILD
STRAWBERRY
CURES
CHOLERA
CHOLERA INFANTUM
DIARRHŒA,
AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy, those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

Upon a Subject of Vital Interest, Effecting the Welfare of All.

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is specially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep pace with the march of modern discoveries and events:

"A general demand for reformation is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the nineteenth century. The common people, as well as the more enlightened and refined, cry out with no uncertain voice to be emancipated from the slavery of conservatism and superstition which has held the masses in gross ignorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the 'Dark Ages' came near obliterating the last glimmer of truth. Dogmatic assertions and blind empiricism are losing caste among all classes of all countries. People are beginning to think for themselves, and to regard authority much less than argument. Men and women are no longer willing that a few individuals should dictate to them what must be their sentiments and opinions. They claim the right to solve for themselves the great questions of the day, and demand that the general good of humanity shall be respected. As the result of this general awakening, we see, on every hand, unmistakable evidences of reformatory action. People who, a few years ago, endured suffering the most intense in the name of duty, now realize the utter foolishness of such a course. Men who were under the bondage of bigoted advisers allowed their health to depart; suffered their constitutions to become undermined, and finally died as martyrs to a false system of treatment. There are millions of people filling untimely graves who might have lived to a green old age had their original troubles been taken in time or properly treated. There are thousands of people to-day thoughtlessly enduring the first symptoms of some serious malady, and without the slightest realization of the danger that is before them. They have occasional headaches, a lack of appetite one day and a ravenous one the next, or an unaccountable feeling of weariness, sometimes accompanied by nausea, and attribute all these troubles to the old idea of 'a slight cold' or malaria. It is high time that people awoke to a knowledge of the seriousness of these matters, and emancipated themselves from the professional bigotry which controls them. When this is done, and when all classes of physicians become liberal enough to exclude all dogmas, save that it is their duty to cure disease as quickly and as safely as possible, to maintain no other position than that of truth honestly ascertained, and to endorse and recommend any remedy that has been found useful, no matter what its origin, there will be no quarreling among the doctors, while there will be great rejoicing throughout the world.

"I am well aware of the censure that will be meted out to me for writing this letter, but I feel that I cannot be true to my honest convictions unless I extend a helping hand and endorse all that I know to be good. The extended publications for the past few years, and graphic descriptions of different diseases of the kidneys and liver, have awakened the mediacl profession to the fact that these diseases are greatly increasing. The treatment of the doctors has been largely experimental and many of their patients have died while they were casting about for a remedy to cure them.

"It is now over two years since my attention was first called to the use of a most wonderful preparation in the treatment of Bright's disease of the kidneys. Patients had frequently asked me about the remedy and I had heard of remarkable cures effected by it, but like many others I hesitated to recommend its use. A personal friend of mine had been in poor health for some time and his application for insurance on his life had been rejected on account of Bright's disease. Chemical and microscopical examinations of his urine revealed the presence of large quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, which confirmed the correctness of the diagnosis. After trying all the usual remedies, I directed him to use this preparation, and was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month, and within four months no tube casts could be discovered. At that time there was present only a trace of albumen, and he felt, as he expressed it, 'perfectly well,' and all through the influence of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy he used."

"After this I prescribed this medicine in full doses in both acute and chronic nephritis [Bright's disease] and with the most satisfactory results. My observations were neither small in number nor hastily made. They extended over several months and embraced a large number of cases which have proved so satisfactory to my mind, that I would earnestly urge upon my professional brethren the importance of giving a fair and patient trial to Warner's Safe Cure. In a large class of ailments where the blood is obviously in an unhealthy state, especially where glandular engorgements and inflammatory eruptions exist, indeed in many of those forms of chronic indisposition in which there is no evidence of organic mischief, but where the general health is depleted, the face sallow, the urine colored, constituting the condition in which the patient is said to be 'bilious,' the advantage gained by the use of this remedy is remarkable. In Bright's disease it seems to act as a solvent of albumen; to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes; to wash out the epithelial debris which blocks up the *tubali uriniferi*, and to prevent a destructive metamorphosis of tissue."

"Belonging as I do to a branch of the profession that believes that no school of medicine knows all the truth regarding the treatment of disease, and being independent enough to select any remedy that will relieve my patients, without reference to the source from whence it comes, I am glad to acknowledge and commend the merits of this remedy thus frankly.

Respectfully yours,
R. A. GUNN, M. D.,
Dean and Professor of Surgery, United States Medical College of New York; editor of *Medical Tribune*; Author of Gunn's New and Improved Hand-Book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine, etc., etc.

A barn belonging to Mr. Simpson, 3rd con. of Sidney, was burned Saturday night.

CAUTION.

We advise all who are afflicted with a cough or cold to beware of opiates and all medicines that smother and check a cough suddenly, as serious results surely follow. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam loosens and breaks up coughs and colds in a safe and effectual manner.

DO NOT BE DUPED.

A recently advertised and highly puffed remedy for deafness has lately been exposed as an unmitigated fraud. Not so with Hagyard's Yellow Oil; none name it but to praise. John Clark, of Millbridge, testifies that it cured him of deafness.

Jim McCabe, an escaped convict, was in the act of shooting a Port Hope constable on the 11th, but the officer got the first shot and killed the convict. He gave himself up and was acquitted.

KRAM'S FLUID LIGHTNING

Is the only instantaneous relief for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, etc. Rubbing a few drops briskly is all that is needed. No taking nauseous medicines for weeks; but one minute's application removes all pain and will prove the great value of Kram's Fluid Lightning. Twenty-five cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Sunday-School Social.

The gathering at St. Andrew's church, West Huntingdon, on Friday evening last, was a success in every sense. The basement of the church was used for the occasion, which was indeed a worthy one—that of furnishing a library for the Sunday-school there. Miss Robertson, the teacher, was the originator of the scheme. Her salutatory or opening address, stating the object of the meeting, was a well timed effort; possessing a voice clear and melodious, she read with the finest and happiest effect:

"*Friends, fellow-teachers, Bible-class and children.*

"We welcome you this evening with a heartfelt, genial, loving welcome. If you come as strangers from more advanced circles of society, we ask you to look forbearingly and kindly on our humble efforts. We cannot summon up at will the muses of Euterpe, Polymnia and Thatia, even though on our programme appear the names of music, singing and oratory, mingled with pastoral and comic. If you are friends who know something of the workings of our Sunday-school, you will be less disposed to criticise the defects, errors or blunders which may occur in the getting up or in the rendition of our programme. We aspire to great things here; our ideals are high, although we do it in a very humble way, and acknowledge we are but beginners. There is no occasion to discuss the merits of the object of our meeting this evening; all, from the five-year-old child to the hoary sire, know the value of books, although it may take mature minds and contemplative dispositions to form an idea of the influence the books we read and the thoughts we think have on our characters and minds, and this is particularly so on minds as yet unmoulded, and which will become what the books they read or the thoughts they think make them. If, as a result of our meeting together this evening, the children of our Sunday-school are enlightened and elevated above the now ruling standard; if, when we who now meet are widely separated, or quietly sleeping "the sleep that knows no waking," the thoughts stirred by these books have had a tendency upward and onward, and the spirit of the writer has been imbibed by the young and earnest readers, and these in turn communicated to those over whom *they* wield an influence, who will say our meeting has been in vain? As the radiations of the stone cast in yonder lake are widening and increasing, so is influence, and as a wave may it carry as it goes the heightening influence, opening imaginatian, and with patience, hope and prayer drive away the grim monsters of ignorance and vice, and awaken each of us to see the golden opportunities which float down the tide of time, and now pass us, mere empty bubbles of the present, and are lost in the idle surf on the strand of the dead past. Therefore, friends, we welcome you as partakers in a good work, in which each individual present contributes his or her share. One word in regard to the character of our entertainment. We are amatuers here at entertaining the public, and if the first one is less worthy, less truly ennobling than we would wish, we ask your kindness to overlook defects. We have begun low in the literary scale, and hope if it is our privilege to give another entertainment at any time that it will grow in merit and in power, something an enlightened and cultivated community can and will esteem. We welcome you to-night as friends and brothers. We welcome you as coming to provide a way by which we may promote if not kindle a love of literature amid too much of gloom and ignorance. We welcome you one and all, lovers of music; we hope to give you something by which you'll find your minds "disturbed, delighted, raised, refined." Lovers of sentiment, lovers of fun, we hope to give something interesting to all, and if not we give at least a cordial, heartfelt, loving welcome.

"H. ROBERTSON.

"Ivanhoe, Oct. 12th, 1883."

The usual list of dialogues, recitations, etc., was rapidly run over, and as only three weeks were employed to learn them, the actors are to be congratulated in their success. "The difficulty of taking photographs" was well acted by Messrs. Hiarty and Haggerty and the Misses Robertson and Rolands. "The troubles of a literary woman" was masterly executed by Misses Robertson and Rolands. The play shewed the troubles of the lady, surrounded by four or five incorrigible brats, and annoyed by a wasteful and careless servant, while composing a sublime article for THE NEWS-ARGUS. Messrs Adam Haggerty, A. Garrett and McTaggart are natural actors. Miss Fargey recited a finely selected piece, and Mr. Rutledge gave a noble piece its proper rendering. Much praise, too, is due Master Joe Haggerty and the younger ones for their efforts. "The deaf aunt" was a success. Misses Fargey, Garrett and Mr. Ashley acted their parts perfectly. Miss Garrett, in two Scotch pieces, was loudly cheered, and deservedly so. In her last piece, attired in the garb of an auld guid wife, she chastises her young son, and the audience was convulsed. The instrumental and vocal music of Mr. Reed, Mrs. Brown, Mr. Nayler and Miss Butcher were well chosen. Miss Butcher never sang better in effect and voice. We regret to say that there was too much hilarity in the crowd, but for rudeness it is not equal to some Stirling crowds. The receipts amounted to $62, which should be very satisfactory to the school, and to Miss Robertson's indefatigable efforts is such a grand success mainly due.

A REMARKABLE RESULT.

W. A. Edgars, of Frankville, was a terrible sufferer from Chronic Kidney and Liver Complaint, and at one time was so bad that his life was despaired of. He was cured by four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters.

A COMMON ANNOYANCE.

Many people suffer from distressing attacks of sick headache, nausea, and other bilious troubles, who might easily be cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. It cured Lottie Howard, of Buffalo, N. Y., of this complaint, and she praises it highly.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. Gordon McWilliams, hotel-keeper, having purchased the late residence of Mr. T. P. Pearce, now of Belleville, is busy with a considerable number of men in building stables, sheds, etc., at the back. After making some changes in the house itself, to render it more convenient for the purposes of a hotel, Mr. McWilliams intends to move his family and business from the premises he now occupies to these more commodious premises. The travelling public then need not be put to any inconvenience for hotel accommodation, as by that time there will be three public houses in the village.

The village is already beginning to feel the benefits which railways always carry with them. We understand that the firm of Carscallen & Gladney receive all of their goods via the Central Ontario railway, instead of, as heretofore, having to haul them by teams from Stirling and Belleville. This is an advantage not only to the merchant, who thus receives his goods with greater promptness, but also to the consumer, who gets the goods at a lower figure, the merchant paying less freight.

A station is being built at the intersection of the Madoc and Marmora road, which when completed, and the road opened to the travelling public, will be a great convenience to the village and the surrounding country.

It is a great pity the company did not see fit to deviate somewhat from its direct course, and build the road so as to pass through the village.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

Died, in Rawdon (Spry settlement), on Monday, 7th inst., Mrs. Mack, after a short illness. Funeral took place on Tuesday, and was fairly attended.

The Methodist parsonage is being painted, which adds to its appearance greatly.

The enterprising firm of Gladney & Carscallen are having their extensive store bricked by the Messrs. Langman, of Stirling. They well deserve the prosperity that is attending their efforts.

Mr. T. P. Pearce, of Belleville, spent a few days here last week. He has just returned from the North-West, and does not appear to be so much enamored with that region. He is a practical man.

Our band is making fair progress, judging from their practice last week. Our excellent boys deserve success.

The mighty Nimrods of Marmora spent last week in the bush with good account. How could it be otherwise when they were headed by Mr. Bleecker and Mr. Craske, who never miss!

The popular pastor of St. John's and his amiable wife have returned from their holiday trip, looking better.

THE GREATEST HEALING COMPOUND is a preparation of carbolic acid, vaseline and cerate called McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It will cure any sore, cut, burn or bruise when all other preparations fail. Call at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store, and get a package. Twenty-five cents is all it costs.

McGREGOR'S SPEEDY CURE.—From the many remarkable cures wrought by using McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and Affection of the Liver, and from the immense sale of it without any advertising, we have concluded to place it extensively on the market, so that those who suffer may have a perfect cure. Go to PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store and get a trial bottle free, or the regular sizes at fifty cents and one dollar.

A painter named Carswell jumped from a train in motion at Cobourg Sunday, missed his footing, and lost a leg under the wheels.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer; every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

We have a speedy and positive cure for Catarrh Diphtheria, Canker-mouth and Headache in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50c. G. H. BOULTER, agent.

OH! WHAT A COUGH.

Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease—consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of 50c. to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from Experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping-cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

The colors of the Triangle Dyes are so beautiful, and their use so simple, they lead the dye market of the country. 10c

Brooklyn bridge in nineteen weeks earned $69,663, cost $52,000 for running expenses, and the interest charge alone is $750,000 per annum. The stock would be low were it built on spec.

Dear Sirs,—For over twenty years I have suffered greatly from Nasal Catarrh; sometimes being unable to smell or taste properly. The disease caused a severe pain over the eyes, and frequently stopped my writing on account of dizziness. The phlegm in my throat gave me much annoyance, especially in company, balls of which would occasionally fall down into my throat, and I could seldom breathe through my nose. I have taken quarts of various medicines without any apparent benefit, until I was induced, by your agent of 69 Muter street, to try your Fountain of Health. After using five bottles I am prepared to give it as my honest opinion that for the cure of Catarrh it is a grand success. I have recommended it to many of my friends, one of whom encloses his testimonial with mine.

Wishing you deserved success,
I am gratefully yours,
JOSEPH BROWN,
Bookkeeper, 25 Sherborne street, Toronto.

Messrs. Churchill & Co.,—Your Fountain of Health has completely cured me of Dyspepsia, which has troubled me for nearly two years.
J. CLARK,
17 Stafford street, Toronto.

Address W. H. Burk, Publisher, Detroit, Michigan, for a sample copy of his very excellent family paper, the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser and Michigan Home Journal*, and you will not be disappointed. The copy now before us fully sustains the growing reputation of this old established weekly, and has more attractions as a general family journal than any paper that visits our sanctum. The first page is brimful of merry anecdotes and bits of information; the second page has a generous instalment of a short and very interesting serial story; while page 3 is devoted to the interests of the ladies and their gentlemen friends, who visit the sitting room to give information on and discuss subjects connected with home life. Pages 4 and 5 give editorials and news of the week. The former are spicily independent, the latter very full and complete. On page 6 the young people and the older members of the family circle find much to interest them, while the general market on page 7 must be invaluable to producer and buyer. Page 8 is especially the farmers' page, and besides interesting letters from subscribers on farm topics, contains many useful hints on agricultural affairs. To many, the liberal quantity of poetry, both original and selected, that appear in the pages of the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser*, is quite an attraction. Indeed, we believe all will find much to commend in this worthy journal, a sample of which will be cheerfully forwarded by the publisher.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO LET,
A Room suitable for a milliner, or large office, over our store in Craige's block.

FOR SALE,
A good CUTTER and two BUGGIES, for either cash or satisfactory note.

Chas. Craige & Bro.

Matrimonial Incompatibility.

A thin little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife—God bless her!
She looked like a drum and he looked like a fife,
And it took all his money to dress her,
God bless her!
To dress her!
God bless her!
To dress her!

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes—God keep her!
For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her,
God keep her!
To drink her!
And keep her!
And sleep her!

She grew like a target, he grew like a sword,
A sword—a sword—God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her,
God spare her!
To bear her!
God spare her!
To bear her!

She spread like a turtle, he shrank like a pike,
A pike—a pike—God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
For they had to wear glasses to shave him,
God save him!
To shave him!
God save him!
To shave him!

She fattened away till she bursted one day,
Exploded—blew up—God take her!
And all the people that saw it say,
She covered over one acre!
God take her!
An acre!
God take her!
An acre!

Cholera Infantum.

The king of terrors has but few allies more powerful than cholera infantum. In all quarters of the globe it counts its innocent victims by thousands. It has cast its dark shadow on most households, and notwithstanding the boasted advance of medical science, it is the terror of the fond mother and the dread of the family physician. It is not on account of anything new or important we have to say that we take up this subject, but because it is proper that a disease so wide-spread and fatal should receive at least a passing notice at the season of its greatest prevalence.

Dentition and heat, especially the latter, being the leading factors in the production of cholera infantum, medicinal agents proper are comparatively powerless. No medicine can stop the teething process, nor moderate the heat of summer. We may lull to sleep the dental irritation, and we may reduce the bodily heat, but we never can wholly remove the causes. Both the prevalence and fatality of this disease vary greatly from season to season. Dry, and long-continued hot weather is most favourable to its developement. This summer being moist and cool, the disease should not prevail to the same extent as in ordinary seasons. Should it do so in any particular locality, it must be owing to bad sanitary conditions. If medical science were a failure in all other respects, one great and grand thing it has done, it has taught man how, in a large measure to protect himself against the ravages of disease. If medicine furnishes no certain cure, it is a satisfaction to know that the disease may be in a large measure prevented. Due regard to diet, clothing, cleanliness and purity of air is a pretty effective safeguard. Over-feeding should be avoided, even in the case of infants at the breast. Nurses should regulate their own diet so as to avoid all articles of food known to have a disturbing tendency on digestion. During the heated term children fed on cow's milk should have their allowance mixed with barley-water, oatmeal-water, or a small quantity of lime-water. The reprehensible practice of giving infants "a little of whatever is going," cannot be too strongly condemned at any time, but more especially during the hot weather. Next in importance to dieting is pure air. If, in addition to the depressing influence of heat, the child is made to breathe the atmosphere of a close room, occupied, perhaps, by one or more other persons, cholera is almost inevitable. A free interchange of air has a wonderful power in preventing diseases in general, but diseases of the digestive organs in particular. As another means of prevention, the child should be allowed to drink a moderate amount of cold water. Even infants of a few weeks old are greatly refreshed and benefited on a hot day by a little cold water. Bathing is another hygienic measure of great value, and should never be overlooked in health or disease.

It is much more difficult to be dogmatic in the matter of treatment. This naturally resolves itself into two parts, the hygienic and medicinal, the former being by far the most important. Much of what has been said in reference to prevention is applicable to treatment. The patient should be at once placed under sanitary conditions as favorable as possible. If the case is at all severe at the outset all food had better be withheld for a time, even breast-milk. It is not digested, and only increases irritation. The child craves for cold water, but experience teaches us that gastric and intestinal irritation of whatever kind, is not relieved, but rather increased, by draughts of cold water. But when the temperature is high, and thirst great, a teaspoonful of iced water repeated at short intervals will at least prove grateful. In this disease the drain on the circulating fluids is great. To compensate for this, it is necessary to give a good deal of liquid in some form. Sometimes the disease is ushered in with such suddenness and severity as to cause death in a few hours. In such cases the vomiting and purging is excessive, the skin is cold and the distress is extreme. When death does not soon take place, reaction sets in, and instead of coldness there will be heat of body. These different conditions, of course, require different management. In the former we must endeavour to supply heat, by the hot bath, persistent friction, mustard sinapisms, tincture of capsicum rubbed along the spine and on the extremities, and warm drinks and stimulants. These measures must not be carried to excess, and must be discontinued as soon as reaction is observable. It however, more frequently happens that the onset is more gradual. Instead of diminished, there is increased temperature calling for measures directly the opposite.

The judicious management of the child's food and drink is, without doubt, by far the most important part of the treatment. Medicine can do no good as long as materials are poured into the stomach which it is unable to appropriate. It is worse than useless to allow an infant to nurse simply that it may vomit immediately after. It surely cannot be right to administer milk or other food which we know will be rejected. The child, so far from being benefited, is made worse, and the symptoms which we are endavouring to relieve are aggravated ten-fold. No food at all is to be preferred by far to food which is taken only to be rejected by an exhausted stomach. Great irritability of the stomach may be regarded as proof positive of its inability to digest milk. In such cases we must rely mainly, for a time at least, on barley-water, which has been made somewhat as follows:—To a pint of cold water add one or two teaspoonful (according to the age of the child) of barley which has been freshly ground or broken up in a coffee mill, or in some other way; let this be boiled down to one-half and strained while hot. This, like all else, should be given warm—simply warm. Salt should always be added. After the stomach has become more quiescent, and it is thought some degree of digestion can be performed, milk in varying proportions may be cautiously added to the barley-water, or milk and lime-water may be given. Barley-water and lime-water have the quality of preventing the solid curdling of the milk, which usually takes place in these cases. We can also recommend with confidence the following:—Beat up the white of two eggs in a goblet; fill the goblet two-thirds full of cold water and beat again. A few grains of sugar may be added, a little salt, together with a little orange or peppermint water to flavour. This may be given frequently in table-spoonful doses, throughout all stages of the disease. It is nutritious and palatable, and often retained when all else is rejected. It is very important to impress upon nurses that under no consideration are large draughts of any kind admissible, not even breast milk, when that is allowed. Small quantities frequently repeated is the true method of feeding in all severe cases.

The strictly medicinal part of the treatment has been considerably narrowed down of late years. Every practitioner of experience has been disappointed and humiliated by the inefficiency of his drugs. Astringents are constantly prescribed, but everyone knows that they exercise no influence for good in the more severe cases. Pepsin, maltopepsin, lactopeptine and bismuth constitute the main remedies of the hour, and there can be no reasonable doubt of their value. Other remedies are added according to the fancy of the prescriber or as the symptoms seem to indicate. For nervous excitement and great restlessness, nothing is equal to chloral hydrate, given in one or two grain doses, according to age, and repeated as often as necessary. Given in this way, no evil will ensue. Children are very tolerant of this drug. In some quarters it is much vaunted as a remedy in Asiatic cholera. We can testify to its beneficial effects in some cases of cholera infantum.—*Canada Lancet.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Horse-radish root boiled in salt and water, with a little vinegar, is good to send to the table with roast meat of any kind; cut it in thin slices and use it as a garnish.

An agreeable and appetizing dish is made by cooking asparagus and peas together. Cut tender stalks of asparagus in small pieces (both vegetables require the same length of time to cook), season with cream, pepper, and salt, or in place of cream use milk with a lump of butter melted in it.

A charming way to flavor custards is to beat fruit jelly with the whites of the eggs; red raspberry jelly and quince jelly are especially nice for this.

One reason why corn bread is so often unsuccessful is that the batter is made too thick; it should be thinner than johnny-cake, as the flour helps to thicken it. Then one ought not to rely too implicitly on recipes; some kinds of flour and meal thickens more than others so it is well to observe carefully the first time you use flour or meal from a new sack. On account of this difference many cooks prefer to purchase flour by the barrel, even for a very small family.

Red raspberry pudding is made in this way: To two ounces of butter allow three ounces each of sugar and flour; beat two eggs very light and mix with the sugar; then add the flour and the butter, which you have warmed so that it will mix readily; a little salt and grated nutmeg may be stirred in. Butter some coffee cups, and in the bottom of each one put a tablespoonful—a large one—of jam or two tablespoonsful of fresh berries; then pour the pudding mixture over them. Leave a space at the top so that the pudding may rise a little. Bake for half an hour, and serve with cream and sugar, or wine sauce.

A very agreeable dish for dinner is made by cutting up some lamb in pieces the size you would serve on each plate at the table; put them in a sauce-pan with a large lump of butter, and cook until both sides are brown; then pour over hot water enough to cover the meat; let this cook slowly for an hour, then remove the meat from the stew-pan; make a rich gravy, adding to the water in the pan an onion sliced thin, plenty of pepper and salt, any herb you like, or in place of the onion, and before putting in the flour to thicken the gravy, put in a quart of green peas, and cook them for from fifteen to twenty minutes; skim them out, thicken the gravy, and serve meat and peas and gravy all in one deep platter.

How Animals have Foretold Earthquakes.

An Italian writer on the dreadful catastrope which occured so recently on the Island of Iscbia mentions those prognostications of an earthquake which are derived from animals. They were observed in every place where the shocks were such as to be generally perceptible. Some minutes before they were felt, the oxen and cows began to bellow, the sheep and goats bleated, and rushing in confusion one on the other, tried to break the wicker-work of the folds. The dogs howled, the geese and fowls were alarmed and made much noise; the horses which were fastened in the stalls were greatly agitated, leaped up and down and tried to break the halters with which they were attached to the mangers; those on the road stopped suddenly and snorted in a very strange way. The cats were very much frightened, and tried to conceal themselves, or their hair bristled up wildly. Rabbits and moles were seen to leave their holes; birds rose as if scared from the places on which they had alighted; and fish left the bottom of the sea and approached the shores, where at some places great numbers of them were taken. Even ants and reptiles abandoned, in clear daylight, their subterranean holes in great disorder, many hours before the shocks were felt. The dogs, a few minutes before the first shock took place, awoke their sleeping masters by barking and pulling them, as if they wished to warn them of the impending danger; and several persons were thus enabled to save themselves.

A Nice Point.

Can a husband be charged with the crime of running away with his wife? The world will have an opportunity of knowing all about this before it is very much older. Away down in New Brunswick the proverbial course of true love separated a bride and bridegroom at the altar. They were married, but the asses of parents spirited the bride away, and the other party was left lamenting. Years passed on, and still the young folks were kept apart. The dragon of the Hesperides was nothing to that father, who kept a strict eye on the young woman aforesaid. But the bridegroom did not despair. He would not consent to a divorce. Quite the contrary, and recently he watched his opportunity when the daughter and the "stern parient" were walking in a quiet, somewhat darkish lane, and actually knocked one down and ran off with the other. The recognized and convenient cab was at hand. There was driving as of Jehu, and the result was that man and wife got to a hotel where they spent the night, and the poor husband is now up for as ault, and nobody knows how many other crimes. Now the question is, WAS there an assault? Could a husband in the circumstances be said to assault his wife at all, the more especially, as is shrewdly suspected in this case when the assaulted party was more than half pleased with the operation? It has merely to be added that the parties all move in the best circles of St. John and hence etc., etc.! When things get so far, as in this case, what is the use of fathers, interfering especially when it is merely to secure the prize to another man, against the prize's wishes.

Transfusion of Blood.

The *Presse*, of Vienna, lately described an operation of the above kind successfully carried out by Professor Nothnagel in conjunction with Herr Ritter von Hacker. On account of the unsatisfactory results recently obtained in several cases by using human and lamb's blood, it was resolved to try a better method, already suggested by several physiologists. This consisted of a solution of common salt of 0.6 per cent. rendered alkaline by two drops of concentrated solution of soda. The patient treated on this occasion was a young man who was in imminent danger from weakness of the heart, consequent upon loss of blood by reason of an abscess in the stomach. An incision was made in a vein in the upper part of the arm, and by means of a funnel shaped receptacle about two pints and three-quarters of the fluid in question were introduced into the system of the patient, who is now expected to recover.

Our babies—With all their faults we love them still, not noisy.

A Nuisance.

What afflictive dispensations some otherwise worthy and commendable persons make of themselves with those children of heirs! And especially if the children happen to be babies. The novelty of a baby never seems to grow less. This is the nineteenth century of the Christian Era in which we are living. Omniscience only knows how many centuries before Christ, men and women had been living on this whirling globe of ours, and having babies. Yet each new arrival from Wonderland is hailed with as much rapturous amazement as if, to alter slightly the reading of a well-known quotation, it were "the first that ever burst out of that silent sea." The thing is amazing, if one only reflects on it for a moment. In this hard, dry matter of fact money-making and money-loving age of ours, the latest snub-nosed contestant for a share in the world's bread and butter is dandled, and fondled, and kissed and hugged. People go into ridiculous ecstacies over it, and it is regarded by its delighted parents as the one thing on this planet which is wholly and altogether lovely, in much the same way probably as little Cain was by his doting precursors. Richard Roe under similar circumstances probably makes no greater fool of himself to day than Adam did some thousands of years ago, more or less, when he was given baby Cain or Abel to "hold" for a few minutes, till Eve put on the tea-kettle, or make pancakes for supper. And if Adam had friends, as perhaps he had after the lapse of a few hundred years or so, he no doubt made himself as obnoxious to them by the wearisome monotony of his efforts to pose constantly as the devotedly affectionate husband and father, as John Doe does at the present time. A. is a dear friend. A good enough fellow in his way. He has a wife and two or three children, however, and the anguish which he can cause those to suffer who are unlucky enough to get near him for an hour or two, is imaginable to any who by the merciful arrangements of an All-wise Providence have never been called upon to pass through that particular form of a "burning fiery furnace." He goes into raptures over his home life. Describes the scene of his domestic felicities as a "little heaven on earth," enlarges on the incomparable qualities of his wife, and so on *ad nauseam*. For pity's sake draw the curtain.

The Interviewer.

The *Saturday Review* has a fierce thrust at what must have been the sharpest of sharp thorns in the side of that most dignified of all British journals—the American custom of newspaper interviewing. Some enterprising London evening paper, it appears, had sent a reporter to interview Miss Anderson after the most approved American fashion, and had published the results of the conversation. From specimens given it can easily be understood that British attempts at this peculiarly American product of journalism are none of the best. But it was the fact of an interview having taken place at all that provoked the wrath of the *Saturday*, not the excellence or otherwise of the attempt. It expresses great surprise that a journal of which better things might well have been expected should so far have forgotten what was due to its own dignity of British Journalism as to "drag itself through the mire" by inaugurating the "detestable" American habit of interviewing. If the British public, however, show that they enjoy published interviews with more or less distinguished people as much as the Americans do, then we very much fear that *detestable* is not detestable as the case may be. "Interviewing" will become a more or less constant feature of British journalism as well as of the American. If such should be the case, however, it is earnestly, to be hoped that the good sense of British journalists will keep them from giving "interviewing" some of these features which in American hands has made the custom to stink in the nostrils of all respectable people.

"Influential" People.

One of the funniest things to be met with is the surpassing idea some people cherish about the wondrous influence which they personally exert over all public affairs, as well as over all persons and places in any way connected with them. They are not crazy in the ordinary sense of the term, but they are cranks all the same. TRUTH knows more than one who are not in the asylum, and yet who solemnly believe that they are pulling the strings in every public movement of any importance. With the gravest possible countenance, this one or that of the clan referred to, will say, "Oh yes, I put Mowat up to that." "Do you know where Blake got that hint? He stole it from me;" "I coached Sir John thoroughly on that point." And so on and so on. They live in an atmosphere of sweet content, well assured that they are little Providences to all the people of their neighborhood, and very big ones to the nation and the world in general. The fact is they know every thing that is going to take place; Highland second sight is nothing to their gift. They move the minds that move the universe. No doubt they appear to everybody poor fools. Ah, that is all you know. Cross their path and prepare for death. The issues of life and ruin are in their hands. Many long years ago a fine young fellow went insane from over brain work. In that condition he fancied he was superintending the affairs of the world, which all lay out as on a chess board before him, and that he had not time either to speak or eat, except in the most microscopic quantities. Just so with the cranks referred to. Only they are not so bad as to justify their being shut up. The more's the pity.

A Telegraph Yarn.

A Troy paper is responsible for this: A gentleman of the Western Union Telegraph office at No. 145 Broadway, New York, was sitting in the cable room when a telegraph from Philadelphia destined for Paris came over the wires. This message, like all others for France, was to go over the cable *via* Duxbury, Mass. The operator called Duxbury a few times, and then said: "That fellow is asleep evidently; but the cable men are always awake—I'll have to get one of them to go in and wake him up." So he stepped to another desk, called Plaister Cove, in Newfoundland, and sent the following message: "To cable operator, Duxbury: Please go in and wake up my own true love." This message Plaister Cove hastened to send across the ocean to Valencia, Ireland, who in turn "rushed" it to London; thence it was hurried to Paris, and still onward to the European end of the French cable at St. Pierre; the operator there flashed it back to Duxbury. In less than two minutes by the clock the message had accomplished its journey of some 8,000 miles by land and sea, as was evidenced by the clicking of the instrument on the Duxbury desk, which ticked out in a manner a little more petulant; "That is a nice way to do; go ahead. Your own true love!"

A Suicidal Cat.

A well authenticated and undoubted case of feline felo de se occurred at Fort Trumbull one day last week. Early in the week it was noticed by her friends that pussy was not herself. She moped and refused to eat, passed her nearest and dearest without recognition, and manifested a strange persistence in getting into the sink-pails, and the bath-tub, from which she would not be driven even when the water was turned on. One day she was observed to stalk solemnly down to the wharf, and when arrived to gaze long and earnestly into the water. The soldiers watched her closely, but were not prepared for the result. After a while the kitten returned to her accustomed haunts, moped around, mewed nothing to nobody, and kept about until the next day, when she again walked down to the wharf, deliberately leaped overboard and committed suicide before the eyes of the astonished garrison.—*New London Day.*

TRACKING A MURDERER.

Detective Work Extending Over Eight Years at Last Rewarded.

Through the energy of Police Inspector Murray the bringing of a murderer to justice many years after the crime was committed is about to be accomplished. On the afternoon of Aug. 31, 1875, James Langdon, a young boiler-maker, was murdered in a lumber yard at Ninth avenue and Fourteenth street. Between 12 and 1 o'clock on that day James Mooney, a car-driver, was watering his team at the entrance to the yard, when the report of a pistol behind a pile of lumber attracted his attention. He left his horses and proceeded to the spot. He saw a young man dressed in a light summer suit and a straw hat run from behind the lumber and scale the fence on the Ninth avenue side. Seeing Mooney, the young man shouted: "I have killed or wounded a man there; I don't know which, and what is more, I don't care." With that he disappered into the street. Mooney found Langdon dying from a wound in the left breast directly over the heart, and he died without being able to give an account of the affair.

The slim clew left by the murderer baffled the exertions of the police for a long time. The clew which led to the identification of the murderer was a silver watch found on the murdered boiler-maker. His parents affirmed that the watch did not belong to him.

The murderer is a native of this city. He bore a evil reputation, and, in 1874, for some offense, he was compelled to leave the city. He went to Pennsylvania and joined the Molly Maguires. Among them he was known as Charles Jones, *alias* the "Welshman Ghost." This, the inspector says, however, is not his real name. Jones came to this city frequently. On one of his trips, in 1875, on the night of Aug. 16, he got drunk in a bar-room in 14th street, and went into the lumber-yard to sleep off the effects of the liquor. While there he was beaten and robbed of his watch and chain by three men.

One of the men was Langdon. By a birth-mark on his face, Jones declared that he would know him should he ever meet him again. He threatened vengeance and hung about the lumber yard for the next two days, hoping to see something of the thieves. On the second day, while he was passing the spot in a street car, Langdon attempted to get on the car. The fatal birth-mark betrayed him, and a mutual recogn. tion took place between the men. Langdon jumped off the car and fled. He was followed by Jones, and when cornered at length in the lumber yard was shot and killed by him.

Jones fled again to Pennsylvania. He worked in coal and iron mines for years, but old associations continually drew him back to the city. On one of his trips he was detected in an offence in Brooklyn, tried and sentenced to a term in the Kings county penitentiary. He is now confined in that institution, with only a few days more to serve. Instead of walking out free, as he expects, when his term is ended, Inspector Murray will be on hand to arrest him for the murder of the boiler maker in 1875.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Joke on a Thief.

There was a man on the Fair grounds recently who was so tickled that he set a dozen people around him to laughing, and when asked the cause of his merriment it was some time before he could answer:

"Such a joke—it nearly kills me!"

"A joke on whom?"

"On a thief—a pickpocket. I can just magine his—ha! ha! ha!—feelings!"

"How was it?"

"Well, you see, I brought $50 here with me. About an hour ago a stranger asked me to change a $20 bill for him, and in so doing he must have seen how much money I had. In fact I mentioned the sum to him, and I took notice that he watched where I put my wallet. I felt sure he was a thief, and I determined to give him a little surprise—ha! ha! ha!"

"Did you have him arrested on suspicion?"

"Arrested! No! But I fixed a plan to take him down a little. He took me for a greeny, and I wanted him to find out that I had my eyes open. Well, sir—ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed until the tears came.

"How did you do it?"

"Why, I slipped around in the crowd, took the money out of my wallet and shoved it down my bootleg, and then went back and rubbed around him. I pretended to be gawping around like a hayseed, and pretty soon we got into a jam. Then the chap pressed me hard and lifted my old wallet and dug out like a flash. He thought he had that $50 sure, and how his jaw must have dropped when he found—ha! ha! ha!—when he!—oh! but I'd have given $10 to see it!"

"Was there nothing in the wallet!" asked a man with a squeaky voice.

"Why, of course——!"

His grin died away all of a sudden, his eyes began to bulge out and in a minute his chin couldn't keep still. He looked around in a dazed way, and when the question was repeated he slowly replied:

"I had a mortgage and $600 worth of notes in there and forgot to take 'em out! Where are the police!"

Everybody laughed and laughed, and one man fell down and choked and kicked in his delight, but the party who had saved his $50 never even smiled. He simply grew pale and breathed hard and glared around him until a friend offered to take him out to the cattle pens and kick him four hundred times.

The True Dignity of Woman.

Mgr. Capel has been lecturing, at Philadelphia, upon the above topic His style of delivery is earnest and impressive. He said that the topic upon which he was to speak was an extremely delicate one. If he should exalt woman beyond reasonable bonds, she would probably exalt over the sterner sex; while, if he depressed her, she would receive the disdain of the masculine sex. It was his purpose to treat the question fairly. He spoke of the marked movement in the British isles and in this country in favor of giving woman political rights, and also to advance her in the arena of knowledge which men have hitherto considered their own special province. He did not favor either innovation.

The speaker thought that beyond all doubt man was physically and intellectually the superior of woman, but she surpassed man in instinct and affection. In the intellectual order, woman takes the palm as a writer of novels. Beauty in woman, while greatly sought, did not constitute true dignity. It was very seldom that beauty was identified with great power and intellectuality. He referred to the degrading position occupied by women in ancient Rome, and to-day in Asia and Africa. Between them and the woman of civilized countries in the present day he drew a comparison, showing the honorable place they now fill. In one nation, he remarked, the women were spoiled out of their minds, and that was in the United States. The elevation of woman was due to the Catholic Church, which had labored to elevate her to her true position. The church taught its daughters that the essence of holiness was in modesty and purity of thought, action and words.

Woman was an aid and comforter to man in his struggles, her patience under trying circumstances, and her tenderness, were eloquently commented upon. He spoke of the great good accomplished by the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Sisters of Charity, and the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. In conclusion he said that woman should be satisfied with the power she held over husband and brother, which was greater than she could obtain by being permitted the right of suffrage.

The ascent of Mont Blanc was accomplished the other day by a young Irish lady of 15. Earlier in the summer a Norwegian damsel named Guennessen performed the same feat, but she was a year older than the maid of Erin, who can boast that she is the youngest of her sex who has ever reached the highest among European summits.

Unruly Children.

How comes it to pass that the children of some fathers and mothers who themselves are the very pinks of perfection are so rough, unkempt and irrepressible? Helen's babies are not creatures of the imagination. Almost everybody knows something of them from painful personal experience, while the father and the mother such of are full of admiration for their cleverness, though they would denounce any others as "horrid little things" if they were even a tithe as bad. It is difficult to say. Sometimes it evidently arises from a mistaken theory of training. The brats are allowed to grow up in forest tree fashion, very much as they please. Sometimes, both father and mother were pretty old before they had any children, and they have become so unreasonably foolish about them that the creatures can really do no wrong. Then it sometimes happens that they are not agreed on a plan so that when the father flogs the mother pets and *vice versa*, while the grandparents, perhaps, come in with their stupid second childhood ways, giving in to every whim and making the originally disagreeable little brats just simply intolerable. Any way it is an awful pity for the children and for those who may sometimes have to put up with their ways. Old maids are capital at training other people's children *in theory*. But if it should so happen that after long years of delay and hope deferred, they are themselves married and have one or two chicks of their own, aren't they the young monkeys as a usual thing? For much of the rod is of course not good, but discipline ought to be maintained at all hazards. Yes, there *is* discipline in this country and in this age, but the misery is that in the vast majority of cases the children RULE. The queer, impudent, eldritch looking little wretches that they are! If they got their due wouldn't they howl?

Imprisoned by a Bear.

Last Tuesday an old gentleman who has been engaged in hunting for some time past met with an adventure so thrilling and interesting that he became for some time deranged. He was hunting near Bingham's Mill, in Ogden Canon, when a deer sprang up and started to run down a canon. Being a good shot, the hunter soon rolled it over and proceeded to skin the same. He had progressed but a little when a large bear came rushing toward him. Again he levelled his rifle and sent a bullet crashing through the thick hide of bruin. Instead of killing the bear, it only enraged him, and after a moments delay, more furious than ever, he renewed the mad rush for the hunter. Seeing that his only hope for safety lay in flight the hunter at once dropped his gun and ran along the hill until a friendly cave was discovered, and in this he took refuge. The bear was unable to follow into the black hole, but obstinately took a position at the entrance, which for two days and nights he maintained. Occasionally the hunter would emerge from his hiding place and look over, expecting the animal had taken its departure, but each time he returned disappointed. With the imprisonment came hunger and thirst, and finally the loss of reason. After forty-eight hours of waiting the bear finally left, and the hunter slipped noiselessly from the cave, and rushed as fast as he could to Bingham's Mill, where he was taken charge of, and with good treatment gained his reason and related his wonderful adventure. Search was then made for the bear but nothing could be found of him, although the mouth of the cave was trampled hard where he had paced back and forth doing sentinel duty waiting for his victim.—*Ogden Pilot.*

Bad Payers.

When may a creditor dun his debtor for "that small account" without being liable for damages through hurting feelings or credit? We think this too hard a question. But, at any rate, this is a fact, that among what are called the respectables of society there is quite a number of as inveterate dead-beats as will be found on the face of the earth. They sponge round for credit everywhere. They enter stores with the airs of millionaires and give their orders as the merest matters of fact, though they have not a single cent to pay for the same. It is said to be actionable, still we feel that it is necessary to have a guide to these dead-heads published and continually revised for the benefit of a suffering public. There are women of the very *creme de la creme* who never pay anything, and a good many men equally bad. Tradespeople had far better shut down upon them at once and write off their accounts as bad debts. The first loss will be least. But these storekeepers are themselves often greatly to blame. They bow and cringe to these miserables and are only too happy to let them have the goods. It looks better they think, and they would not for the world offend those who are "well connected." Well connected indeed! Why they are simply common swindlers, neither more nor less. There are more losses in bad debts from so-called respectables than from all the poor and common in the world.

The Percentage of Active Old Men on the Increase.

In a young country like this, where life is continually at fever heat, and where action rather than reflection carries the day, old age seems out of place. In the staid old towns and cities of England, Hawthorne tells us in his "Old Home," that he observed that old age came forth more cheerfully and generally into the sunshine than among ourselves, where the rush, stir, bustle and irreverent energy of youth are so preponderent that the poor forlorn grandsires begin to doubt whether they have a right to breathe in such a world any longer, and so hide their silvery head in solitude. But "fast" as this country and this period both proverbially are, it is a fact that the percentage of old men who continue in active life, and who do not show their years except to a close scrutiny, is on the increase. Erect and active octogenarians, even, are not unknown on our streets, whose appearance still makes them pass current as being in the executive period of life. The constant improvement in the average style of living in the matter of dwelling, food and raiment, perceptibly promotes longevity and increases the number of cases of it.—*Boston Herald.*

Charming Girls.

Dr. Stewart, the pastor of a New York uptown church, has been painting the portrait of the "charming young woman" of the period. He says that her "sweet eyes weep in sympathies," and that she has "beautiful hands for charity." All this is very nice; but the charming young woman whom every young man is anxious to take some day or another before Dr. Stewart for the purpose of having her name changed is expected to do something else with her eyes besides sympathetic weeping. He thinks that if she were to employ them in finding out the exact moment when a beefsteak is done to a nicety, or when a button shows symptoms of going off on an excursion from the shirt bosom, they would be more useful and attractive. "Hands for charity" are to be prized, indeed, but the hands that can make their owners sweet things in dresses as well as hot rolls are invaluable. If they have a thorough acquaintance with the broom corn brush they are still more inestimable. Hands and eyes with these recommendations are in constant demand.

Sir Henry Brand has definitely made up his mind to resign the Speaker's chair, to which he was elected in 1872, at the close of the present Parliament. It is the rule to bestow on the retiring Speaker a peerage and a pension of $20,000 per annum tenable for two lives. But just as the last Speaker Mr. Evelyn Dennison, declined the pension on relinquishing the chair, so the present occupant will decline the peerage, preferring to bear the title of the ancient Barony of Dacre, to which he is next in succession, rather than accept the style and dignity of a new creation. Several names continue to be mentioned in connection with the new Speakership, but it may be ten years off, and the choice remains open.

AMERICAN FABLES.

A Sunfish, having witnessed the terror of a Sailor who came near being nabbed by a Shark, at once swam for the Vessel and began circling around at a furious rate. While thus engaged a Jack Tar leaned over the rail and scooped him in with a net, with the remark:

"While a Shark may eat a Sailor there's nothing to prevent a Sailor from Eating a Sunfish."

MORAL:

Never doubt a fish story.

THE SAGE AND THE MOURNERS.

A Sage, who was on his weary journey to Wisconsin, came upon a crowd one day and observed a general sadness in all faces.

"Why this gloom?" queried the old man, as he laid down his bundle and felt for the front end of his plug of tobacco.

"Oh, Sage, we mourn the death of a good man," was the reply.

"Was he honored?"

"He was."

"Sober, upright, charitable and given to peace?"

"He was."

"Who of you praised and encouraged him in life?" asked the old man as he looked around him.

A hush fell upon the crowd, and no one replied.

"Praise that comes after death," whispered the Sage, "does not even cut down the undertaker's bill. Better squander your time sawing wood for his widow."

MORAL:

The widow will be expected to take in plain sewing to support.

THE FROG AND THE TRAVELLER.

A Traveller who had taken a seat near a Waterfall would have greatly enjoyed the mighty roar but for the croaking of a Frog near by. At length he rose up in great wrath and assaulted the croaker with a club.

"How inconsistent you are?" cried the abused Frog, as he wiped the blood off his ear. "This Waterfall makes a million times more noise than I do, and yet you turn upon me!"

"True," replied the Traveller, as he threw the Frog an oil-skin to keep off the dampness, "but you should remember that the dividing line between grandeur and disgust is drawn by the scrape of a fiddle and the howling of a dog."

MORAL:

It is everything in being a waterfall.

THE THIEF AND THE OFFICER.

One of the finest who had been sleeping on his beat for the last hour was suddenly awakened by the cries of a man in distress.

"What's all this row about?" inquired the officer.

"I have been robbed of a satchel!"

"Describe it."

"I cannot, for it is one I stole myself only half an hour before!"

"Then why this great outcry? You have simply been robbed of what you did not own."

"True, and it is that which hurts. The fellow evidently took me for an honest man!"

MORAL:

It hurts lots of contractors the same way.

Paint Pays.

When travelling in almost any direction through Canada, one is struck by the evident abhorrence of paint which seems so strongly characteristic of the people in many of the towns and villages. Brown, unsightly things, many of the houses and outbuildings are. Apparently, no pride is taken in them, no effort made to keep them in good repair. The demon of ugliness appears to have settled in these places for good, and to have fortified the minds of the people against beauty and good taste. What a contrast between these towns and places of like size in the States! There neat, trim, well-painted houses, fences and outbuildings are the rule; rough, bare, unpainted tumble-down altars to ugliness the exception. The misery also is that this same horror of paint is as unprofitable as it is offensive to good taste. Paint pays. Nay, it pays to repeat the dose every few years. It is generally said that Canadians and other can not afford to paint the outside of their houses and barns. It would be nearer the truth to say that they can't afford *not* to do so. Do, good people, patronize the paint pot a great deal more. It will smarten up all your surroundings wonderfully, and will, besides, preserve every kind of wood-work for an indefinitely longer period.

The Helpless Girls.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* says: No one will dispute the assertion that any given girl may some day have herself and perhaps her family to support, and yet our schemes of education for girls are framed precisely as if this were not and could not be true. As a rule, no provision whatever is made for such a contingency in the education of girls; no recognition whatever is given to the fact that the chance exists. We shut our eyes to the danger; we hope that it will never come, and we put the thought of it away from us. In brief, we trust to luck, and that is a most unwise—I was about to say an idiotic—thing to do

Each one of us has known women to whom the mischance has happened, and each one of us knows that it may happen to the daughter whom we tenderly cherish, yet we put no arms in her hands with which to fight this danger; we equip her for every need except the sorest of all needs; we leave her at the mercy of chance, knowing that the time may come when she whom we have not taught to do any bread-winning work will have need of bread, and will have no way in which to get it except through dependency, beggary, or worse. She can teach? Yes, if she could find some politician to secure an appointment for her. She can prick back poverty with the point of her needle? Yes, at the rate of 75 cents a week, or, if she is a skillful needle-woman, at twice or thrice that pittance.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Blossom, as she laid down the paper, "it does seem to me as if these state militia fellows are always in trouble. Here's an account of a recent inspection where the company turned out fifty-three men. Too bad, ain't it?"

How is it known when a man or woman is mad? Experts disagree as much as ordinary people, and where doctors, &c. Perhaps it is true that everybody is insane on some point or other, and that if one could only touch the soft place, there would be fun with even the supposedly sanest and gravest. Possibly. Still some are evidently worse than others, and a great deal of charity is needed in not a few cases to afford any credit at all to the unfortunates, who, though not shut up in an asylum, have evidently wits which have gone a wool gathering. Perhaps vanity gone to a diseased state is oftenest the easily besotting weakness, by which all these fellows are afflicted. They are, according to their own accounts, at the bottom of every thing. They move the wheels which move the universe. They do everything, in fact, that is worth the doing.

A NEW ALLIANCE.—In England in consequence of the success of the agitation of the temperance "faculties" of the various classes a new "Licensed Victuallers Alliance has recently been formed. Here is their announcement of its objects:—"1. The publication of tracts, circulars, leaflets, etc., for distribution among the people at large, to counteract the calumnies and misrepresentations of 'Blue Ribbonists,' 'Salvationists,' and other fanatical bodies seeking to destroy the Licensed Victuallers' trade. 2. To hold public meetings for appointed competent speakers to defend the trade and expose the fallacies of its opponents. 3. To devise and agree upon some parliamentary measure, or measures, as may win the support of the constituencies, and be favourable to the interests of the licensed victuallers. 4. To influence constituencies, members of Parliament, and Ministers of State on behalf of the trade and the measures the Alliance may devise and propose."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Now is the time when the chubby reed bird dies game.

Miss Sarah Jewett, the actress, writes poems, and also models very creditably. Her mother, Mrs. S. W. Jewett, writes not only poetry, but stories.

A young man began his first letter to his sweetheart after this fashion. "My dear Julia: Whenever I am tempted to do wrong I think of you, and I say: 'Get thee behind me Satan.'"

The ship-owner Donald Currie took lately an extensive cruise off the west of Scotland, with Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone for companions; and later Mr. Gladstone visited Denmark.

These fearful long lessons both in and out of the school is playing the very mischief in Ontario and elsewhere, with Education. Have teachers no sense? Apparently a great many of them have none. The work to be done at home is often so outrageous both in its difficulty and length as to justify almost "*an aith or twa.*"

Another process of impregnating wood for its preservation has been patented in Germany. This consists in first treating the wood with a solution of zinc vitriol, and then with a solution of chloride of calcium, so that the preservative coating is formed upon the wood by the chemical action of both substances on each other.

Lord Coleridge is evidently being dined and wined and feasted to his heart's content, among his Yankee friends. We are very glad of it. Had it pleased his Lordship to cross the border, he should have had as hearty a welcome as it lay in the power of "mere colonists," "you know," to give him, but he has not chosen to do so, and——well, we have survived, and mean to.

St. Louis is evidently an unsafe place for girls. First, one lassie mysteriously disappears, then another, and then another. After a lull of a week or two, the same old story repeats itself. It is getting monotonous. And the strange thing is that many of the maidens who act in this unaccountable way, belong to the better circles of Society. We don't wonder at any one wishing to leave St. Louis, but why be so quiet about it?

Mungo Park, the African traveller, used to say that he never in any quarter of the world, addressed a woman in the language of civility and kindness, but he got a civil and kind answer. Perhaps this could not be said universally, but as a general thing, it both could and can. As a rule, women are considerate and civil, when they are not they are specially the other thing. Men never become so thoroughly base as women do—possibly on the principle that the finest fruit when rotten has the most offensive smell, and is absolutely useless.

Is it after all worth while to be continually fitting out new expeditions to the Arctic regions, and sacrificing more valuable lives for all that is gained? It may appear awfully barbarian and stupid, yet we hold that it is not. The game is not worth the candle, even though the work brings out a great deal of bravery, and helps to develop courage and muscle of no ordinary kind. Other enterprises could do all that without being either so expensive or so risky. But this is awful, some will say, so TRUTH will not enlarge.

The Spanish King, Alphonso, has been insulted by the Parisian mob, and there is great indignation consequent all over Spain and in some other quarters. It seems the old German Emperor took very kindly to the young King, and of his own proper motion made him Colonel of one of the Uhlan regiments. The French mob with idiotic touchiness took offence at this and gratuitously insulted and hooted the young man when he came on a friendly visit to Paris. It was a mean, contemptible proceeding, worse than a crime, a mistake. Of course it was playing into Bismarck's hand quite as if that emissary of all unrighteousness supposed to be, had actually excited the outbreak. It seems a bad look out for the peace of Europe when even the "rascal mob" can act in such a senseless fashion.

How terribly fixed some people are in their own opinions! Not for a moment can you get them to acknowledge that they can possibly be in the wrong. They won't even listen to a statement of any other view. They do not pretend that their convictions are the fruit of mature deliberations and careful comparison of differing views. Not they. Their convictions partake of the nature of revelations from above,—inspirations from within at any rate—and cling to them they will with a tenacity as strong, if not as intelligent, as the perseverance of many of the saints. They are as stubborn as mules, and as prickly as hedgehogs. Let any one fall foul of their favorite conceptions, and they will bristle up in a moment into surprised indignation, and lofty, intolerant contempt. Come, now, "enormous sirs," do your spurting gently.

The Ladies' Medical College has been opened under the most favorable auspices. We are not clear about the co education of the sexes either in Medicine or Arts. Indeed it is not very clear how medical instruction could be imparted to mixed classes without something necessary being left out, or something not very pleasant being excited or suggested. However, nature must be taken as it is, and it is not saying much, to affirm that young men and women in the same dissecting room would often see and hear what would not be for edification. Of course everybody knows about "all things being pure to the pure." Yet all the same it is not well to try that too far. But while this is the case, there is no reason why there should be no lady doctors and no medical classes for women. Quite the contrary. We hold that in a vast majority of cases the proper physicians for women are women, and that in certain cases none but women ought to be allowed to wait upon women.

In the United States a strong cry is beginning to be raised against further immigration. In former times great inducements were held out to immigrants and glowing accounts were sent to the Old World to induce the surplus population to migrate that way. Times are fast changing in this respect, however. In the great manufacturing centres the working classes feel pretty keenly the effects of more competition in labor, as the supply is evidently about equal to the demand, so much so that in many branches of industry all the wages a good operative can command barely suffices to keep the wolf from the door, where families have to be fed. The Labor Unions will probably soon organize themselves against the importation of mechanics or operatives of any kind. The cry so potent against the cheap Chinese labor is growing stronger and stronger against *all* imported labor. The finale may be a policy of protection against the importation of laborers, as well as against the importation of manufacured goods.

JUVENILE INEBRIETY.—The London *Lancet*, the leading English medical journal, recently published the following editorial article. The new license law of Canada contains the prohibition the *Lancet* recommends: There can be no question but that some change is urgently necessary in relation to the facilities publicly offered for juvenile drinking, and, consequently juvenile inebriety. Even ordinarily observant persons must have noticed the increasing frequency of that most melancholy and humiliating of street spectacles—a drunken child. A drunken woman is a deplorable presentiment of human nature, but a drunken girl or boy is a more pitiful creature still. We have recently seen girls of apparently thirteen or fourteen years of age intoxicated with alarming frequency. Surely a short Act should be passed to render the supply of spirits, wine or beer "to be drunk on the premises" by a boy or girl under sixteen years of age a misdemeanor. All would unite in expediting such a measure. At present, as it appears to us, even respectable publicans have no objection to supply drink to mere children, although they are conspicuously zealous in thrusting these poor creatures into the streets as soon as the first indication of drunkenness is apparent.

FASHION NOTES.

Serge is again worn.

Plaids are all the rage.

Skirts grow fuller all around.

The blouse bodice is in high favor.

Jerseys are more popular than ever.

The hair is worn higher in the back.

Lavender and lilac shades are revived.

Muslin and lace balayeuses are revived.

Glossy wool fabrics will be worn again.

Brass bedsteads are the most fashionable.

Brides' dresses are *de rigueur* long trained.

Reseda and sage greens are again in vogue.

A new and pretty shade of pink is flamingo.

Blouse bodices are becoming only to slight figures.

Pointed velvet girdles appear on many dressy suits.

Rubies are now set with the diamonds worn by brides.

The white gant de Suede is relegated to brides this fall.

Elberon velveteen is the latest candidate for popular favor.

Little people, boys, misses, and grown women all wear jerseys.

The leading sleeve is in the coat shape, fulled in on the shoulder.

Arcadia velveteens are imported in all the new colors and shades.

Crepore veiling is a new crape-like wool fabric for evening wear.

There is an effort on the other side to revive alpaca as a dress fabric.

Gloves in shades of brown and tan will be worn with all sorts of dresses.

Cloth is combined with velvet and velveteen for tailor made walking suits.

The most popular early fall wrap for all occasions is the walking jacket.

Black velvet is worn to excess for carriage and afternoon reception toilets.

Matelasse and Ottoman silks are most in use for combinations with velveteen.

The marriage bell is displaced for the floral umbrella at fashionable weddings.

Bridesmaids must for the present dress all in one color, pale rose being the favorite hue.

Brocaded velvets for children's special wear come in small figures and narrow stripes.

Plain velveteen skirts are worn with bodices, tunics and polonaises of plain wool stuffs.

Lace-trimmed handkerchiefs are not so fashionable as embroidered and hemstitched ones.

Velvet and satin *raye* or stripes of velvet and satin are in high favor in Paris just at the moment.

Several fashion journals of note, recommend Arcadia velveteens for ladies' and children's suits.

Skirts are short, scarcely touching the ground, and slightly raised at the back by the tournure.

Humming-birds and other flat-feathered ornaments loop the draperies of some Parisian dresses.

The most fashionable buttons are bullet shaped, small, and when of steel, jet, or metal are facetted.

Black gloves will be revived for wear with all sorts of dresses and on all occasions, except weddings.

Steel gray cashmere is becomingly worn as a polonaise or tunic over a gray or black velveteen skirt.

Lace ruffles inside high velvet collars are among the latest and most becoming novelties in neck lingerie.

Velvet hats and bonnets to match dresses are worn by young girls and children as well as by grown women.

Walking jackets in fleece-lined jersey webbing, and trimmed with Astrachan plush, frog buttons and bison braids.

The small hat of limp felt of the same color as the costume is the correct wear for tailor-made cloth, cheviot, and flannel suits.

Clasps and buckles of metal, jet, and smoked pearl adorn the sashes and draperies of little children's, misses, and ladies' dressy suits.

The colors preferred for girls' dressy suits and outer garments are pigeon gray, sapphire blue and red in the garnet and ruby shades.

Bridesmaids must wear short trains on short Kate Greenaway dresses in pale colors, with bonnets to match, if the wedding is at church.

Cetewayo and Colenso.

A letter from Miss Colenso, addressed to Cetewayo, announcing the death of her father, the late Bishop Colenzo, has been published, together with Cetewayo's reply. Miss Colenso, writing from Bishoptown, Natal, in touching words conveys her mournful tidings, mingling her statements with expressions of resignation and of hope. Cetewayo's reply, although diffuse, is indicative of real feeling, and is significant of the influence which Dr. Colenso had acquired over the mind of the Zulu King. The latter compares the death of the Bishop to that of Moses, who did not reach the Promised Land, but "died when he was nearly arriving." "So we, too, say," observes Cetewayo, "that our father Sobantu has died when he was about to reach the Land of Promise—we mean, the setting right of this our country, for our trust was great in Sobantu." Cetewayo expresses a wish to be permitted to set up a memorial stone over Dr. Colenso's grave and with pathetic simplicity begs Miss Colenso to see that the stone is not set up by others, although he is unable to do it at once, for want of money. He requests Miss Colenso and her brother to undertake this tribute on his behalf, and promises that he will repay them the cost as soon as he has finished the fighting which he has on hand. Whatever may have been Cetewayo's faults, it is impossible to read this letter without sympathy, and without feeling that there is something of manliness and of tenderness in that "savage" breast.—*Christian World.*

Telephonic Electricity.

The philosopher and eminent electrician, Prof. Faraday, once said: "There was a time when I thought I knew something about the matter, but the longer I live, and the more carefully I study the subject, the more convinced I am of my total ignorance of the nature of electricity."

The telephones in use are only a means by which the sense of hearing is quickened, and the peculiar manner of applying the means of which the conversation is conducted is much thought of by those who have given the subject serious attention. It would appear amusing to see a person take a piece of iron or steel about the size of an ordinary lead pencil, and connected by conducting wires to a telegraph wire, and place one end of the iron to the ear, and by such a simple process hold conversation with another person miles apart. Yet this is done every time a receiving telephone is placed to the ear. The magnet of the telephone is only a piece of steel magnetized, and when placed to the ear magnetizes the conducting organ of hearing within the ear of the listener. The life particles of the ear are magnetically affected by the near approach of the magnetized iron in the "phone," and thus blending with the magnetism of the iron of the telephone the speaker and listener become as one person. When the experiment is further extended the fact may be fully demonstrated that the ear and not the "phone" does the receiving. The telephone itself does not retain or transmit the sound of the human voice.

Charles Reade gave Du Maurier his letters of introduction to Mark Lemon and Shirley Brooks.

Old Time.

BY MRS. H. PERKINS, IN HER 83RD YEAR.

Old Time, I do not fear thee,
My spirit is unbroken,
Though on my cheek and in my hair
Thou hast left thy chilly token.

What though thy knell is ringing,
And my bloom of youth has fled,
My own dear flowers are flinging
A halo round my head.

Oh, no! I do not fear thee
When my own dear girls are nigh,
My bloom of youth is on their cheek,
My laughter in their eye.

And as they gather round me,
Their fondest love is mine,
Old Time, Old Time, I thank thee,
For these rich gifts of thine.

Though thou hast stolen youth and heath,
And beauty from my brow,
And many a grace that once I had,
I cannot boast of now,

I will not trouble thee about
Those petty thefts of thine,
If thou wilt only leave with me
Those gems that now are mine.

UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.

BY MABEL S. EMERY.

(CONCLUDED.)

The old gentleman beamed upon him with an air of sympathy. "This is the way to the station," he said, and pointed straight down the village street.

That train must be caught at all events. Will could hear it approaching now, and the deeper tone of its clatter as it crossed the river. Of all the unlucky chances! He hurried on down the sidewalk with keen apprehensions of a certain small boy whom he might possibly meet. It seemed to be a pleasant village. There were tall elms and thick-leaved maples and horse-chestnuts on either side of the smooth roadway, and the lawns and flower-beds on either hand were all very trim and nicely kept. Here there was a target and a group of two or three young people, evidently just through with a bit of archery-practice; one of the number Will recognized as the young man who had carried the express-package home for Miss Bradley. This was a pleasant house beyond,—a cottage-house, low and broad, with a wide piazza on three sides; a wilderness of flowers here, and some sort of annual creeper, with soft white sprays of feathery blossom, running along the low fence-rail.

Oh, that train! If he should miss it.

"I beg your pardon," said Will, touching his hat, as he came almost into collision with a lady who issued from a side-gate. She came from behind a tall hedge of lilacs, and he had had no warning of her approach. She glanced up at him for just an instant, and then bowed without speaking. Then some one followed her through the hedge opening. *That* was Charley Bradley!

"Why, Mr. Penhallow!—Say, Dora; wait a minute! Here's George Penhallow."

For the space of a second Will thought of taking to ignominious flight; but Miss Bradley had turned toward him with a look of frank surprise and pleasure. "I am very glad to see you," she said. "You were just coming to find us? This is the house,—the one you've just passed." And she offered her hand with a charming air of welcome. It was not in human nature to refuse it.

"I—that is—I'm afraid, perhaps—some other time," said Will rather incoherently. "It is nearly time for the train, I think."

Miss Bradley shook her head, and revealed two big dimples as she smiled. "It is too late for that train," she said. "Besides, mother will be disappointed if you go away without seeing her. You haven't been in already, have you?"

"No," said Will, with the calmness of despair, as he heard the train slow down at the station. "I didn't know where you lived."

"I'm awful glad you came," said Charlie.

They turned toward the house with the broad piazzas, and Will mechanically turned too. What could he say? What must he do?

"We have spoken of you often,—mother and I," said Dora, looking up from under the brim of her shade hat. He was not so absorbed in misery but that he noticed how soft and dark her eyes were: he had an especial fancy for fair hair and dark eyes. "We hoped you would call some time. You haven't forgotten us quite?"

"Do you think I could?" said Will.

They went up the front path together, Charlie announcing his arrival by a vigorous slam of the gate.

"Oh, I hoped not," said Dora, with another dimple. "We used to have such pleasant times when we were children together. In this way, please. I'll tell mother you are here."

He must say something. This must not go on. What should he do? What he did do was to allow himself to be ushered into the sitting-room, relieved of his hat, and then left for an instant alone. Again a vague notion of precipitate flight came into his mind, and he had just made a lightning calculation of the time required to get out to the street, when the hostess entered,—a little woman in widow's dress, her gray hair shaded by a white cap with long, floating strings.

Mrs. Bradley also shook hands with him very cordially.

"We're very glad to see you, George," she said, in a voice very like her daughter's. "Dear me! how much seven years have changed you! I can hardly believe you are the same boy."

Will was not quite sure of the matter himself.

"And how is your aunt now?" asked the lady, with sympathetic interest, as she took an arm-chair near his own. "I have often thought of her and wished we might hear from her."

"She is quite well, thank you," said Will. That sounded safe, at all events.

"But doesn't she use crutches still?" asked Mrs. Bradley, in some surprise.

"Oh, yes'm, she does have to use them still," said the visitor with a guilty blush which was hidden by the twilight. "I meant—quite well for her."

"And where are you living now?" continued the catechist. "The last I heard was about your breaking up the household at Hartford and going South for Mrs. Carrington's health."

Will thought that rocking-chair the most uncomfortable piece of furniture he had ever imagined. Procrustes's bed was a mild pleasantry compared with it. He made a mental journey around the earth, and then made a desperate jump at the truth. "In Shirley," he said. "It's a very pretty place, I think. Were you ever there?"

"No; but we have friends there,—Dr. Thayer's family, and the Underwoods. In Shirley! It is really odd that we should both have moved in this direction, isn't it? I suppose you didn't know we had moved, too?"

"No, indeed!" said Will. "I hadn't the least idea of it."

"And do you have that funny Scotchwoman for housekeeper now?" asked Dora.

"Yes," said Will, more boldly. "She's just the same as ever, too."

"Do you remember the time she put cayenne in the ginger-snaps? How we did laugh! But, then, Maggie was pretty good, on the whole. We used to tease her dreadfully."

"Who's Maggie?" demanded Charlie of his mother.

"The housekeeper at Mrs. Carrington's, who used to take care of George when he was a little boy.—I find I call you George just as I used. It doesn't seem natural to say 'Mr. Penhallow.'"

Will's dark eyes shone involuntarily. "I wish you would," he said. "I don't like to have you say 'Mr. Penhallow.'"

"So you are really settled down at Shirley?" repeated Mrs. Bradley. "I am glad we know each other's vicinity at last. We came very near spending a week there this summer. Are you acquainted with the Thayers yet?"

"Oh, yes'm," said Will, with incautious promptness. "I have always known them."

The lady's eyebrows went up ever so little in polite question.

"I mean we've known them ever since we went into town; and they are so pleasant, one feels as if one had known them always," he hastened to explain. He secretly blessed his stars that he was acquainted with these people in reality and could know whereof he spoke.

"Then you know Kitty Thayer!" cried Dora, with girlish enthusiasm. "She's just the dearest girl in all the world! We were the greatest friends at school."

It was too late for any but the most abrupt and horible retreat. Will made up his mind that he would face the matter out, see the joke through if he could, and cut the visit as short as civility would allow. The absurdity of the situation was a continual appeal to his sense of fun, and it made his eyes dance along with the most demure replies. If he could only keep the talk on Shirley, he was comparitively safe: so, with growing ease, he began to talk more about the town, the neighbors, and society amusements.

"But, dear me!" interposed Mrs. Bradley, after a while, "how did you get here I am sure you haven't been to tea?"

Will explained as well as possible how he had walked over from Fultonbury, and protested that he wanted nothing to eat or drink; but Miss Dora had vanished already, like a household fairy, to make some needed preparations. It seemed a charmingly cordial, hospitable household into which he had blundered. Oh, why could not Fate have made him "George Penhallow" in reality, so that he might have some right to all this stolen frendliness! He wondered with a whimsical sense of the logical fitness of things, whether he should not find himself instinctively pocketing the silver fork laid out for him in the dining-room. Dora poured out the tea. She made it a great deal too strong; but the guest would have drunk it if it had been hemlock. She had a delightful way of laughing at an amusing story or an odd reminiscence,—not the self-conscious, high-pitched, hysterical giggle of so many young ladies, but a simple, spontaneous laugh that seemed to bubble up of itself from the depths of happy fun.

The Fates seemed to smile on hopocrisy and fraud that night; for, after the first terror of family inquiries had passed, the conversation drifted here and there among more general topics, and Mr. Penhallow's double took courage to make himself entertaining. He inspected and prescribed for a kite of Charlie's, rather weak in the back, gossiped with Mrs. Bradley about the Thayers and the Underwoods and Shirley in general, laughed with Dora over the photograph albums, and, in a guilty and apprehensive fashion, really began to enjoy himself.

"I don't care," said Dora, with a bewitching little pout, as they turned the page where she had been portrayed at the age of five, in short sleeves, very full petticoats, and an enormous hat. "We used to have a picture of you even funnier than that; one where you had your hands folded in a solemn way, and your feet looked very big, and one lock of hair stood straight up on the crown. I can't imagine whatever became of that picture. Somebody must have stolen it."

"I owe somebody a debt of gratitude," said "Mr. Penhallow," with rather more fervor than the occasion seemed to demand.

"You've changed ever so much," said Dora, frankly. "Don't you think so, mother?—I should hardly—Why, yes, I suppose I should have *known* you."

Their visitor blushed through the vacation tan, and kind-hearted Mrs. Bradley thought it was diffidence, so she changed the subject.

The evening was long, very long; still, when the moment of departure drew near, Will hardly knew whether he was so very glad of it after all. It must naturally be a final good-bye that he would say to these people when he left then,—a final good-bye to this girl with the soft, dark eyes and the infectious laugh. It was time to go, at last.

"Give my best love to your aunt, please," said Mrs. Bradley. "We shall go over to see her before long. We shall be very glad to see you here any time. It is always pleasant to meet old friends."

"You are very good," said Will, feeling like a pickpocket.

"I didn't thank you for those lovely pink pond-lilies," said Dora. "They were beautiful, I never saw any before." She and Mrs. Bradley were standing by the hall door as he stepped out on the piazza.

"How sweet the flowers are!" said Will rather hastily. "Yours here, I mean. What is it?—mignonette?"

"Get a little bunch, Dora, for George to take to Mrs. Carrington," suggested her mother. "Yes, our flowers have been doing nicely this year. I should like to send just a blossom or two to your aunt, if you will take it. There is pleanty of time before the train gets here."

Dora came out, bareheaded, and knelt beside the border of mignonette. The light from the open door streamed out over the posy-beds, causing the loose wavey threads of fair hair around the girlish forehead to gleam like an aureole. Pansies came next. He would have to take the will for the deed as to colors, she said: it was too dark to pick out the prettiest ones. And did he—did Mrs. Carrington—like verbenas and sweet-peas? She wished he could see their morning-glories. They were just one blaze of color on the east piazza. What would he have for green? Rose-geranium? Oh, yes, and a bit of lemon-geranium too, for the scent. "Why, everything about it is sweet!" said the gardener innocently, when the little nosegay was all gathered and tied up with a bit of worsted from her pocket. "Mr. Penhallow" smiled approval.

"Everything," he assented. "Yes, you are right, Miss Dora. It is precisely what I like best."

"Oh, but it isn't yours, you know," suggested Dora. "It's for your aunt."

"I shall keep it till I see her," said Will, and then he turned his back on Paradise and started for the station. He looked behind just once, saw the young girl standing in the lighted doorway, and all at once it closed, and left him in darkness outside the gate.

"He has changed a great deal in appearance since he was a young boy," said Mrs. Bradley; "and he is more quiet and retiring than I fancied he might be."

"Poor fellow!" said Dora. "How bashful he was at first! I didn't know what to say to him, he seemed so—so stiff and demure and proper. Really and truly I believe I shouldn't have known him, except for his eyes,—oh, yes, and that queer, long nose. He isn't so good-looking as he used to be."

"I like his looks," said the mother. "I always thought George would turn out well, and I am pretty sure he has done so. We must go over and call on Mrs. Carrington next week."

The next morning but one, Dora came home from the post-office with an air of mystification.

"A letter for you, mother; important business document. 'If not delivered within ten days, return to Smith, Brown & Co., wholesale hide and leather dealers'. Are you going into hides and leather? Well, perhaps it may be advisable, considering the way Charlie stubs through the toes of his boots."

"I can't imagine what it is," said Mrs. Bradley, scanning the business envelope. "Your father used to know Mr. Smith; but I don't see why I should hear anything from them." She opened the enclosure,—a full sheet written in a round, graceful hand,—and Dora knelt beside the chair and read it with her.

MRS. BRADLEY: DEAR MADAM,—What am I going to write? I hardly know myself. I will begin at the beginning, and tell the whole story just as it is.

"To begin with, then: I, your visitor of last night, am not George Penhallow, whoever that young man may be, but Willis Prince, book-keeper for the firm whose address is given on this sheet. As for the imposition I came to practice upon you, I am heartily sorry for the impertinence involved in it, but hope you may see it was not a matter of deliberate contriving. It began with a harmless practical joke, and seemed to grow of itself and in spite of me. I live with my father, Captain Prince, in Shirley. Some months ago, on my way home one night, I saw a number of boys at the station, your little son among them, and called out 'Halloo, Charlie!' at a venture, to see if one would answer to the name: so when he replied, I inquired for the family. I used to see him there quite often, afterward, and kept up the joke simply for its own sake, with no idea of playing the impostor in any practical fashion; but yesterday I was, as I told you, obliged to walk over from Fultonbury to take the train. Even then I did not recognize the place, under the strange name by which I knew it, and had not the remotest intention of a masquerade, when—I met Miss Bradley and her brother. They will tell you how I avoided their hospitality to the point of apparent rudeness. Was I very much to blame for accepting it at last?

"Of what I may have said and what was said to me during that evening, I confess I have but vague ideas. I felt as if I were a scamp, but could not quite bring myself to the point of confession then and there, and every moment of delay made the matter worse.

"I know this introduction in my proper person is not at all to my credit; but your kindness to 'George Penhallow' makes me want to ask a favor for Willis Prince. Will you let me make his reputation better? I have lived in Shirley all my life, and it seems you know some of my friends there. If you would ask Dr. Thayer or Judge Underwood, I think they would say I am not generally quite an unreliable rascal. Or my employers' firm in the city would tell whatever you might choose to ask.

"If you would let me some time call again at your house in North Gilbert and apologize in person, I should be most gratefully, as I am now most respectfully, yours,

"WILLIS FARMAN PRINCE."

"Well, I must *say!*" said Mrs. Bradley feebly,—which was a rather indefinite observation after all. Dora began to laugh.

"Oh, mother! it's too funny! Just imagine my drawing the poor fellow in here, and thinking he was so bashful, and calling him George, and everything! Oh, dear, dear me!"

"And he talked so queerly about his aunt!" said Mrs. Bradley.

"And he was so afraid he'd miss that train!" said Dora. "Oh, dear! I don't wonder. And he couldn't help himself, after being taken by surprise in such a way. For my part, I think the imposition was about even."

"Well, I am utterly struck dumb," said Mrs. Bradley impressively. "He is the living image of George Penhallow, too. I shouldn't imagine two people could look so much alike. I was really pleased with the way George had grown up. Dear, dear me!"

Dora was silent.

"And now this letter. It's a very good letter, I think."

"Yes, it is," said Dora. "But did you ever know of anything so absurd? What shall you do?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Bradley, folding and unfolding Will's letter in perplexity. "He really seemed to me a nice boy. I really liked him. And he knows Dr. Thayer and the Underwoods. I — don't— know."

Dora stooped to pick up Charlie's jack-knife from the floor, and it made her cheeks flush just a little before she spoke again.

"Why—don't you think, mother,—I suppose it wouldn't do any *harm*—just to ask Dr. Thayer?"

Will did call again at North Gilbert, and clothed in his own personality. He has called several times since then.

"But, oh, you wicked hypocrite!" said Dora one day, "to tell us you would give those flowers to your aunt!"

"You're mistaken, Miss Dora," said Will, gravely. "The only aunt I ever had is dead, you know. I told you I would keep them till I see her; and I shall!"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

(THE END.)

"Baby Cried and Jack Cried"

It has been going on for a year past. Jack is a carrier for one of the dailies, and his circuit takes in a house on Blank street. One day last spring a baby crowed at him from an open door on that street, and Jack tossed an apple into the hall. The next day the baby was watching for him, and after three or four days the boy made bold to slip up the steps and pat the little chap on the head and leave the stick of candy he had purchased two miles away. As time went on Jack came to know that the baby was fatherless, and that its mother was pale-faced and hardly able to drag about. It was weeks before she spoke to him, but the baby took to Jack right away and was always ready for his coming. After the first week it was always clean-faced, but it was a good while before Jack roused up the courage to give him a kiss and to ask for one in return. After that it was plain sailing, and the neighbors became interested. It was queer enough that a boy like Jack, having his own way to make and roughing it until he had become suspicious and hard-hearted, should catch on to a little whitehead, and be more than a big brother to him, but that was what happened.

And something more. One day he brought up a quarter of a pound of tea and left it where the mother would find it, and this was followed by other parcels and articles. One day he missed the baby and crept into the hall to find that he had cried himself to sleep and that the mother was ill and helpless. Jack roused up the neighbors, and whatever was eaten in that house for the next two weeks was purchased with Jack's money. The mother could only thank him and weep. She could not speak ten words of English.

A fortnight ago Jack missed baby again, and again he found the mother ill. Friends were with her this time and she did not suffer for care. A week ago there was crape on the door as the carrier went his round, and baby had been carried off by a neighbor. When Jack came round next day, the mother had been buried and people were watching to tell him that the house was to be vacated and baby was to go to a distant city. He had been brought back to bid the carrier good-bye, and the poor and lowly people drew off with tears in their eyes, and Jack sat on the door-steps and took baby in his lap and smoothed his white head and kissed his red cheeks. Baby clung round his neck and seemed to realize that he was about to lose a friend, and as one who stood by expressed it:

"Then baby cried and Jack cried, and the women put their aprons up and sobbed like children. When they finally took the child away Jack's heart was big enough to break, and throwing his arms around the little chap for the last time he turned and ran away and never looked back!"

The Hardships of Actresses.

During the long nine or ten months of the season married actresses can have no comfort with their children, no intercourse with them, can take no care of them. I read a day or two ago a story of a girl who was called to a Sunday night rehearsal. Her father was very ill, but the rental of their rooms, the fees for the doctor and money for the drugs depended upon her attending to her business. It was imperative that she should be in the theatre at half-past 7. Having arranged the room as women only can, having placed upon a table by the bedside of her father his medicine, she kissed him good-bye, and, with a loving touch, promised to be back as early as possible. You know what Sunday night rehearsals mean. They mean 1, 2, 3, 4 o'clock next day. That is what this one meant. The girl hastened home. The candle-light had gone, the cold gray of the early morning was in the room, the father was dead upon the bed.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A clerk at a Pittsburgh stockyard appropriately refers to his salary as a "sty-pennd."

WHICH IS MOST VALUABLE?

A Duty to Children.

I am sadly conscious that thousands of mothers are so over-burdened that the actual demands of life, from day to day, consume all their time and strength. But "of two evils choose the least;" and which would you call the least, an unpolished stove or an untaught boy? Dirty windows, or a child whose confidence you have failed to gain? Cobwebs in the corner, or a son over whose soul a crust has formed so strong that you despair of melting it with your hot tears and your fervent prayers?

I have seen a woman who was absolutely ignorant of her children's habits of thought, who never felt that she could spare a half hour to read or talk with them—I have seen this woman spend ten minutes in ironing a sheet—there were six in the washing—one hour in fluting the ruffles and arranging the puffs of her little girl's "sweet white suit;" thirty minutes in polishing tins which were already bright and clean; forty minutes in frosting and decorating a cake for tea, because "company" was expected.

When the mother, a good orthodox Christian—shall appear before the Great White Throne, to be judged for "the deeds done in the body," and to give in her report of the Master's treasures placed in her care—there will be questions and answers like these:

"Where are the boys and girls I gave thee?"

"Lord, I was busied keeping my house clean and in order, and my children wandered away!"

"Where wert thou when thy sons and thy daughters were learning lessons of dishonesty, malice, and impurity?"

"Lord, I was polishing furniture and ruffling dresses and making beautiful rugs!"

"What hast thou to show for thy life-work?"

"The tidiest house, Lord, and the best starching and ironing in all our neighborhood!"

Oh! these children! these children! The restless, eager boys and girls whom we love more than our own lives! Shall we devote our time and strength to that which perisheth, while the rich garden of our child's soul lies neglected, with foul weeds choking out all worthy and beautiful growths? Shall we exalt the incidentals of life to the rank of a purpose, to the shutting out of that work whose results reach beyond the stars?

Fleeting oh! mother, are the days of childhood; and speckless windows, snowy linen, and consciousness that everything about the house is faultlessly bright and clean, will be poor comfort in that day wherein we shall discover that our poor boy's feet have chosen the path that shall take him out of the way to all eternity.—*Harriet M. Morris in Woman's Journal.*

He has Swore.

A stranger who was hanging around the State Fair grounds yesterday morning acted in a manner to attract the attention of a policeman, who proceeded to make some enquiries touching his business.

"It's all right, officer—all right," replied the man as he rested his back against the fence. "My name's White—Jim White, of Isabella County."

"That's satisfactory."

"And I reached here only two hours ago, after walking most of the way. I'm here to take this thing all in."

"Yes."

"Last time I was here to the Fair I only had $12, but a pickpocket got $7 of that. This time I've got $22, and nobody gets a cent. There's $4 in each boot, $6 in my undershirt pocket, and the rest is sort o' scattered around promiscuously in my various pockets."

"Guess you are safe."

"You bet! Last time I was here it cost me my cash to buy fodder. See that bag? Well, I've got four loaves of bread, ten pounds of meat, and thirty-two boiled eggs in there for fodder, saying nothing of pickles and crackers. I don't reckon any restaurant will get ahead of me."

"You are well fixed, indeed."

"There's a man from our county got a big calf here. The three of us are going to sleep together in the stall, and that will save lodgings. I've got my watch tied to my pocket neither dust nor wet can hurt my clothes, and if any one goes for me I've got a lot of pepper to throw in his eyes."

"Well, well."

"I'm going to beat my way in as a preacher," continued the man, "and I'm going to get a seat on the grand stand by claiming that I'm a member of the Legislature. Once in I don't come out till the last hog is shipped for home. I'm going to begin with the Jersey calf and take in everything clear back to the wind-mills, and if you hear Gov. Begole inquiring if Jim White, of old Isabella, has shown up you can assure him that I'm on deck and chuck full of biling hot enthusiasm."

"For Sale."

A Detroiter who advertised a horse for sale last week noted down the objections of all who called to look at the animal and some of them are here given:

"Too large."
"Too small."
"Too old."
"Not old enough."
"Too lively."
"Rather too sleepy."
"Object to the white hind feet."
"Would take her if she had more white feet."
"Don't like her color."
"Color is just right, but she is too fat."
"Weighs too much."
"Don't weigh enough."
"Has a bad eye."
"Eyes all right, but ears too small."
"Yes, handsome ears, but the nose spoils her."
"Legs all stocked up."
"Legs all right, but feet bad."

If Shakspeare had said that no man knew what he wanted in a horse there would be none to dispute it.

Laughovers for Ladies.

Superior court: Sparking a rich girl.

Young ladies should not forget that Goliath died from the effects of a bang on his forehead.

A young lady calls her beau "Honeysuckle," because he is always hanging over the front railings.

"Deceivers Ever!"—Mildred (who is "willin'"): "Harry, they say we're engaged!" Harry (who is thinking it over): "But we know we're not, don't we?"

"Smoking may be a bad habit," he said, as he rode beside a pretty Philadelphia girl, "but that habit of yours is perfectly killing." The marriage took place next day.

"I want to get a pair of driving gloves," said a consequential looking duck, entering a gents furnishing store and addressing a lady attendant. "Buckskin?" asked the polite saleswoman. "Oh, no," replied the impetuous customer. "I want something that will match the color of my skin.' "Oh, you do?" replied the lady, quickly taking down a box from the shelf, "try a pair of these calfskins!" He has never since patronized a store where there are woman attendants.

When A Woman is Lovely.

Woman is just too awfully lovely, exclaims the Bowling Green *Gazette*, in newly-laundried Wamsutta and lawn, when fresh from close communion with toilet soap and crystal, watery bath. She has the ripe-peach fragrance of paradise and the breath of the cape jasmine of the tropical empyrean. When a fellow passes to the windward of a pretty woman who is filling the air with sweetness and purity as she trips gracefully along, he delicately sniffs the air for an hour, as if he had got a snatch of heavenly perfume and was trying to woo another whiff from over the celestial battlements. God bless the women. If there were none on earth bald-headed men and babies would be awfully scarce, and courting would lose more than half its flavor.

Vanderbilt's Great Wealth and How It is Invested.

In his correspondence to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* "Gath" gives the following interesting gossip regarding Vanderbilt's wealth and his relation to the New York Central:—

"Can you tell me," I asked "where Vanderbilt's money, I mean the old man's money, is invested?"

"He has $45,000,000 in Government bonds left. He has $20,000,000 in Lake Shore and New York Central, probably more of it in Lake Shore. He has $10,000,000 in Northwestern stock and bonds. He has stock in the Red Line and other freight companies. He has something in Michigan Central. I estimate his wealth at from $150,000 000 to $200,000,000.

"Here is the report of the Central up to one year ago. It had only 4,500 stockholders in 1880. Two years later it had 7,500. That shows that Vanderbilt had sold his long line of stocks, whatever he may say, and that a larger public had got hold of them. Again, the funded debt of the New York Central ten years ago was only $27,000,000; last year it was $48,000,000. Here you can read in the official report the figures. Again, the fixed charges on the New York Central, by which I mean interest on the bonds, were only $2,000,000 a year, and last year they were $5,500,000, which that road has to earn before anybody can get a dividend on his stock. At the same time, as you can see by following my finger, the net earnings of the New York Central Railroad are not as large by $2,000,000 as they were nine years ago. They were just the same in 1882 that they were in 1872."

Said I, "Why do you turn so particularly to the Central stock?"

"Because it has led all the properties in the United States, certainly in this stock market, for years past. It has been paying 8 per cent. It is the backbone of the New York stock market. It has paid over $7,000,000 a year in dividends in eleven years, making $77,000,000. When it tumbles 30 per cent. it is for reasons which are general to the whole stock list."

"Have Vanderbilt's sons no influence to fight this stock back to where it was?"

"They have lost money trying to stem the tide in the stock market. Every one of Vanderbilt's strong supporters who has stood in the way of this current of liquidation has been hurt badly. Mr. Vanderbilt's oldest son, Cornelius, is a very worthy man. He attends the prayer-meetings in the New York Central depot every Sunday afternoon, and he started that branch of the Christian association which meets there. William K. Vanderbilt, the next son, is the president of the Nickel-Plate road and in the executive board of the Central, but he knows enough to see that the smaller fortunes of himself and his family could be swept away on the bull side of things at present. The fact is that, as great as the increase of our country is in population and production, it has not grown as fast as competition. The increase is being perpetually discounted by new carrying corporations. Next year the entire way business of the New York Central will be divided up by an active young rival."

The Doctors.

The doctors, God bless them, are our very good friends. They are the first who welcome us to this world of mingling tears and sunny smiles, and when we can be of no further use in this life, when we have been served with an imperative summons to quit, a summons so imperative that no one has ever ventured to disobey—there are generally one or more of them at hand to give us a sympathetic send-off, cheerful as the nature of the case admits, into the life beyond. Ill-natured persons sometimes contend that exits from this "vale of tears" are occasionally rendered more expeditious under the assiduous attentions of these gentlemen than there is any very pressing necessity for; but we pay no attention to gossip of that kind. Other wiseacres say that certain pilutes, draughts and potions judiciously administered will suffice to keep a patient for quite a large number of weeks in a state of most interesting invalidism, or still more interesting convalescence, during which period the doctor often "drops in" more as a friendly acquaintance, you know, than a physician, and drops out again a dollar or two the richer. We have never had any experience of this kind, but has, on the contrary, found the doctors to be "jolly good fellows," as a rule. There are black sheep among them though, and into some hands we certainly would not like to fall. Serious bleeding in more senses than one would be to be feared. But what a paying profession it must be to judge by the "style" some of these modern Esculapians keep up.

The Work Young Girls Might Do.

I wish it were in my power to persuade young girls who wonder what they shall do to earn their living, that it is really better to choose some business that is in the line of a woman's natural work. There is a great repugnance at the thought of being a servant, but a girl is no less a servant to the man who owns the shop where she stands all day behind the counter than she is where she waits upon the table or cooks the dinner in a pleasant house; and to my mind there would not be a minute's question between the two ways of going out to service. The wages are better, the home is better, the freedom and liberty are double in one what they are in the other. If, instead of the sham service that is given by ignorant and really over-paid servants to-day, sensible New England girls who are anxious to be taking care of themselves and earning good wages would fit themseles at the cookings schools, or any way they found available, they would not long wait for employment and would be valued immensely by their employers. When one realizes how hard it is to find good women for every kind of work in our houses, and what prices many rich people are more than willing to pay if they can be well suited, it is a wonder more girls are not ready to seize the chances. It is because such work has been almost always so carelessly and badly done, that it has fallen into disrepute, and the doers of it have taken such low rank. Nobody takes the trouble to fit herself properly, but women trust to being taught and finding out their duties after they assume such positions, not before.—*Sara O. Jewett, in Boston Congregationalist.*

Frauds.

It is curious how long a clever fraud will keep going without being found out, and how easily lots of people allow themselves to be gulled. One of this sort, Madame Hazelton, has been doing it beautifully in Toronto for some time past. She was an æsthetic, a teacher of the Decorative Art and much else. She has with her innocent looks and her plausible tongue, managed to diddle the lieges out of six hundred dollars and more. Not only did she cheat poor girls who wanted to be genteel and to shine in the fine arts, but she came over the astute owner of the American Hotel, and left him lamenting over the loss of a good many shekels, the price of her board during the period spent in Toronto. She was innocent beyond all thought, was Madame Hazelton, and no doubt she will turn up elsewhere and *do* others equally brown. Why will people believe the absurd professions of persons about whom they know nothing? This woman is one of the biggest frauds on the continent and yet however often found out she manages always to secure fresh victims. She has any quantity of *aliases* and knows how to do the pious, the literary, and the artistic to perfection. For years she has lived by her wits which have generally guided her into crooked ways. Yet she will continue to get people to believe in her and her spectacles in spite of all warning. So many are such fools.

The great-grandmother of the Comte de Chambord, Henry IV., was a great-aunt of George Sand, and they both inherited some of her traits.

Lord Wolseley on Temperance.

The most successful military commander England can now boast of is Lord Wolesley. There can be no doubt that much of his success is attributable to not only his personal total-abstinence but also to his earnest efforts that all his soldiers shall also abstain.

At a meeting at Wilton Park, a few weeks ago, General Wolesley was presented with an address, and in his reply he made the following significant statements:—

"As you have stated in this address, I have long had the very greatest interest in Temperance, and during the opportunities that have been afforded me, by Her Majesty, to command military expeditions, I have always endeavoured not only by setting an example myself, but also by pressing upon others the great necessity which I felt existed for Temperance amongst those under my immediate command. (Hear, hear). Since the Red River expedition, to which I referred yesterday, I have also been associated with troopers, many of whom were not only temperance men, but Total Abstainers. Recently in South Africa my personal body guard, the men around me who formed the detachment at head quarters, were almost exclusively Temperance men. I never had any trouble with them, no men could possibly behave better; their spirits were good and health equally good, and the cheeriness about them set an example to the whole force with which they were associated. A very curious thing I remember is this. Many years ago, long before this expedition to Egypt, which has recently taken place was thought of, I took up the subject of Egypt as a military study. In doing so, I naturally turned to all the old accounts of wars which had been carried on at the beginning of this century in that country. I refer especially to the expedition of Sir R. Abercrombie. There is a most interesting account written of it by Sir Robert Wilson. A very interesting remark was that he had been associated during his career as a soldier with a great number of armies, and had seen a great number of troops in the fields at various times and in various countries, and that he had never been acting with a body of men or an army that was so well behaved or showed a finer military spirit than the troops that landed with the late Sir R. Abercrombie in Egypt, and remained a considerable length of time there. He said that he attributed their good conduct, health, and magnificent bearing entirely to the fact that there was no liquor issued to the men from the time they landed to the time they left. It is a very significant thing, and I don't think it is generally known; therefore I have great pleasure in referring to it that during the recent campaign in Egypt the remembrance of these words of Sir Robert Wilson made a great impression on me, and although again an again the doctors told me it was very necessary the men should have grog issued to them, and I did, owing to the great pressure put upon me, allow it occasionally to be given to them in small quantities and on very rare occasions, I can conscientiously say that those men rivalled their predecessors in that country by their admirable behaviour. They were subjected to considerable privation as regards food, and had many temptations, especially when they entered a large capital like Cairo, where there were grog shops in numbers in every street, and some streets were almost exclusively composed of them; yet from the first to the last day during the time we were in Egypt I never saw a drunken soldier. There is no one in England that takes a deeper sympathy in the movement which you have inaugurated and which you do so much to further than I do. I associate the movement with the particular profession to which I have the honor of belonging because I have long been one of those who feel and believe that all the great sources of crime and disobedience and evils in the army committed to me had their origin in drink. I firmly believe that if we could only have an army not only bearing Her Majesty's colors, but also your colors, it would be the finest army that ever went into a field to represent this nation. I wish you all every success in this movement. It is a movement that will not only be advantageous to the army, but to the nation at large."

About the only troubles that come single are fussy old maids.

It is confidently asserted by many who claim to have accurate knowledge on the subject and to speak as it were *ex cathedra* that never as any time before this have the Canadian girls looked so pretty as now, pretty as they are at all times, and beautifully dressed as they are very often, and might be more frequently, not by the expenditure of more money, but by the developement of a little more good taste, and a disposition to do fuller justice to the great principle of *simplex munditiis*, which for the benefit of the uninitiated may be made to mean beauty unadorned is adorned the most. Now girls this is not flattery, but the sober *truth. Honest Injun!*

If Chicago people have any sense of humor left, it must surely strike them as somewhat whimsical that after they have shown their distinguished visitors the mysteries of the Stock Yards, and revealed to them all the realistic witchcraft of pig-sticking and cattle-killing, there is really nothing else to be seen. That slaughtering process is the great attraction. Show the Stock-Yards, after that——The Deluge, if need be, or nothing, which is more likely. Chicago people never seem to tire of those pigs of theirs. They revel in recounting exactly how many porkers "cease from troubling" within the minute, and how the boiling and the scraping, and the disembowelling, and the quartering, and all the other etceteras of the process are completely over before the unfortunate grunter has fully recovered from his surprise at the first stroke.

What a lot of care and attention is expended on ministers and their wants and ways! How unmercifully they are criticised! How carefully they are watched, and all that! That is all right. But what the mischief have the congregations to do with the poor wives of these unfortunates? They, at any rate, are not official characters. The ministers married them and them only, and if the husbands are pleased nobody else ought to say a word. But they do, and it is a black burning shame the way in which these poor women are frequently torn to pieces. Do, for pity sake, good Christian people, let them alone. It is better often to be a minister's horse than to be his wife, though the horse is often not over blessed with oats and other provender. There never was a time when there was less gossip going in Toronto. The people are dying for want of material. Why doesn't some wife run away from her husband, or *vice versa?* Come, now, hurry up, or the consequences may be serious.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.—The Hamilton *Tribune* says: The United Methodist Church of Canada, we are proud to believe, is going to be a mighty power in the cause of temperance and prohibition. Not only is every Methodist household to be organized into a teetotal society, but the children are to be trained into working Bands of Hope, and the schools and churches are to be used in the dissemination of temperance literature, science and practical lessons. The church encourages and recommends members who are voters to support the Scott Act as the only form of prohibition on the statute book of the Dominion. It is believed that great good to the cause of ultimate prohibition can be wrought from it. Local option is not accepted by this great body of church-going people as the last best thing that can be done for prohibition. They accept it as an expedient only, and register their declaration of war against the traffic in liquor until all laws protecting and licensing its sale are repealed. They will be satisfied with nothing short of its utter extermination and nothing less than total prohibition from the State. The Church has taken the sort of stand that becomes a great and strong organization on this vital question. May its hands be made valiant for the good work, and may its heart never fail from its high endeavor!

HOME MATTERS.

Mr. John Heath has placed about his new residence a fine and costly fence.

Mr. Jas. Knox, 7th con., has under way a brick dwelling, large and commodious.

Jas. Cook, jr., has leased the Harold hotel. Wesley Sine, the former manager, retires to his farm.

The summer has departed, and Stirling never made an attempt to have a civic holiday or any doings.

Several went from here and vicinity to the Ameliasburg fair, Prince Edward, and report a fine gathering.

Mr. Martin Seeley, sr., is home again, and reports the "Stirling colony" at Saginaw, Mich., well and happy.

Workmen have at last made a start on the burnt bridge, after Stirling has been without it over four months.

The annual meeting and supper of the 49th battalion took place at Hambly's, Belleville, on Friday night last.

Mr. Kendall has returned home after a week's treatment with Mrs. Potter, of Ameliasburg, for a disease of the eye.

Mr. John Wilson has about completed his new brick dwelling, which is certainly one of the finest in the township of Rawdon.

Mr. H. Wannamaker has nearly finished an elegant and cozy brick dwelling for himself, on his place near Chisholm's Rapids.

Messrs Milne, Faulkner and Berry were away hunting for a week, and returned with two deer and improved appetites, having had a fine time.

Stirling, since the fire, has lost some twenty-five or thirty of its inhabitants by removal. There have also been some advents, which are wanted more than exits.

Mr. Philip Conley has moved to his new home, Deseronto, with his family. We miss him as a good citizen, and wish him prosperity. His house has been rented by Mr. Corrigal.

The new officers' regalia of the Oddfellows' lodge has arrived, and is displayed in Mr. Calder's window, presenting a gorgeous appearance. Together with the private members' regalia, the outfit cost $135.

In Stirling there is not at present a laboring man to be had. Every such man is engaged. Consequently every other man has to saw his own wood, curry his own horse, etc. It comes hard on some of them.

Arrangements are being completed for the celebration of the first anniversary of the Beulah M. E. church, Madoc road, on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 4th and 5th. Bishop Carman and other celebrities will be present.

Remember the Oddfellows' concert this (Friday) evening in Bennett's hall. The programme shows a good variety, and some good selections, and the object is a most praiseworthy one, so let there be a huge turnout.

A team belonging to Mr. Wm. Edwards, while ploughing on his place, three miles west of Stirling, on the 11th, got frightened and ran away, dragging the plough after them. One of the horses, in its kicking, got i's hind feet rather seriously cut on the iron, and will be laid up for some time.

The following speaks for itself: "The Tennessee jubilee singers were all they advertised themselves, and more. At the suggestion of their return the audience in the tabernacle was loud in its approval. They are grand singers, and can fill the church at the shortest notice. T. W. McVety, M.A., pastor of M.E. Tabernacle, Belleville."

The "Alleghanians" played to a large crowd at Bennett's hall on Thursday night of last week. The music of the bells, some thought, was not as good as what has been heard here before, yet it was good. The characteristic singing of Mr. Field was the sensation of the evening. Mr. Boulard possesses a fine bass voice, and has few superiors. His age and reverential appearance add effect to his singing. Miss Hiffert and Miss Hanlon won much applause. The performance in effery respect was most chaste and refining, and every one present was satisfied and delighted.

Now that the union of the various Methodist bodies is secured beyond a reasonable doubt, it must be pleasing, to its promoters at least, and should be to all, to see the spirit manifested by the Methodist clergy of this village. They lose no opportunity for cementing their congregations, and bringing their churches into closer fellowship. The next effort of this kind will be a union quarterly service in the Bethel M. E. church, Marmora road, on Sunday next. Sermon at 10 a.m. by Rev. R. Walker, followed by love feast and communion. All the congregations of both churches are invited. The Stirling choir will supply the music.

The report of Glen Ross public school for the month of September, as ascertained by written examinations and reports of daily work, is as follows, the names being arranged in order of merit: Class IV—Willie Grieve, Walter Anderson, Frank Hubel, Hattie Bailey. Sr. III class—Willie Bailey, Minnie Grieve, Harry Anderson, Annie Richardson. Intermediate III class—Maud Anderson and May Anderson(tie), Ida Miller. Jr. III class—George Hammond, Elgin Weaver, Aggie Bailey, George Anderson. Sr. II class—David Benedict, Markie Grieve, Peter McKee. Jr. II class—Freddie White, Blanche Grieve, Emma Miller, Annie Winters. B. F. Black, teacher.

As everything passed off so gratifyingly, it is to be deeply regretted that the malformations of society, combined with the free flow of licensed whiskey, should so often bring up the rear with the scenes that disgraced Harold late into the night of Wednesday of last week, when a number of drunken roughs indulged in a general fight, making a hideous wind-up to the day's proceedings. This can hardly be justly mentioned with the fair, however, as the exhibition is over before dark, and the exhibits removed. It is rather the habitual demonstration of a class that is always conspicuous for such things, and will continue to be so long as the curse of whiskey blights the land.

The entertainment on Tuesday night by the Sons af Temperance was well attended, the commodious Orange hall being filled to the door. The programme was rather lengthy, but good, and the interest never flagged to the very end. Rev. Messrs. Stratton and Leitch were present, and delivered brief addresses. Rev. Mr. Walker was unable to attend owing to a previous engagement to attend a missionary meeting in Huntingdon. The chair was occupied by Rev. Mr. Gray, P.W.P. of the division, who at the close spoke a few words touching on the work. The proceeds amounted to $15.00, which, considering that the admission fee was only 10c., is very satisfactory to the promoters. They promise another at some future time.

The Tennessee jubilee singers, who give a concert on Monday evening next, for the benefit of the M. E. organ fund, are thus spoken of by the Montreal *Star*: "The performance last night of the jubilee singers was not in any way a classicl entertainment. They rendered their jubilee songs in all the national simplicity of plantation life, mingling quaintness and drolleries with serious subjects in a startling though not displeasing manner. When the fact is taken into consideration that they depict the melodies of the untutored life of the slave, the chorus singing was excellent—in fact the troupe excels in this speciality. Miss Pinkie Johnson, the leading soprano, has an exceedingly sweet voice, of wonderful compass, and Mr. William Deitz, the leading tenor, possesses vocal powers which with more training might do credit to the operatic stage. An evening with the jubilee singers will repay the lovers of music, if only for the fantastic quaintness of the melodies."

Mr. H. Stickle is removing from Stirling to take up his abode at Norwood, having been engaged as instructor of both the Norwood and Marmora brass bands.

Mr. R. M. Pennock is now residing with his family at South Woodslee, county of Essex, having secured a permanent situation in a wood-working establishment. He will also run a boarding-house.

Mr. Lyman Wheeler was tolerably successful with his sale on Tuesday, disposing of three lumber wagons, one democrat and one top buggy at fair prices. The sale was adjourned until to-morrow (Saturday), when the remaining articles and the lots will be offered.

The Sunday-school anniversary at Bethel M. E. church on Monday evening last was a decided success. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Stratton and Leitch and others, while music was furnished in abundance. Mrs. Carnovsky presided at the organ. In spite of one or two disappointments on the programme, a most enjoyable time was spent, the best of spirits prevailing. The proceeds amounted to $36, which will place the school on a good footing financially.

On Monday night last a meeting was held in the Collins C. M. church, on the Madoc road, eleven miles from Stirling, the object being to discuss the feasibility of erecting a new church at this place next summer. Rev. R. Walker occupied the chair. Rev. T. Brown, Bible Christian, was present, besides representatives from the three denominations meeting in that neighborhood who will be brought together in the coming union. The M. E. people meeting at the Scotch settlement, 12th con. of Huntingdon, offered to drop their appointment provided the new church would be built on the 10th, one mile north of the present site. This was unanimously agreed to, and the business was advanced rapidly, all seeming agreed as to the necessity of the move and the means to the carrying out thereof. A building committee was appointed, composed of Messrs. C. Tummon, Wm. Tummon, John Tweedy, Erastus Gearry and Wm. Jonhston, from the C. M. church; Francis Reynolds, Robt. Harvey, Walter Martin, John Wood and Hector Wood, from the Bible Christian church; Arthur Cuttle and Samuel McGuire, from the M. E. church at Scotch settlement. Mr. C. Tummon was appointed chairman of the committee, Hector Wood secretary, and Wm. Tummon treasurer. The work of securing material, excavating, etc., will be pushed during the fall and winter, and the building brought to completion next summer. It is proposed to erect an edifice to cost about $3,000, with basement, on the most approved modern plans. The selection of a site was left to the committee, who chose the corner of the 10th line and the Madoc road, Mr. Wm. Tummon giving a half acre of land for the purpose, and he informed the committee if they were not satisfied with receiving the land, he would pay for the deed as well. Messrs. C. Tummon, Hector Wood, Francis Reynolds and Wm. Tummon were appointed to solicit funds, the first two to canvass south, and the latter two to go north.

At last there comes a bear story from Rawdon which is genuine. For some time past numbers of sheep have been missed from farms in the 7th concession, no less than eight being lost inside of two weeks. From various signs understood by the initiated, it was well known that the marauders were bears, and not dogs, some of the carcases being carried away entire into Mark McMurray's swamp. This swamp, though only five or six acres in extent, has been known for years as a place frequented by bears, affording a comparatively safe retreat, owing to the thick jungle, fallen trees, etc. On Friday last Messrs. Jas. and John Tanner, whose sheep run together an James' place, missed one, and they at once organized a hunting party, consisting of the Messrs. Tanner, Heagle, Sine, and others, to the number of twelve or fifteen, and surrounded the swamp with dogs, which were sent in to bring up the game. Soon, from the actions of the dogs, it was apparent there was game there, and it was not long ere James Tanner spied two large, glossy bears, keeping clear of the dogs among the logs and underbrush. They were both frequently seen after this, but an effective shot could not be had for some time. By degrees the circle of hunters, by following up the dogs, closed on the game, until finally a son of Mr. Sylvenus Sine broke the back of the largest one with a shot, which brought it to bay, when it sat up on its fore feet, showing a rough front to the dogs, which by great exertions were now kept away, and bruin despatched with the rifles. The animal had a beautiful glossy coat, and was as "fat as butter," weighing over 200 lbs. Young Sine, who disabled it, was given the hide. The second bear made his escape at a point not guarded, and, after a rest, was followed to an adjoining swamp, on the farm of Wm Haggerty, jr., but the dogs by this time were tired out, darkness was coming on, and this one had to be allowed its freedom for a time yet, though another hunt is proposed at no distant day. Several years ago an old bear and three cubs were shot at one hunt in this same swamp.

TRIED IN TORONTO.

Mr. Mary Thompson, of To onto, reports the removal of eight feet of tape-worm by the use of one bottle of Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. This medicine is reliable for all kinds of worms that afflict children or adults.

Among the list of gifts to Pope Leo XIII the following local ones appear: Rt. Rev. Mgr. Farrelly, $200; M. Mackey, Tyendinaga, $40; John Brennan, Picton, $50; M. Stanton, Westport, $50; John Twomey, Centreville, $50; P. A. Twohey, Kingston, $25; J. T. Hogan, Ernisville, $50; Ed. Walsh, Trenton, $50; M. C. O'Brien, Frankford, $20; Thomas Davis, Ma loc, $100.

Rev. Dr. Clarke, rector of Christ church, Belleville, died at his residence, Hotel street, Tuesday morning. The deceased met with an accident some time ago while walking near his house, through a defective sidewalk, and since then he has been troubled with an injured spine. This, coupled with an attack of heart disease, was no doubt the cause of his death. The rev. gentleman was born in the old country and was twice married since he came to Canada, his first wife being a Miss Elizabeth Fraser, whom he married July 28th, 1859. After her death he married on 6th July, 1869, Miss Mary Walsh, who survives him. He had no children. Dr. Clarke was educated in England, but after coming to this country he received the degree of B.A. at Queen's college, Kingston. He was stationed for some time near Ottawa, but for the past five years has been in charge of Christ church here. The deceased was an energetic and faithful Christian gentleman, and his labors in connection with Christ church have borne wonderful fruit.

A GREAT SOURCE OF EVIL.

Every farmer will admit that one of the most destructive evils to good crops is that of worms or parasites that prey upon vegetable life; other species of worms infest the human system and are productive of much suffering and ill health. Freeman's Worm Powders will effectually rid the system of this trouble, are pleasant to take and contain their own cathartic.

$72 a week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted every where to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time write for particulars to H. Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine.

Jas. Boldrick's Staple Dry Goods and Clothing Store.

—

No establishment in the country possesses better facilities for the attention necessary for a well-kept, first-class Clothing Establishment, his knowledge being acquired practically, and by a long and successful experience. The buying of cloths, of the proper kind and at the proper price, is an advantage few posses, and I challenge any clothier in the county for comparison.

Fall stock for 1883 is now in, and I invite inspection. I have some choice fancy Overcoatings, also the finest and largest stock of Persian Lamb Caps and Muffs—first quality, warranted or money refunded—ever brought here for sale. I invite inspection, as it always gives me pleasure to have customers make comparisons.

JAS. BOLDRICK.

NEW GOODS!

—o—

The undersigned have just received a large lot of

SUGARS & TEAS

Of all grades, and they keep a full line of other FAMILY GROCERIES. Their stock of

WINES, LIQUORS AND PROVISIONS

Is complete. Also, Bakery on the premises. All the above lines of goods will be sold cheap, and special inducements for cash.

All accounts, etc., past due the firm, and all due each member of the firm before the partnership, must be settled by cash or note before the first of November, or they will be placed in other hands for collection.

SEELEY & LAGROW'S

E F PARKER has removed the balance of his stock saved from the fire to the stand formerly occupied by H G Thurber. Any person wanting good bargains will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Fresh Stock of

GROCERIES

Just in and opened.

A Boom in the Harness Trade!

—o—

T. H. McKEE

Has very great pleasure in intimating that he has removed to his very commodious and centrally situated

NEW PREMISES,

On the corner of Front and Mill streets, Stirling, in the very heart of the central part of the town. To one and all who have stood by him through all the years he has been established, and with whom business has been a pleasure as well as a profit, he returns his sincere and hearty thanks, and is determined to do all in his power to serve their interests more fully in the future than in the past. His experience, and ability to do

Good Work at the Lowest Possible Rates,

Will both be placed at their service. The present state of the trade is very favorable to buyers. In fact, the past season's trade has been marked by this all the way through.

Hoping to receive a liberal patronage, I remain, respectfully,

T. H. McKEE.

A Quantity of

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FOR SALE BY

MILNE and CLUTE

SHAW & RALPH

MILL STREET, : : : STIRLING

HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

Crockery & Glassware,

And invite inspection of the same. Prices will stand the test of comparison. Several choice CHINA TEA SETTS of beautiful design. Also, full supplies of

Provisions of all kinds, and Fresh Groceries,

In full stock. BREAD fresh baked every day. Give us a call, and we guarantee satisfaction. Stand—Mill street, Stirling.

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PARKER & BUTLER'S DRUG

Business

Is again in full blast, in that Fancy Block on North St., opposite Jas. Boldrick's store. We have on hand a supply of

Drv and Mixed Paints, Coal Oil, Japan, Varnishes, Lead

—

Books, Stationery and Druggists' Sundries

in great variety. Paris Green of excellent quality.

All accounts that are due must be settled without delay.

A CURE GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES

MAGNETIC MEDICINE.

Positively Cures Night Losses, Spermatorrœa, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and for all Weaknesses of the Generative Organs an Unfailing and Positive Cure. Tones up the debilitated system, arrests all involuntary discharges, removes mental gloom and despondency, and restores wonderful power to the weakened organs. With each order for twelve packages, accompanied with five dollars, we will send our Guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the Cheapest and Best Medicine in the market. Full particulars in Pamphlet, which we mail free to any address. Sold by all Druggists, one package 50 cts; Six for $2.50, or sent by mail on receipt of price, by addressing the MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO., DETROIT, MICH.

THE Great HERBAL Tonic FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH A Blood Purifier AND CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH CURE

Guarantee:—After fair trial, with no relief or cure effected, your money will be refunded. Price, $1.00.

Sold by DRUGGISTS & DEALERS Everywhere.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

ACTS UPON THE BOWELS, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND THE BLOOD.

Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

—

The undersigned has just received a consignment of Canned Fruits and Vegetables from the Bay of Quinte Canning and Evaporating Company, Picton, Ontario. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Quantity of SHEET MUSIC Will be sold for less than one-third of Catalogue Prices.

His shop is constantly supplied with all kinds of

Drugs, Medicines, a full assortment of Diamond Dyes, Druggists' Sundries, Harper's Bazar Patterns and Liver Pads,

All of which will be sold cheap for cash.

G. H. BOULTER M.D.

OH! MY BACK!!

DR. HILL'S ENGLISH BUCHU Is One of the Best

Kidney

INVESTIGATORS IN USE.

Will cure all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Prostatic Portion of the Urinary Organs, Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet, Gonorrhea in all its stages, Mucous Discharges, Congestion of the Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposit, Diabetes, Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, Dropsy of Kidneys, Acid Urine, Bloody Urine, Pain in the Region of the Bladder, PAIN IN THE BACK, Urinary Calculus, Renal Calculus, Renal Colic, Retention of Urine, Frequent Urination, Gravel in all its forms, Inability to Retain the Water, particularly in persons advanced in life. IT IS A KIDNEY INVESTIGATOR that restores the Urine to its natural color, removes the acid and burning, and the effect of the excessive use of intoxicating drink.

PRICE, $1; Six Bottles for $5.

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In order to increase our already large list of yearly subscribers to The Weekly Globe, we make the following liberal and magnificent offer to every reader of this advertisement who wishes to take advantage of it at once.

For $3.50 we will send to any address in Canada or the U. S.,

THE WEEKLY GLOBE

from now to end of December, 1884, and in addition, A HANDSOME NICKEL OPEN-FACED STEM-WINDING WATCH.

The Watch is of convenient size; it is neat in appearance; it is a stem-winder, consequently requires no key; it is dust-proof, and a good time-keeper.

The above price includes postage upon Watch to any address in Canada or the United States. This offer only holds good until January 20th, 1884. We will start shipping watches on October 15th. Remittances should be sent at once, so as to enable us to procure necessary supply and fill orders with as little delay as possible. Address,

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The Foremost Journal in the Dominion.

The Paper for the Farmer.

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—HAVE REMOVED—

Back to their Old Stnad

And NEW BUILDING, where they have more room and larger stock, and are better than ever prepared to supply the wants of their customers. A new consignment of

Coal and Wood Stoves just received,

And we invite comparison of patterns and prices. All the various lines of our usually large stock are again being filled up with new goods, and prompt attention will be paid, as ever, to all orders.

Hardware, Tinware, Coal Oil, Machine Oil,

ETC., A FULL STOCK.

ROOFING & EAVETROUGHING

And Jobbing of all kinds attended to on short notice, at Rock Bottom Prices.

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How to Save Money!

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BY BUYING YOUR

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

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OF COURSE. It is an acknowledged fact that you can get better value for your money there than at any other store in town. Nothing but good fresh Groceries, etc., kept in stock.

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Of the best quality always on hand. FISH of all kinds by the barrel or lb. FLOUR and FEED, Oranges and Lemons, Canned Fruits and Vegetables of all kinds. Give my TEAS a trial. A nice lot of PORK for sale cheap.

O. HEWAT.

GLEN ROSS MILLS

In Full Blast Again!

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Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

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They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

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Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds,

Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 78 NEW OXFORD STREET (late 533 OXFORD STREET), LONDON,

And are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the world.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford street, London, they are spurious.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annun. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1883. Vol. V No. 7.

DR. SPRAGUE
Has removed his office to his residence, the fourth house west of Dr. Faulkner's Drug Store.

J. NICHOLSON MUIR,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, Notary Public, Land Agent, etc. Calgary, N.W.T.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AND SOLICItor, Stirling, Ont.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Alex. J. Robertson, L.D.S.,
Surgeon Dentist,
Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Visits Stirling Professionally Every Thursday, and may be consulted at the Scott House.
Particular attention given to the finer operations in gold, and the restoration of lost organs.

Walter L. Ridout,
ARCHITECT.
Plans, specifications, &c, prepared for all classes of building, and work superintended if required. Address, for July and August, Brunswick House, Colborne.
Head Office: Address W. R. Strickland, or W. L. Ridout, Architects, No. 12 Can. Perm. Buildings, Toronto.

M. W. SINE, V.S.,

Graduate Ontario Veterinary College,
registered member Veterinary Medical Ass'n. Treats all diseases of domesticated animals. Calls by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. OFFICE—"Review" block, Madoc.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.
G.R.C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, over Gilbert's store, on
Thursday Eve., Nov. 15, 1883,
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room, Craige's block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R.S.

W. C. REID,
DEALER IN
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,
—ETC., ETC., ETC.—
CENTREVILLE, - ONTARIO.
The new White Grape—Prentiss—is a pure native seedling of superior quality, and has been thoroughly tested with regard to hardiness. A good stock of vines for sale now for fall planting. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

S. R. HUFFMAN
Piano Tuner,
BELLEVILLE, late of London and Detroit, WILL VISIT STIRLING every six months, in December and June, for the purpose of Tuning Pianos and Organs. Best of references given. All orders left at W. H. CALDER'S JEWELRY EMPORIUM will be attended to. Orders from the country will be attended to at an advance of prices.

Geo. W. Walker,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office next door to Bank of Commerce, directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel. If you want artificial teeth to suit you, or filling that will save the natural teeth, go to Dr. Walker's Dental Rooms, Belleville. Send a note or postal card a week, if possible, before starting, then you can be waited upon as soon as the office is reached. Thanks for liberal patronage in the past, and don't forget where to go in the future.
(Box 122) GEO. W. WALKER, Dentist, Belleville.

Blacksmithing.
R. B. JONES,
Having rebuilt his shop, destroyed during the late fire, is prepared to serve all his old customers, and as many new ones as favor him with a call. Horseshoeing a specialty. General Jobbing promptly attended to. Shop on Front Street (old stand).

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises, 20 ft. ceiling 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

Farm for Sale.
The west half of lot 9, con. 9, Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The land is in a good state of cultivation; good buildings; good cedar fences; well watered, and close to cheese factory. For particulars apply to
HENRY BERRIDGE, Springbrook P. O

W. S. MARTIN & CO.
Are now preparing for an
Immense Trade in Fall and Winter Boots and Shoes.
With Enlarged Premises and Enlarged Stock.
A large lot of TRUNKS of all descriptions for sale cheap.

HARDWARE!

We have a quantity of goods such as Door Bolts, Hinges, Bolts, Pipe Boxes, Axes, etc., that came through the fire, which we wish to sell before moving into new store; we will sell them at prices far below cost.

A full stock of new goods, both shelf and heavy hardware, on hand.

A large quantity of Axes of all kinds, Burrell's Axes 65c.

Call and see us. Our prices are right. H. G. Thurber's old store.

JAS. MILNE & CO.,
THURBER'S OLD STAND.

GREAT CLEARING SALE!

As the lease of the premises now occupied by the undersigned expires on the 20th of November next, and not being able to effect a satisfactory renewal, we have decided to

Clear the Whole Stock out at Cost before Removing to other Premises.

AS THE STOCK AMOUNTS TO

NEARLY $7,000 IN VALUE,

This presents an opportunity seldom to be met with of securing your

Fall & Winter Supplies
—OF—
DRESS GOODS:
Consisting of Cashmeres, All Wool Serges, Cloths, Dress Tweeds, etc
Mantles and Mantle Cloths of all kinds.
Grey Cottons, Winceys, Shirtings, Ducks, etc.
WOOLLEN GOODS:
Large variety Fancy Wool Goods, consisting of **Women's Shawls, Clouds, Children's Wool Jackets, etc.**
And a General stock of Dry Goods.
MILLINERY carried on as usual, and all orders promptly attended to.

The stock consists chiefly of new Dry Goods and new Millinery just to hand, and THE SALE IS GENUINE.

F. J. GILBERT.

Photographs! Photographs!
Frames! Frames!

Special Inducements for ONE MONTH at the Stirling Photo Gallery!

Card Photos only $1 per doz.
Cabinets 2.50 "

The above prices are good ONLY until the 15th of Nov. Parties intending to take advantage of these prices will please call early.

Also, a large number of CHOICE FRAMES and MATS on hand, which will be offered at Reduced Rates.

GEO. H. BOYCE.

HOGS LOST.
Strayed from the premises of Wm. Fanning, Marmora road, six pigs and three hogs, one white, eight black. Information received by WM. FANNING.

SERVANT GIRL WANTED.
Good wages to a good girl. Apply at once to Mrs. Gray, at the manse, Stirling.

FOR SALE.
A good second-hand BUGGY and CUTTER. Apply to JOHN GRAHAM.

TO LET,
A Room suitable for a milliner, or large office, over our store in Craige's block.

FOR SALE.
A good CUTTER and two BUGGIES, for either cash or satisfactory note.

Chas. Craige & Bro'

Texas Lands
FOR SALE!
WESCOTT & POTTER,
Agents for Canada
A GRAND CHANCE now for investing in the rich alluvial lands of Western and Northern Texas. Can patent lands direct to purchaser from the State of Texas, in any quantity ranging from 640 to 75,000 acres, on easy terms and low prices, with railway facilities. These are all carefully selected lands and are doubling in value annually. Soil of the very best quality for agricultural pursuits, and climate all that can be desired. Title perfect. NOW IS THE TIME TO INVEST. For further particulars address
M. W. WESCOTT, Stirling, Ont.

New Enterprise.
The undersigned, having purchased the property on the Ridge Road, known as
Seeley's Mills,
And having rebuilt and put all the machinery in first-class order, he will be prepared in a few days to
Crack all kinds of Grain,
Also CORN MEAL GROUND.
Having a competent man engaged to take charge of the Mill, all work entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed.
M. SEELEY, JR.

STIRLING TIN SHOP!
H. & J. Warren's,
Craige's Block, Manufacturers of Cheese Vats, Milk Cans, Sap Pans, Sap Buckets, Spoils and every article in the tin line of business.
Also dealers in Stoves, Tinware, Fancy Goods, Coal Oil, Machine Oil and Cheese Factory Furnishings.
Eave Troughing, Roofing, Steam Fitting and all sort of outside work promptly attended to and done in best workmanlike manner.
H. & J. WARREN.

Still in the Market!
200,000 BUSHELS GRAIN WANTED!
Delivered at my Elevator in Stirling. I am prepared to pay
WITHIN TWO CENTS OF BELLEVILLE
or Trenton Markets on Barley and three cents on Wheat and Rye. Clean your Grain well and give me a call and I will endeavor to satisfy you.
Stirling Oct. 11th 1883, A. CHARD.

FOR THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER and Urinary Organs
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.
There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver, and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.
For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.
For sale by all dealers.
H. H. WARNER & CO., Toronto, Ont.; Rochester, N.Y.; London, Eng.

F. Deacon, son of H. Deacon, of Healy's Falls, while threshing on the farm of J. Burns, a few miles from Campbellford, was oiling some part of a threshing machine, and his neckerchief got caught in the shaft of the machine, which nearly choked him. The helpers in attendance saw the accident, and immediately stopped the machine and rescued him from his perilous situation.

James Brayley, Hamilton, says: "I read the testimonials for McGregor's Speedy Cure and found that I had not to go to New York, Philadelphia, Louisiana or Texas to find living witnesses of its value; we had plenty of persons right here to prove its merits. I got a bottle and it helped me right away. I was as bad with Billious Fever and Indigestion as I think any one could be. I have taken three bottles and am nearly well and can eat any kind of food without it hurting me. I may say that I am better than I ever expected to be." Free trial bottles at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Vennor predicts more warm weather yet for 1883.

A CURE FOR CUTS, SORES, ETC.
The Finest healing compound under the sun is McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. There is no sore but will succomb to its wonderful healing properties. It is an invaluable dressing for scalds, festers, etc. Price twenty-five cents at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, has sailed for Rome, taking with him over eight thousand dollars subscribed in the diocese for Peter's pence. Mgr. Farrelly acts as administrator of the diocese during the absence of the bishop.

THE QUICKEST THING ON RECORD
Is Kram's Fluid Lightning for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, etc. It does not blister or discolor the skin, requires but one application to banish all pain magically without using any greasy liniment or carrying your head in a poultice for weeks. Try a twenty-five cent bottle from PARKER & BUTLER, Druggists.

B. N. Davis is the new headmaster of the Trenton high school.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.
This is beyond question the most successful cough medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of cough, croup and bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no medicine can stand. If you have a cough we certainly ask you to try it. Price, 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest or back lame, use Shiloh's porous plaster. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

The saved army is not meeting with the same cordial co-operation from the ministers of Picton that they received elsewhere. In some instances they receive open hostility.

ANSWER THIS QUESTION:
Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, coming up of the food, yellow skin, when for 75c. we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them? G.H. BOULTER, sole agent.

The record of McCabe, who was shot by constable Rankin at Port Hope, is interesting, but unenviable. He broke out of prison three times, received 2 lashes with the cat-o'-nine-tails, and while only 30 years of age was sentenced to 32 years of imprisonment, but did not serve that length of time. He began his career as burglar at 13 years of age.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price, 50c. G. H. BOULTER, sole agent.

The other day in Hastings a citizen observed a pig sucking a cow. The cow seemed to be quite at ease with her strange milker, and it was evidently not the first time that Mr Porker helped himself in that manner.

A REMARKABLE RESULT.
W. A. Edgars, of Frankville, was a terrible sufferer from Chronic Kidney and Liver Complaint, and at one time was so bad that his life was despaired of. He was cured by four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, new governor-general of Canada, was sworn in at Quebec on Wednesday. He landed about ten o'clock, and drove direct to the departmental buildings, escorted by a military staff.

TRIED IN TORONTO.
Mrs. Mary Thompson, of Toronto, reports the removal of eight feet of tape-worm by the use of one bottle of Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. This medicine is reliable for all kinds of worms that afflict children or adults.

Rev. W. K. Burr, of Ameliasburg, gave in no less than 75 entries to the secretary of the P. E. county agricultural society. His exhibit embraced everything, from swine to the fine arts, and both inclusive.

The colors of the Triangle Dyes are so beautiful, and their use so simple, they lead the dye market of the country. 10c

Stirling Markets.

Corrected up to Oct. 25.

Wheat, per bushel	$0 95	to	$1 00
Barley, "	0 55	to	0 60
Rye, "	0 53	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 33	to	0 00
Peas, "	0 65	to	0 67
Potatoes, per bag	0 60	to	0 70
Butter, per lb.	0 00	to	0 20
Eggs, per doz.	0 17	to	0 00

Belleville Markets.

Corrected up to Oct. 25.

Wheat, per bushel	$1 00	to	$1 10
Barley, "	0 65	to	0 00
Rye, "	0 56	to	0 00
Oats, "	0 35	to	0 40
Peas, "	0 70	to	0 75
Potatoes, per bag	0 65	to	0 75
Butter, per lb.	0 26	to	0 28
Eggs, per doz.	0 17	to	0 22
Flour, per bbl	4 75	to	5 00
Hides, per cwt.	5 00	to	7 00
Wool, per lb.	0 18	to	0 20

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Last Thursday morning William Warren, son of Thomas Warren, of this place, met with rather a severe and painful accident. He had been employed as teamster on the O. & Q. railway, and had been working at the new bridge at Callahan's Rapids. Not being engaged with his team on the morning in question, he assisted in removing the tres'lework used in constructing the bridge, and while doing so, by some misunderstanding, a piece of timber accidentally came in contact with his leg, crushing it badly from the knee downwards. Though for a time much swollen and inflamed, we are glad to say the injured limb is improving, and with proper treatment will be all right in a few weeks.

We regret very much having to record the sudden death of Mr. David Fitchett, of this place. The gentleman, as is well known, has had very poor health for many years back. His having lived so long in a condition seemingly bordering on the grave led to the belief, in himself and others, that there were many years of life in store for him yet, and his sudden death on Friday last was almost as great a surprise as would have been the death of some healthier person. He was buried by the Freemasons, of which society he was a prominent member. Deceased was 53 years of age.

The Marmora band is trying to raise funds, and are adopting a very effectual way of doing so. Choosing a young lady from among the fair damsels of Marmora, and another from among those of Stirling, they offer a gold ring to the one who is successful in collecting more money than her rival. The young lady representing Stirling is Miss Jane Conley, and the one representing Marmora, Miss Ida Pringle. The matter will be decided at the concert to be given by the band sometime next month.

Liquor Advertisements in Temperance Newspapers.

The *Canada Citizen*, published in Toronto, says: "It is not my business," says the editor when some mysterious voice commands him to write the truth. "Here are six hundred dollars' worth of advertisements of the liquor trade in my paper, and I must not oppose the traffic," and so the ceaseless influence of the press is often on the wrong side.

To which the Hamilton *Tribune* replies: There are exceptions to our esteemed Toronto contemporary's rule which bear hardly against it. Take ourselves, as an illustration. We do not like to see liquor advertisements in our columns, but we deliberately decided not to prohibit such advertisements while the traffic was a legalized one. An advertisement was published, but no relaxation of temperance zeal on our part was manifested. It was soon withdrawn, for our constituency was not such as to warrant its continuance as a paying investment. A liquor-selling grocer advertised liquors in our columns for a while, under power of a general contract, yet we steadily pursued our opposition to liquor-selling groceries, and advocated with renewed zeal their prohibition. The objectionable advertisement was withdrawn in time, and another substituted for it, offering legitimate groceries. There are many daily newspapers published in this province which give fair support to the temperance movement, and yet receive liquor advertisements. An influence which really exercises a greater power over newspapers in this matter than the mercenary consideration of advertising, patronage, is, as every thoughtful and observant journalist knows, that of party ties. About the time of the Ontario general elections the *Globe*, for example, as well as other Reform papers, became quite apathetic on the temperance question, and there are those mean enough to insinuate that they manifested thereby a lurking desire to assist those who hoped through the administration of the Crooks act to capture the liquor-selling vote. There are cases, however, wherein our contemporary's charge would be well applied—such an one, for instance, as the Hamilton *Evening Times*, which, Judas-like, accepted a bribe of forty pieces of silver to advocate "the liquor traffic," but did not have grace enough afterward to go and hang itself.

CAUTION.
We advise all who are afflicted with a cough or cold to beware of opiates and all medicines that smother and check a cough suddenly, as serious results surely follow. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam loosens and breaks up coughs and colds in a safe and effectual manner.

Boulter & Dunning, Picton, have received from Rochester an order for $12,000 worth of canned plums.

DO NOT BE DUPED.
A recently advertised and highly puffed remedy for deafness has lately been exposed as an unmitigated fraud. Not so with Hagyard's Yellow Oil; none name it but to praise. John Clark, of Millbridge, testifies that it cured him of deafness.

Experts robbed the express office in Port Hope of $10,000 on Wednesday (17th).

Dear Sirs,—For over twenty years I have suffered greatly from Nasal Catarrh; sometimes being unable to smell or taste properly. The disease caused a severe pain over the eyes, and frequently stopped my writing on account of dizziness. The phlegm in my throat gave me much annoyance, especially in company, balls of which would occasionally fall down into my throat, and I could seldom breathe through my nose. I have taken quarts of various medicines without any apparent benefit, until I was induced, by your agent of 69 Muter street, to try your Fountain of Health. After using five bottles I am prepared to give it as my honest opinion that for the cure of Catarrh it is a grand success. I have recommended it to many of my friends, one of whom encloses his testimonial with mine.
Wishing you deserved success,
I am gratefully yours,
JOSEPH BROWN,
Bookkeeper, 25 Sherborne street, Toronto.

Messrs. Churchill & Co.,—Your Fountain of Health has completely cured me of Dyspepsia, which has troubled me for nearly two years.
J. CLARK,
17 Stafford street, Toronto.

Address W. H. Burk, Publisher, Detroit, Michigan, for a sample copy of his very excellent family paper, the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser and Michigan Home Journal*, and you will not be disappointed. The copy now before us fully sustains the growing reputation of this old established weekly, and has more attractions as a general family journal than any paper that visits our sanctum. The first page is brimful of merry anecdotes and bits of information; the second page has a generous instalment of a short and very interesting serial story; while page 3 is devoted to the interests of the ladies and their gentlemen friends, who visit the sitting room to give information on and discuss subjects connected with home life. Pages 4 and 5 give editorials and news of the week. The former are spicily independent, the latter very full and complete. On page 6 the young people and the older members of the family circle find much to interest them, while the general market on page 7 must be invaluable to producer and buyer. Page 8 is especially the farmers' page, and besides interesting letters from subscribers on farm topics, contains many useful hints on agricultural affairs. To many, the liberal quantity of poetry, both original and selected, that appear in the pages of the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser*, is quite an attraction. Indeed, we believe all will find much to commend in this worthy journal, a sample of which will be cheerfully forwarded by the publisher.

THE FATHER OF FISH CULTURE.

Seth Green's Ideas about the Finny Tribe and some of His Varied Experiments.

(*Turf, Field and Farm.*)

"How did you ever come to devise this scheme?"

"I have been working at it ever since I was large enough to bend a pin."

The above remark was addressed to Mr. Seth Green, the veteran fish culturist, who is known to the entire world, and his reply indicates the extent of his labors.

"When I was quite young," he continued, "I would lie on the limbs of trees that reached out over the water entire afternoons watching the movements of the fish and studying their habits. In this way I discovered many characteristics which were before unknown. I saw, as every observer might see, the destructive elements that are warring against fish, and I realized that unless something were done the life in the streams of this country would become extinct. To counteract this disastrous end became my life work, and I am happy to say I have seen its accomplishment."

"Were you successful on the start?"

"No, indeed. Up to that time all artificial attempts to hatch and raise fish from the spawn had failed, and I was compelled to experiment in an entirely new manner. The work was a careful and tedious one, but I finally succeeded, and to-day I am able to hatch and raise fully seventy-five per cent of all spawn."

"Enormous! Why, that is a larger percentage than either the vegetable or animal kingdom produces in a natural condition."

"I know it, but we exercise the greatest care in the start, and guard the little fellows until they become able to care for themselves."

The foregoing conversation occurred at Caledonia, where the representative of this paper was paying a visit to the state fish hatcheries. It has been his privilege to report very many interesting sights within the past twenty-five years, but the view presented here exceeds in interest anything ever before attempted.

"How many fish are there in those ponds, Mr. Green?"

"As we have never attempted to count them it will be impossible to say. They extend way up into millions, though. We shipped over three millions out of the ponds this year and there seemed to be as many afterward as before. We have nearly every variety of the trout and many hybrids."

"You speak of hybrids, Mr. Green. What do you mean by that?"

"I have experimented for years in crossing the breed of the various fish and am still working upon it. We cross the female salmon trout with the male brook trout, and thus produce a hybrid. Then we cross the hybrid with the brook trout, which gives us three-quarter brook trout and one-quarter salmon trout. This makes one of the finest fishes in the world. He has all the habits of the brook trout, lives in both streams and lakes, develops vermillion spots on his sides, rises readily to a fly, is far more vigorous and fully one-third larger than ordinary brook trout of the same age. The possibilities of development in the fish world are great, and we are rapidly ascertaining what they are."

As the news man watched the countenance of Mr. Green while he was giving the above account, he could not but feel that he was in the presence of one of the few investigators who, from a rich and life-long experience, bring great benefit to the world. Let the reader imagine a strong and stalwart frame, surmounted by a head strongly resembling that of Socrates and covered with a white, silky beard and luxuriant gray hair. Seth Green, the father of fish culture, is a picture of health, and the reporter could not help remarking so.

"If you had seen me the last winter and spring, young man, you might have thought differently," said the veteran.

"How is that? One would think, to look at you, that sickness was something of which you knew nothing."

"And so it was until last winter. I went down into Florida in the fall to see what kind of fish they had in that state and study their habits, and was attacked with malaria in its severest form, and when I came home I realized for the first time in my life that I was sick. My symptoms were terrible. I had dull, aching pains in my head, limbs, and around my back. My appetite was wholly gone, and I felt a lack of energy such as I had often heard describe but had never experienced. Any one who has ever had a severe attack of malaria can appreciate my condition. I went to bed and remained there all the spring, and if there ever was a sick man I was the one."

"It seems hardly possible. How did you come to recover so completely?"

"My brother, who had been afflicted by a severe kidney trouble, and threatened with Bright's disease, was completely cured by a remedy in which I had great confidence. I therefore tried the same remedy for my malaria, and am happy to say I am a well man to-day, and through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be one of the most valuable of medicines. Indeed, I see it is endorsed by the United States medical college of New York, and that Dr. Gunn, dean of that institution, has written a long article concerning its value."

"And are you now as well as formerly?"

"Apparently so. I keep the remedy on hand all the while, though, and do not hesitate to recommend it to others."

"One question more. How many ponds of fish have you here, and how are they divided?"

"Well, we have 43 ponds, which are divided up as follows: 22 ponds of brook trout, 2 ponds of salmon trout, 4 of McCloud river or rainbow trout, 2 ponds German trout, 3 of California mountain trout, 2 ponds of hybrids, 4 of one quarter salmon and three-quarter brook trout, 2 ponds of gold fish, and 1 pond of carp. Then we have what we call the centennial pond, or 'happy family,' consisting of crosses of different fish, including Kennebec salmon, Land Locked salmon, California salmon, brook trout, salmon trout and hybrids. These fish range in size from minnows to 18-pounders, and in age from one-and-one-half months to eleven years. I forgot to say, also, that we have a 'hospital' pond, which is entirely empty, which speaks pretty well for a community of many millions. Indeed, the whole secret of fish culture can be summed up in four things. Impregnation—using no water. Plenty of food. Plenty of pure water and cleanliness."

The numerous fish exhibitions which are taking place in all parts of Europe, and the unusual interest which is being manifested in this subject throughout the world, all owe their origin to the process above described as originated and conducted by Seth Green. It is certainly cause for congratulation to every American that this country produces so many men whose genius brings value to the world, and it is proof positive of the greatest merit that a remedy even with the high standing Warner's Safe Cure is known to have should be so strongly endorsed and recommended by one so reputable and reliable as Seth Green.

A COMMON ANNOYANCE.
Many people suffer from distressing attacks of sick headache, nausea, and other bilious troubles, who might easily be cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. It cured Lottie Howard, of Buffalo, N. Y., of this complaint, and she praises it highly.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

Ned's Suggestion

BY LOUISE R. SMITH.

"Where did you buy her, Mamma?"
Asked three-year-old Ned of me,
As he leaned o'er the dainty cradle
His "new little sister" to see.

"An angel brought her, darling,"
I answered, and he smiled,
Then softly bent his curly head,
And kissed the sleeping child.

But a sudden change came over him,
And he said, "If I'd been you,
While I was about it, Mamma,
I'd have caught the angell, too!"
—*St. Nicholas.*

Fun That May Kill.

We want all the boys who are in the habit of smoking cigarettes, or who are beginning to learn how to smoke them, to pay attention while we tell them of a sad event that recently took place in one of our Eastern cities.

Among the number of bright boys who had set out to become business men was a lad fifteen years of age, employed in a lawyer's office. During his leisure hours and on Sundays he was in the habit of smoking cigarettes, the smoke of which he inhaled. From this he passed to chewing tobacco, and it is said that when he was not smoking a cigarette he always had tobacco in his mouth, and occasionally combined the two. His parents endeavoured to break him off the habit, but all they could say and do had no effect. His health soon began to fail rapidly, and his family, who were not aware that tobacco would have such injurious effects, fancied that his weakness was caused by the close confinement which he had to undergo at his place of business.

He soon became so ill that he could not sleep at night, and his appetite began to fail. His countenance was very sallow, and he had severe headaches. Fnally his mother took him to see a physician, who, on examining him, thought that he was suffering from the want of the right kind of food, and prescribed tonics and things that are nourishing and strengthening.

But instead of improving in health the poor lad constantly grew worse, and was soon confined to his bed. The doctor then learned that the boy had been addicted to the excessive use of tobacco in every form, and he came to the conclusion that his patient was suffering from nicotine poisoning. Nothing that could be done had any effect in restoring the suffering boy. He lingered for about a week, when congestion of the lungs set in, and the heart began to fail in its functions. This was the beginning of the end. Within twenty-four hours he was dead, killed by the foolish habit he had formed of smoking cigarettes and chewing tobacco.

It would seem that such a story as this would be all the warning a boy could ever want against cigarette smoking. But while we are on the subject we want to tell our boy readers something more about the foolish habit, and what makes it so dangerous and destrucnive to those who practice it.

A gentleman who writes a good deal for *Young Peopl* on making inquiries of one of the largest manufacturers of cigarettes in New York, was informed that the annual average of cigarettes consumed in this country amounts to not less than a thousand millions.

Now perhaps this statement in itself is not so very wonderful, when we think of the number of people in this country of ours; but take it in connection with the fact that the consumption of tobacco and cigars has not decreased in that time, and one naturally asks how it is that such an increase can be had in one form of smokers' articles without a falling off in the other forms of the material.

A gentleman who has two large retail tobacco stores, on being asked the reason of this increased demand, said that so far as his experience could be relied upon it was due mainly to the fact that they were consumed largely by boys who took their lessons in smoking by the use of these miniature cigars.

Now let us see if we can not find out a few facts about the materials that go to make up these cigarettes which are so universally used:—

Of course the cigarette is made of tobacco rolled in what is called rice-paper; that every one thinks he knows. Each manufacturer of cigarettes says that his particular house uses none but the best Turkish, Virginia, or Havana tobacco; but that other manufacturers are perhaps dishonest enough to use cheap Maryland or Western leaves, while they also put in all kinds of material, such as old cigar stubs, and odds and ends of all kinds.

It is quite impossible to say that such material is used; but there is a very odd kind of a fact to be taken into consideration, which may have some connection with the charges some people make against cigarette manufacturing.

Five years ago there were but few cigarettes made in this country, and at that time the ends of cigars which were thrown into the street were considered worthless, unless it was to some of the newsboys and boot-blacks who were willing to put a great deal of dirt in their mouths for the sake of a smoke. Three years ago the demand for American-made cigarettes began to increase, and then the ends of cigars that had been thrown away had such a value that the Italian immigrants in New York began to gather them from the street, and to-day there are on Crosby and Mott streets alone, as has been found from personal inquiry, over a hundred men who make a living by gathering this refuse tobacco. That number may be found on two streets, and it is certainly safe to say that others are in the same business.

It is not just a trifle odd that as the demand for cigarettes increased, so did that for cigar stubs? A member of a large cigarette manufacturing company said to the writer:—"You have heard of the new alkaloid from tobacco which a French chemist has just discovered? Well, our chemist was on the point of making that discovery just as it was announced to the world, and I assure you it is one of the most powerful of poisons, being very similar to sulphuric acid."

Every boy knows that rice paper wouldn't hurt a fly in case he should smoke it; therefore when he buys cigarettes he is always careful to get those which are wrapped in that kind of paper, or at least those which it is said have rice-paper around them. Now let any boy go to a paper manufacturer and ask him the simple question as to whether he or any one else could make paper from rice, and the answer will be that rice has no fibre, consequently paper could not be made from it. The so-called rice-paper is made from rice straw, and it is easy to imagine just how much rice there is in it. The cigarette papers are neither more nor less than a kind of tissue-paper of different degrees of fineness; and that statement came from the same manufacturer who told about the poison.

It is well known that tobacco acts to a certain extent upon the brain as liquor does. Not long ago a gentleman who was anxious to know how this stimulant or narcotic—since it acts on different natures in both ways—might affect the brain of a growing boy, asked one of the leading physcians in New York what his opinion was in regard to the matter. This is what the physician replied:—

"I can tell you what you want to know, or I can tell you how to find out, without any of the big words you are afraid of. Smoke one cigarette, then put a clean cambric handkerchief to your mouth, and breathe through it two or three minutes. You will find a yellow deposit, which went into your lungs, and if you have any common-sense you can tell yourself whether it is likely to be injurious." Had this physician known of the story with which this article begins, he could have said to what extent it might be injurious.

"Tobacco does not often kill people, for we know lots of old men who have always used it, and they are as lively as crickets," some bright boy may urge. But if he will study into the matter a little further he will probably find out that these men either did not use tobacco when they were growing boys, but only when they became men, with their minds and body developed and hardened to endurance, or that they had strong constitutions, such as we seldom find among our city lads of to-day.—*Harper's Young People.*

"A Lion in the Way."

When we see evil going on multiplying under our eyes what excuse do men make? —"Oh, there is a lion in the way." Cities are ill governed; thieves and burglars abound; there are not only criminals, but known, recognized, and catalogued classes of criminals that prey upon society. Everywhere, more and more our streets, often so physically dirty and dangerous, are infected also by such a moral leprosy of vice and prostitution that competent witnesses declare no streets in Europe to be so flagrantly and unblushingly vile. Drunkenness within a stone's throw of us is daily dragging down men and women into an abyssmal degradation; the results of that drunkenness are pauperism and criminality, which cost the country hundreds and thousands of pounds, and, what is far worse, cost the very life blood of its sons and daughters. Yet temptations to drunkenness are everywhere shamefully, needlessly, and intolerably multiplied, and souls are falling every day by hundreds of thousands into the licensed and glaring traps set for them, from sun dawn till midnight, to the utter ruin of their souls. Do you mean to tell me that all this is as ought to be, that there is no peril in it, that it is not sapping the manhood, and poisoning the womanhood, and blighting the childhood, which is the true source of national strength? To say that this state of things this vile and glaring drunkenness, this viler and yet more perilous uncleanness in English cities, are necessary things seems to me a hideous blasphemy. Why then are they suffered to grow and multiply till the pit swallows them, as assuredly it will? Why will not England grapple with the vices which are eating out the heart of her lowest classes and affecting so many thousands of her sons and daughters? Oh, there is a lion in the way!—there are rich monopolies, there are vested interests, there are millions of capital; there are wealthy people who own these houses which pour forth into the disgusted midnight their foul stream of blaspheming sots to reel home and beat and kick their wives and children, while wealthy landlords draw their rents from the rotting houses where the poor are huddled together like swine.

The slothful man is but an epitome of the slothful nation. He is ingenious in excuses. First, he has the excuse of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper? Is it my business to interfere?" or he becomes metaphysical, and pleads, "It is human nature; if you suppress evil in this direction it will break out and be worse in another." Or he takes a large, statesmanlike view, and says, "Liberty is better than sobriety, and national sottishness is to be preferred to national restraint." Or he becomes pious, and he quotes Scripture to prove that for the slave trade there is Divine authority, and that gin and rum are "good creatures of God." Oh yes, there is a lion in the way! But the worst lion is the dead lumpish, lion carcase of our sluggish acquiescence, and our immoral half-heartedness.

Every curse the world has ever known— gladiatorial fights, and Inquisition, duelling, the slave-trade, bear-baiting, the abominable state of prisons, the cruel oppression in factories, bribery and corruption, all sorts of connived-at immoralities have been defended by such miserable sophisms as these, and to clench it the devil invariably quotes Scripture for his purpose, and in sacred phrase and saintly posture he gives to God the honor of this monstrous progeny. Happily, every now and then, God-inspired, good, brave, unsophisticated men have torn their way through these thorny hedges of indulgence, greed, and opposition, and dragged into the light even the worst monsters which frequent the dark thickets of self-interest and crime; have faced the wild beast of demoralized public opinion in spite of its erect mane and flaming eyes. Yes, happily the world has produced such men among its purblind and effeminate generations, or it had perished long ago of its own corruption; for in the long run and in the highest sens esuch men always succeed; the "Lion of the tribe of Judah" is with them, and neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil can stay His hand. Indeed, these lions, the world, the flesh, and the devil, for all their seeming strength and ferocity and the passion in their throats, prove but cowardly beasts after all, and though Timorous and Mistrust may not find it out, they are but chained lions, and we stand beyond their spring. "Is thy strength so small?" crices the porter to Christian. "Fear not the lions, for they are chained. Keep in the midst of the path, and no harm shall come to thee." But the slothful man not only says, "There is a lion in the way," but adds, "I shall be slain in the streets," and then, in a reproachful and injured tone: "You well know that many have been so slain." Yes, it is quite true: they have been so slain; but to them, as to their Lord, through death and after death, if not in life, hath come the glory and the victory. Slain they have been, but no harm has come to them, for they have trusted in the Lord, in Whose Name they have fought.—*By the Rev. Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.*

The Interior of the Earth.

That the interior of the earth is the seat of intense heat is a familiar truth. Volcanic phenomena give us ocular demonstration of it. Mining exp:riences, moreover, have furnished us with an almost uniform rate at which the heat increases, and is generally computed to be about 1 degree Fahrenheit for every 55 feet of descent. But mining experiences are necessarily very limited. The deepest mine in England, that of the Rosebridge Colliery near Wigan, takes us down only 2442 feet and to a temperature not much exceeding 90 degrees Fahrenheit. It is hot enough to make the work exceedingly trying to the miners but that is all. This, however, is (so to speak) scarcely traversing the earth's epidermis. But if we may assume a uniform heat in descending, the temperature at a depth of fifty miles may be expressed in figures at 4,800 degrees Fahrenheit. In other words, at less than an eighth of the distance which lies between the circumference of the earth and its centre, the heat would be about 22 times the heat of boiling water at the sea level. Proportionate figures might, of course, express the heat at greater depths still, but figures fail to convey any idea to the mind of that which must necessarily transcend all imaginations. Suffice it to say, that in a descending series we must eventually come to a heat so great that no substance with which we are acquainted could, under any conditions which we can imagine, exist in it in either solid or fluid form. And we conclude, therefore, that if the earth's centre be itself in a gaseous condition (and there is reason to think that it may not be so) there must be a gaseous zone somewhat between a solid centre and a solid circumference.

Boston ladies are said to have invented the pleasant device of stuffed poodle dogs to carry with them in their carriages. As a differently colored pup is required for each different costume, it may easily be imagined how much foresight and intelligence is required to produce these wonders. There is nothing like culture, after all. TRUTH feels like "going in personally" for a little of that sort of thing when it sees what good effects it produces.

The Salvation Army has fallen on evil days in Switzerland. Miss Booth, daughter of "the General" has been twice arrested and put in prison for disobeying orders of government forbidding Salvationist meetings. The Swiss authorities have not progressed very far in their notions of religious toleration. In fact, they are very far behind the age.

Some Notable Dates.

Friday was a red letter day in the history of days, for it was on the 12th of October that Christopher Columbus landed on Watting's Island, one of the Bahamas, in the year with which every school boy is familiar, and which needs no mention here or now except to say that in nine years more it will be four hundred years since that event took place. It need scarcely be added that though Columbus was the first to proclaim to the world at large the existence of a new and vast region in the direction of the setting sun, he cannot be said to have been the first European discoverer of America. The ancient Scandinavians or Norsemen had at the commencement of the 11th century not only settled colonies in Greenland but explored the whole east coast of America as far South as lat. 41° 30′ N, and there, in New Bradford in the State of Massachussetts they planted a colony. There is also satisfactory evidence for believing that in the 12th century the celebrated Welch Prince, Madoc, having sailed from his native country with a small fleet, landed and founded a colony on the coast of Virginia. Still all this does not take away from Columbus the great distinguishing and unique merit of having philosophically reasoned out the existence of a New World, and by practically ascertaining the truth of his propositions of inaugurating that connection between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres which has effected so remarkable a revolution in the world's history. All honor to Columbus and the 12th of October.

But if Friday was remarkable for some occurences, some births and some deaths, Saturday is not unnoticeable in the same way though it has no discovery of America to show. There is quite a nice catalogue of births, but space refuses to permit reference to any but that of Sophia, the old Electress of Hanover, who, by giving England a King in the person of George the First laid, it is to be presumed, that country under great and lasting obligations. There is no use in trying to clear up the genealogy of the old lady, and thus to show how she or her son duly heired the British throne. Every school girl can do that. Curious to think, however, that she was born as far back as 1630, before the troubles of Charles I. her stately, but sadly unreliable relative, had begun, and before he was very far on the journey which sent him to his grave without the head.

And what about the deaths? Oh, there were quite a number. Beza the reformer dropped off in 1605. Harrison, so well known in the English Parliamentary wars, was executed in 1660. Poor Murat, the brother-in-law of Bonaparte, got himself shot in 1815, and Mrs. E. Fry passed on to the majority in 1845. Ah, perhaps that last mentioned person was the most remarkable of them all. Mrs. Fry, has made her name a household word to the world over, and has done so without it having to be said that while she attended to the wants and miseries of the world she neglected her own family. As a wife and mother she was most sedulous in attending to all domestic duties, so that when the ear heard her, it blessed her in the house as well as out of it. Good for them if the same could be said of all fussing philanthropic females so called who have a mission to put themselves forward as intense "workers" in any good cause but who rear a most unkempt collection of neglected brats, and make their husbands standing reminders of the "little Pa," whom Dickens has sketched so graphically and who painfully felt what an awful affliction a woman with a mission may occasionally become. Those who want to rival Mrs. Fry had better take the private domestic side of that lady's conduct as well as the more public as the object of their meditation and the model for their copying. If they do and think, there are some whom TRUTH knows and whose hearts may well ache and whose consciences ought to give many an ugly twinge.

King Alcohol.

The following extract is from the evidence given by Sir William Gull, M. D., F. R. S., before the Select Committee of the House of Peers on intemperance. He said:—

"I think that instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when they are exhausted, they might very well drink water, or that they might very well take food, and would be very much better without alcohol. If I am fatigued with overwork, personally, my food is very simple. I eat the raisins instead of drinking the wine. I have had a very large experience in that practice for thirty years. This is my own personal experience, and I believe it is a very good and true experience.

"I should join issue at once with those who believe that intellectual work can not be so well done without wine or alcohol. I should deny that proposition and hold the very opposite. It is one of the commonest things in English society, that people are injured by drink without being drunkards. It goes on so quietly that it is even very difficult to observe. There is a great deal of injury done to the health by the habitual use of wines in their various kinds, and alcohol in its various shapes, even in so-called moderate quantities. It leads to the degradation of tissues; it spoils the health, and it spoils the intellect.

"I think, as a rule, you might stop the supply of alcohol at once without injury. It is said in some cases the brain has entirely gone from leaving drink off suddenly; but that is fallacious, the brain may have gone from previous habits. I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol, leaving out of view the fact that it is a frequent source of crime of all descriptions. I am persuaded that lecturers should go about the country lecturing to people of the middle and upper-middle classes upon the disadvantages of alcohol as it is daily used.

"The public ought to know that of all the diluents or solvents for the nutritious parts of food there is nothing like water. Water carries into the system the nutriment in its purest form.

Who would be a big man like Bismarck? He has to be surrounded by detectives, gens d'armes and what not, wherever he goes. He is not sure any day but he may waken as the Irishman said with his throat cut. Even when going to Kissingen for the benefit of his health he had to have a little army of guards and protectors. But *Quis custodiet custodes?* Aye, there's the rub No By all means take a lowly station and then travel without fear.

Thomas and Eliza Cain were brought before the Hamilton Police Court the other day for abusing their little daughter. The poor child's body was all covered with bruises, and though only seven years old, and through ill usage, doubtless, not larger than a well grown baby of four, respectable neighbors testified that she had been forced to chop wood, scrub floors, and do other work of the kind. Mr. and Mrs. Cain are evidently descendants of the first murderer, and have inherited a very respectable share of their honored ancestor's peculiar moral qualities. Hamilton is to be congratulated on possessing two members of such ancient lineage. Have a testimonial in honor of the creatures.

What is the world coming to? It is actually being said that no such person as St. Patrick ever existed. It is enough to make every true-hearted Irishman swear, if not actually faint. No St. Patrick? No banishment of toads and snakes, &c., &c.? The next thing will be to deny that Jeremiah was ever in Ireland or that Zedekiah's daughter was ever married to the great Irish Prince. Now then Dr. Wild, look alive and step into the breach forthwith. The pillars are being shaken, do you do your duty like a brick, a Briton, and an Israelite, as you are. Speak out and spare not. The enemy is thundering at the gate and if you don't look sharp nobody may be able to say what will take place. No St. Patrick! The thing is awful. Why you might as well say there is no Pope Leo, or no Archbishop Lynch. But it is a stiff necked and unbelieving generation. Go for it, Dr., with all your powers of learning logic, wit and wisdom. No St. Patrick! Why there may be no St. Andrew either. Perhaps even no St. George.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

Meats, Poultry. Pastry &c., &c.

TONGUE SCALLOPS.—Cut cold tongue in small slices, chop a tablespoonful each of onion, mushrooms or tomatoes and parsley, or any green herb, and beat with two tablespoonsful of butter. When the butter is hot put in the pieces of tongue seasoned with salt and pepper. Toss two or three minutes over the fire and serve at once.

VENISON STEAKS ON TOAST.—Cut four good steaks through a leg of venison, bone and all. Season one hour before cooking with salt, pepper, one onion finely chopped and a few drops of vinegar. Have some clean melted butter in a frying pan, put your steaks in and set over a strong fire. As soon as they are cooked on one side turn them over. When they are cooked (rare) on both sides, take the butter out of the pan; then put in the pan a spoontul of flour and let simmer for five minutes, turning your steak every minute. Then add a pint of claret, the juice from a can of mushrooms chopped fine. Let simmer again for ten minutes.

Serve hot on toast and pour the sauce on the top of the steaks.

SQUIRREL ON TOAST.—Mince the meat of a cold squirrel very fine, chop an equal quantity of onions and mushrooms and stew them until tender with a tablespoontul of butter, a cupful of cold gravy and a little salt and pepper. When the vegetables are tender put in the mince; let it boil up at once, and serve it immediately on toast.

BRAIN CAKES.—Soak the brains in cold salted water for an hour; then boil for five minutes in water with salt and vinegar. They may then be sliced and stewed or fried in gravy. For *brain cakes*, they should be beaten to a smooth paste and mixed with eggs to a soft batter; this is to be seasoned highly with salt, pepper and powdered herbs, and then fried either on a greased griddle as cakes, or in plenty of smoking hot fat as fritters. If cooked as fritters, they must be taken up on a skimmer when brown and laid on coarse paper for a moment to free them from fat. Serve either plain or with brown sauce or gravy. Brains are a very nutritious and delicate article of food.

TO ROAST CANVAS BACK DUCKS.—Having trussed the ducks, put into each a thick piece of soft bread that has been soaked in port wine. Place in quick oven and bake an hour. Before they go to table, squeeze over each the juice of a lemon or orange, and serve up very hot with their own gravy about them. Eat with current jelly.

SWISS TURNOVERS.—Mince the cold mutton left from yesterday; put half a cupfnl of hot water into a sauce-pan; stir in a great spoonpful of butter cut up in flour; season with pepper, salt and tomato catsup. Pour over a beaten egg, mix well, and, returning to the sauce-pan, add the mince, well seasoned with pepper, salt, a little grated lemon peel and nutmeg. Stir up until very hot, but not boiling. Set by to keep hot while you make a batter of one pint of flour, four eggs, a little salt and a quarter spoonful of soda dissolved in vinegar and about four cups of milk—enough for this batter.

Beat very light. Put a spoonful of lard (a small one) into a hot frying pan, run it over the bottom, turn in a half cupful of butter, and fry quickly. Invert the pan upon a hot plate, and this in turn upon another, to have the browned side of the pancake downward; cover the lighter side with the mince, fold up neatly and lay upon a hot dish in the open oven to keep warm while you fry and spread the rest.

VEAL DUCKS.—Take veal cutlets from the round. Have them cut rather thick, and remove the bone. Make ready a stuffing of bread crumbs seasoned with a little onion chopped fine, pepper and salt. Moisten this with one egg. Spread this stuffing over each cutlet and roll them up separately in the shape of young ducks.

Fasten them with a string, which must be removed when sent to table.

Keep well basted while roasting or they will dry up.

A round of beef may be used in the same way, but is not quite so tender.

SPICED ROUND OF CORNED BEEF.—Take a strong twine string and tie it tightly around the round to keep it in good shape, then stick it well on both sides with cloves, squeezing them in as far as possible; rub into it also three tablespoonsful of powdered salt, and then with plenty of fine salt. Lay it in a large wooden tray or round vessel that is tight, and every other day turn it well into the brine that drips from it. In ten days, if properly attended to, it will be fit for use.

MUTTON PIE WITH TOMATOES.—Pare and slice six tomatoes, put a layer in a deep pudding dish, then put in a layer of slices of cold mutton, and dredge in salt, flour and pepper; have the last layer tomatoes, on which sprinkle two rolled crackers; bake one hour and serve with boiled potatoes, boiled rice, and green corn and shelled beans.

VEAL COLLOPS.—Cut veal from the leg or other lean parts the size of an oyster. Have a seasoning of pepper, salt and a little mace mixed; rub some over each piece; then dip in egg, then in rolled cracker crumbs, and fry as you do oysters. They look and taste like oysters.

VEAL CROQUETTS.—Take very finely-minced veal and moisten it with cream and a beaten egg; season with salt, sweet marjoram and a little pounded mace: form into small cones either by hand or in a wine-glass. Crum the outside and fry, or else set in the oven and bake, basting frequently.

ROLLED TONGUE.—While a boiling tongue is still warm, roll it with the tip inside and place it in a round tin or vessel just large enough to hold it in place; let it remain over night, when it will remain rolled after being removed from the pan. Serve it whole, on a bed of salad, watercresses or parsley.

GRIDDLED TONGUES.—Split cold small tongues in two pieces, dip them in butter, season them highly with salt, pepper and mustard, and broil on a greased gridiron.

FORCE MEATS.—One and one-half pounds of cold boiled ham, about one pound lean and remainder fat. Chop very fine, and while chopping add three hard boiled eggs and a small onion; season highly with salt, celery and a little cayenne. Mix thoroughly and make into round little cakes. To be eaten with bread and butter.

LIVER SAUSAGE.—Chop pieces of cold liver fine, mix them equally with chopped fine pork or bacon, season with salt, pepper and other spices to taste, and make up into balls. Fry brown, cover with boiling water and stew half an hour. Serve hot.

BEEF ROLLS.—The remains of cold boiled or roast beef, seasoning to taste of salt, pepper and minced herbs; puff paste. Mince the beef tolerably fine, with a small amount of its own fat. Add the seasoning and chopped herbs; put the whole into a roll of puff paste, and bake for half an hour, or rather longer should the rolls be very large.

Beef patties may be made by mincing and seasoning beef as above directed, and baking in a rich puff paste in patty pans.

MUTTON COLLOPS.—Cut some very thin slices from a cold leg or chump end of a loin of mutton, sprinkle them with pepper, salt, a blade of pounded mace, minced savory herbs and two or three minced shalots, and fry in butter, adding a dessertspoonful of flour, half a pint of gravy and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Simmer very gently about five or seven minutes, and serve immediately.

SWISS MEAT OMELETTES.—Cold meat, chopped fine with raisons, allspice, nutmeg, salt, lemon peel and juice; add one egg, one tablespoonful of sugar and a few cloves. The above mixture is for the middle of the omelettes.

Three eggs, one pint of milk, two teacups of flour; make the batter thin. Fry in a little lard, put a spoonful of the chopped meat in the centre and fold the batte around it at once.

STEWED RABBIT.—Cut the rabbit up in nice-sized pieces, wash well and dry. Then fry a nice brown. Take two large onions, slice very thin and fry also, and dredge with flour. Put all in a sauce-pan, with pepper, salt, and some good stock or water, with water, mixed, carrot, and turnip, but if possible the stock, as only the onions are served with it. Let it stew gently two hours; adding a little catsup ten minutes before erving; stir altogether.

RABBIT ON TOAST.—Cut cold rabbit in pieces and fry brown with slices of bacon or ham, and half its quantity of small onions or mushrooms, and stew them until tender in hot water enough to cover; put in plenty of pepper and salt, and serve on toast. Should be stewed slowly.

Extracts from an Address Delivered Before a Teachers' Convention.

There are three professions which, as I look abroad upon the world, appear to me to be entirely separate from all others. It is impossible to confound them with the common run of professional life. The one is that of the medical man, whose business it is to care specially for the health of the body. Another is that of the Christian minister, whose special province it is to care for the health of the soul. Somewhere midway between the two is that of the profession to which we belong—the teaching profession, whose special business it is to take care in the first place, it is true, of the health of the intellect and its development. But as we full well know, intellect alone is little worth. Intellect developed without physical strength can accomplish but little in this life, and on the other hand, intellect alone without moral strength, and moral health, and religious life, becomes, just in proportion to its strength and development, not a blessing, but a curse. A well-wrought powerful steam-engine, on the wrong line— that is intellect well-developed without right spiritual direction, and the greater the power the greater the mischief; and therefore I take it that the teaching profession holds the proud pre-eminence of having to deal with the body, the mind, and the heart of every child upon which the teacher lays his hand. And he is a happy man, and I hold a proud man, who is conscious that as from day to day his hand is laid upon child after child, through the long lives of the hundreds and thousands that pass under his care there is not one in whose eternal history he may not hope to read the story of his own life work, whilst he realizes his own blessedness in the blessedness of those whom he has taught.

Now that is the reason, ladies and gentlemen, why it is utterly impossible for me to dissociate the great question of temperance from the work in which you and I are engaged. It is not a question with me, as to whether I, as a teacher can pursue my course, regardless of the subject of intemperance, in the same way as a lawyer may his. I know nothing of the responsibilities which may press home upon the mind or conscience of a lawyer, or of any other professional man or tradesman; but I do know the responsibilities that rest upon us, and if I look at the welfare of the child, and if further I may speak as though it were in my own person, and with reference to my own work, I would say as a teacher, "I can not afford to spend the best days and the best powers of my manhood in laying what might be the foundation of a useful and happy life, and then to have the whole of my work destroyed by the influence of strong drink." For my own satisfaction I must seek to conserve the work to which I have given myself and my power, and therefore I say to you this morning confidently that in appealing to you for your sympathy an effort for the promotion of temperance among the children and temperance training for them in early life, I am asking that you will do only what will tend to render the work in which you are engaged a lasting work for the benefit of those whom you teach. At the same time I am very free to confess that there are other considerations which press upon my own mind. I look for a better class of children in the schools in proportion as temperance works its way among all classes. I look for more regular attendance. I look for a healthier class of children. I look for a saving to the country in a financial point of view, beyond the limits of the school itself, and, indeed, look where I will I cannot for a moment imagine that any one who has given himself to the great work of teaching can consider this question and doubt that it is for the interest of the country, the interest of the profession, the interest of the child, that temperance, specific and direct, should be as speedily as possible made a subject of instruction within the public schools of this country.—*Principal Oliver, M.A.*

The Fate of the Porker

Of course, says the writer of a letter to the London *Daily News*, I went to see the stock yards of Chicago. A lively piebald porker was one of a number grunting and quarreling in a pen, and I was asked to keep my eye on him. And what happened to that porker was this: He was suddenly seized by a hind leg and jerked upon a small crane. This swung him swiftly to the fatal door through which no pig ever returns. On the other side stood a man

That two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

And the dead pig shot across a trough and through another doorway, and then there was a splash. He had fallen head first into a vat of boiling water. Some unseen machinery passed him along swiftly to the other end of the terrible bath, and there a water wheel picked him up and flung him on to a sloping counter. Here another machine seized him, and with one revolution scraped him as bald as a nut. And down the counter he went losing his head as he slid past a man with a hatchet, and then, presto! he was up again by the heels In one dreadful handful a man emptied him, and while another squirted him with fresh water, the pig registering his own weight as he passed the teller's box—shot down the steel bar from which he hung and whisked around into the ice-house. One long cut of a knife made two "sides of pork" out of the piebald pig. Two hacks of a hatchet brought away his backbone. And there in 35 seconds from the last grunt, dirty, hot-headed, noisy—the pig was hanging up in two pieces, clean, tranquil, iced.

The Danger of Dodging.

Maggie Gallagher, of Cincinnati, was sentenced in the police court to thirty days in prison and to pay a fine of $50 for drunkenness. When she heard the sentence she hurled a heavy inkstand at the judge's head. He dodged, and the missile flew through the window and fell to the pavement, the ink splashing over a lady's elegant silk dress and totally ruining it. The lady, in trying to shake the ink from her raiment, frightened a team of spirited horses, that ran away with a carriage containing two ladies and a child, upsetting a fruit stand and throwing the ladies into a butcher's cart, while the child was fastened in a bunch of telephone wires about ten feet above the sidewalk. The team could not be stopped, and continued on their flight, plunging through the plate-glass windows of a china shop. They ran through the entire length of the store, spreading destruction and devastation on every hand; ran out the back door, leaped into the canal, and were drowned. Now they talk of calling on the judge for damages because he dodged the ink stand.

The present state of some of the Canadian banks gives another warning to all quiet, sober, industrous folks to take care how they put their savings into bank shares, to let no scrupulous gamblers to play ducks and drakes with their money. The way in which things are often managed is simply stealing, neither more or less, and prudent people will therefore leave such things and such doings severely alone.

Some of the Montreal people are very angry at the way they have been treated by Prince George, and the officers of the *Canada*. Some fashionable club, it seems, tendered the hopefuls its hospitalities. The offer was not even acknowledged. There must have been some mistake, somewhere.

Diphtheria.

Although medicine as a whole may now be regarded as an exact science, yet very much remains that is speculative and inexact. Diagnosis and pathology have reached a marvellous degree of perfection. So have physiology and chemistry, although these latter are still fruitful in new discoveries and fresh surprises, and are marching forward at a pace unknown in other departments of science. Considering the difficulties in the way, the wonder is, not how little, but how much we know about the nature and treatment of disease. We must not, however, on this account shut our eyes to the fact that much yet remains to be learned, and that gross darkness prevails in many places where light would be no less a boon to humanity than a joy to the physician. One of the many dark spaces needing lighting up is the space covered by diphtheria.

As cold weather approaches diphtheria may be expected to break out with greater or less severity in many localities, and it is appalling to contemplate our therapeutic armor when brought to face with this terrible scourge. Every intelligent practitioner of experience must confess that all the vaunted remedies fail to meet the necessities of the worst cases. If this be not true, why this tearful slaughter of the innocents from year to year? In this disease, perhaps more than in any other, the profession has been in search of a specific, and there is reason to believe that life has been sacrificed at the shrine of this one dominant idea. Treatment, based on general principles, is much safer than that based on doubtful theory, and in the long run will give better results. That physician who thinks least of specifics and antiseptics, and most of how best to sustain the vital forces, is to be commended, and is certain of his reward. Much of the belief in specific teaching takes its origin in false diagnosis. Of all the reported cases of diphtheria, not a fourth, perhaps is diphtheria at all. Ulcerative tonsillitis and pharyngitis have materially enhanced the value of certain remedies, and have greatly swelled the number of reported recoveries. For these affections nothing could be more suitable that the routine treatment commonly followed in diphtheria. The patients, of course, all recover, and until the, as yet in experienced practitioner, meets the genuine disease a few times, he considers his remedies infallible. A medical man was called upon to treat diphtheria in a certain family. Two members of the family residing a few miles from home were taken down, one after the other, with a severe type of the disease. After a protracted illness both recovered. They were nursed by the mother. After a time the disease broke out in the family home, presumably trom the infection being carried there by the mother. The first taken down was a lad ten years of age. The same physician was called in, but the patient died on the third day. The father and a grown-up son were attacked almost simultaneously with the fatal disease, but they soon recovered. The next attacked was a child, eighteen months old. At this stage a neighboring physician was called in. This gentleman objected to much of the treatment in force, and declared that he "never failed to *cure* the disease with Tr. ferri mur. and pot. chlor., internally, and turpentine externally." Everything else he regarded as superfluous. In their perplexity and deep distress, the family took the gentleman at his own estimate of himself, and so expressed themselves to the medical man in attendance, who at once withdrew Within a few days following, three more of the family died, notwithstanding the attendance of a third physican. At this stage the presumptious and confident man who had supplanted another and better physician, very properly received his discharge, and the orignal attendant was recalled to attend the last critical case and close up the sad history. The gentleman who invariably cured with iron and potash had probably never before treated diphtheria, and there is good reason for believing that the fatility which followed, at least in part, was due to his neglect of other and more important points lying within the range of general and sympathetic treatment.

The local lesion is a fruitful source of error in treatment. It too often happens that this is regarded as the disease itself, open and exposed to view, rather than the manifestation of a grave constitutional malady. If this be not so, what means the torture of frightened and struggling infants with tongue depressers, swabs and brushes? Almost every writer on the subject directs us to pencil or brush the throat with various substances, not with a view of disinfecting merely, but also to aid in the "removal of the false membrane," and otherwise exercise a beneficial influence. In view of the fact that the disease is constitutional, general treatment cannot be subordinated to local treatment, not even if the benefits claimed for the latter were true, which they are not. The removal of the "membrane," if accomplished before the disease had spent itself, would most certainly be followed by a new formation. But pathologists now tell us that the so-called membrane is not a membrane at all; that what appears to be such is nothing more nor less than tissue, which has been congested, presumably by micrococci, swollen by inflammatory products, and dead from being cut off from all nutrition. This discovery is very disconcerting to those who have laid undue stress on local treatment.

If we have much yet to learn about this disease—as indeed we have about all zymotic diseases, yet we know pretty well what it does. We know that it gives rise to certain grave constitutional disturbances, and chief among these a tendency to weakened heart action. We know also that it gives rise to local lesions, marked by a tendency to necrosis of tissue. How best to meet these indications, may form the basis of some future remarks.—*Canada Lancet.*

A Specimen Brick.

There is a household in Toronto whose experiences are by no means unique, but they are very curious. The head of this household is a particularly nice man, kind, generous, and considerate to his superiors, inferiors and equals. His wife is a helpmeet for him, nobody has a word to say against her. The law of kindness is on her lips and in her heart, she would not willingly say an unkind word or do an unkind act to a human being of any age or rank, yet what is the fact? That lady is on the continual hunt for servants, for her help come and go in regular succession like Banquo's ghost. The wages given are liberal to a proverb, the treatment these servants receive is all that could be desired and the work required at their hands is moderate in the extreme, and yet—and yet!—they are continually on the move, why? they are continually quarrelling among themselves and when they take offence like spoiled children, they go off at a tangent and in platoons. Now if these good people, the master and mistress, would only reduce their establishment, turn adrift the majority of their idle, good for nothing helps, do things altogether on a simpler and more modest style would they not be far happier and keep the few servants they would then need to employ much longer and much more comfortable? A member of the British House of Commons once said, "when at college and when I had the eighth part of the service of one man, I got some attention and considerable help, but now when I have 16 servants all to myself I get no attention at all. In fact I am the only servant in the whole establishment, they are all so busy quarrelling or fooling with one another that they have no time to give a thought to me." True as the Gospel. If a good many people would cut down their establishments one half and resolve that come what might they would be master and mistresses in their own houses, they would be far happier and get a great deal better and more willing service. The scale is generally something like this: one servant, a good deal of service; two, a great deal less; three, a source of unmitigated anxiety and worry; four, the cause of incipient despair; five, and upward, desolation and uproar.

Shut up for a season—The pepper box.

How to Ward off Consumption.

If a case of incipient consumption yields, as it often will, to careful and unremitting treatment, the person so relieved must be more careful than ever in his habits of life, in what he eats and drinks, and how he dresses. The enemy has made one assault at the strongholds of his life and been repulsed, but there is no reason why he should not return to the attack, especially if he sees the gates left invitingly open for him. I am taking now of of individual cases of consumption, where the patient himself has to do most of the battle against the foe. Consumption is, apart from all hereditary influence, the disease of the ill fed, the badly clothed, the breathers of impure air, the dwellers in crowded cities with drainage at fault, the laborers and toilers in crowded shops and factories where ventilation is imperfect, and where the atmosphere is impregnated with obnoxious vapors or dust.

It is a disease, therefore that may be prevented, and can be prevented to a very large extent. I shall, therefore, I think, be doing the best by my readers if I lay down some simple rules for the guidance of those who may be consumptively inclined, premising, however, that at the first alarming symptom or sign the advice of medical man be taken.

Consumption, then, is a blood disease, or disease of a constitutional nature. There is a peculiar kind of dyspepsia, characterized by the inability to digest, and probably a distaste for certain articles of diet, such as fatty meat, butter or sugar, and beer or alcohol in any form. These turn sour on the stomach, and heart-burn is the result, and a variety of other distressing symptoms, not the least painful among them being fatulence. A form of dyspepsia of this flind could not long exist without producing disease of some kind, and in those who have a tendency to the disorder the result is too often consumption, set up or excited, perhaps, by an attack of catarrh from exposure in some way to cold and damp. But indigestion, even in those of strong constitution, should always be taken as a warning of something impending. Dyspepsia is the dark shadow cast before many a coming event that may end in death to the sufferer from this simple but insidious complaint; it should never, therefore, be neglected. But it must not be supposed that it can be removed by a few boxes of pills, a few bottles of mixture, or by medicine alone of any kind. The indigestion will yield only to regulation of the whole system. A change should be made in the method of living. Begin with the food; the diet should be wholesome, simple, and well cooked. Made dishes of every kind should be avoided. For breakfast, which should be taken by eight o'clock, preceded by a short walk, if possible, weak coffee with plenty of milk will be found better than tea, and cocoa is better than either; toast, with butter is preferable to bread, and fish, eggs, ham, or cold meat may be eaten therewith. The meals must not be hurried; if there be no one at the table to carry on agreeable conversation with, a book or a newspaper should be the companion; so will the food be taken slowly enough to produce that due admixture with the salivary juices which prevents the formation of acidity. If breakfast be taken at eight, at twelve or one some luncheon, however light, should be taken. A dyspeptic patient should never fast long, nor ever eat much at one time. Dinner may be preceded by that light and pleasant refection called the afternoon tea. I think soup for dinner is, as a rule, better avoided. Variety of dishes at any one meal is to be avoided, while fish, game, mutton, beef, and foul, with well-boiled potatoes and green vegetables, used sparingly, should form the staple of diet. Condiments rich sauces, pork, fatty dishes, and pastry should not be taken, nor cheese; but a little ripe fruit may, avoiding nuts as poison. Wine, and even beer, should be done without if possible.

The supper should be light and not sloppy, and so-called night-caps should be avoided. The best tonics are—exercise in the open air, the soap-bath, an occasional Turkish bath, and, whenever it can be borne, a cold or, at all events, a tepid sponge-bath before breakfast.

Cod-liver oil will do good if it can be borne, but I question the judiciousness of what I may term cod liver-oil cramming. A bitter vegetable tonic, such as calumba infusion, with some mineral acid, does good by increasing the appetite, but it should be taken in small doses often repeated. Good is done by the use of the extract of malt, or maltine; it may be mixed with milk, or even water, to which a little lime-juice is added. If good lime juice can not be had, the pure juice of the lemon should take its place.

The bedroom should be quiet and well aired. The bedclothes should be light and warm, but not so much so as to cause sweating. Flannel should be always worn next the skin; and draughts, damp, fog, night air, and east winds avoided like the pestilence.

As to change of climate to other lands, let me just warn the incipiently phthisical to look well before they leap; they may do far better by staying at home.—*Harper's Bazar.*

HE WOULD INVENT.

The Woes of a Woman whose Husband was an Inventor.

"It is all very well to talk about working for the heathen," said one, as the ladies put up their sewing, "but I'd like to have some one tell me what I am to do with my husband?" "What is the matter with him?" asked a sympathetic old lady. "William is a good man," continued the first, waving her glasses in an argumentative way, "but William will invent. He goes inventing from morning till night, and I have no peace or comfort. I didn't object when he invented a fire-escape, but I did remonstrate when he wanted me to crawl out of the window one night last winter to see how it worked. Then he orginated a lock for the door that wouldn't open from midnight until morning, so as to keep burglars out. The first time he tried it he caught his coat-tail in it, and I had to walk around him with a pan of hot coals all night to keep him from freezing." "Why didn't he take his coat off?" "I wanted him to, but he stood round till the thing opened itself, trying to invent some way of unfastening it. That's William's trouble. He will invent. A little while ago he got up a cabinet bedstead that would shut and open without handling. It went by clockwork. William got into it and up it went. Bless your heart, he stayed in there from Saturday afternoon til Sunday night, when it flew open and disclosed William with the plans and specifications of a patent wash-bowl that would tip over just when it got so full. The result was that I lost all my rings and a breastpin down the waste-pipe. Then he got up a crutch for a man that could be used as an opera glass. Whenever the man leaned on it up it went, and when he put it to his eye to find William, it flew out into a crutch and almost broke the top of his head off. The other day I saw him going up the street with the model of a grain elevator sticking out of his hip pocket, and he is fixing up an improved shot tower in our bedroom."

A lineal descendant of the conqueror of Peru, the artist Pissaro, who is one of the most impressionistic of the impressionists, is a South American by birth.

White velvet, white cashmere, shot and dotted with silver and gold, and white brocaded stuffs are the materials used for white evening bonnets.

The "Death of Juliet" is being painted by Frank Green, of Chicago, for Miss Margaret Mather, the actress, the young Salvini having posed for Romeo, and Miss Mather for Juliet.

Marriage Insurance Companies ought to be called Marriage Assurance. They are intolerable frauds as every one will soon find out to his cost, who enters upon the pleasant arrangement proposed. A burnt child, etc., and one pretty well scorched has told TRUTH all his heart. Friends, friends, don't try to get a marriage portion that way. You will be done for, sure.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Okokemee octogenarian, who is now a widower for the fifth time, is looking around for a new helpmate.

Men are never so ridiculous for the qualities they have as for those they affect to have.—*Charron.*

A negro barber was arrested in the South, the other day, for having half dozen wives in as many different towns.

The affairs of the Exchange Bank seem as bad as can be. When will people be wise, and not trust their cash to such concerns?

The American artist John S. Sargent will pass the autumn months in Venice. He is now in London painting Mr. Gladstone's portrait.

The rope is gradually tightened round Mrs. Coats' throat, and by the time this item appears, will in all likelihood, be ready for its final and inevitable work. The poisoning work was pretty clumsily gone about.

This abduction business is becoming quite too common and quite too monotonous. Here a young girl is spirited off. There it is a child, and now again a woman, and so on. Why, what are we coming too? Must Judge Lynch be called in?

Mr. Robert Browning is now in excellent health and spirits. He has spent the past season at a newly discovered retreat, under the brow of Monte Rossa, 5,000 feet above the sea level, and is about to take up his abode in Venice for the winter.

The Spaniards are getting into a better frame of mind. Why not? It would have been the insanest of all insane tricks to embroil the world in war, because a young man called a king was hissed and bustled by an ignorant and ill-bred mob.

The battle of the books goes bravely on, with confusion always worse confounded as the natural result. Libel suits are the order of the day and some nice spicy revelations may be expected in due course. It is said bribery the most unblushing is going on, and all that was feared in the way of tampering with trustees a fact.

The Salvationists are a very peculiar people in many ways, and we have no sympathy with some of their views, and still less with their methods of promulgating these, but they ought to have as much liberty as every other religionists to take that place for saving men's souls which most commends itself to their intelligence.

The King of the Coreans has no name, and will have none until he dies, when one is given him, he being simply known as "The King." The Queen is very beautiful, by report, but has never been seen by a foreigner. Before the arrival of the American Consul's wife the Queen expressed a wish to see her, but has not yet done so.

The wholesale merchants of Toronto are not doing nearly so good a business this year as they did last. One house did less business in September than during the corresponding month in 1882 of $60,000. Another of $20,000, and so on. What is the use in saying that all are doing a roaring trade, when facts are all in the opposite direction?

We have come to the conclusion that presentations of congratulatory addresses, whether engraved or the reverse, has run to seed and ought to be intermitted if not altogether abolished. They are generally got up by fussy individuals, who hope either to draft them or to present them, and in nine cases out of ten, they lie like tombstones. Oh, reform them altogether.

A physician named Rubini has treated the cholera in three different epidemics with warm wraps and five drops of camphor dissolved in rectified spirits of wine. Out of three hundred and ninety-one patients one year he did not lose one. He considers that five drops of this camphor solution on a lump of sugar, taken three times a day, will prevent the infection.

There is an agitation on foot for adopting what is called a "Torrens system" of land registration. The system is a very simple one, saves a great deal of bother and expense, and ought to be adopted everywhere. A simple certificate of ownership is given by Government on each transfer, and that is registered and is good against the world, as before issuing the certificate the Government examines the title and becomes good for all mistakes.

SCOTLAND'S ARMY.—A Parliamentary return, moved by Mr. Montague Scott, has been issued, and shows the number of convictions between Michaelmas, 1876, and the same date of 1882, of all persons arrested for drunkenness on Sunday in Scotland. The total for the six years was 13,711, of which 12,027 were in burghs and 1,639 in county districts. The highest number in any one year was 2,530, in 1882, 1878 coming next with 2,391, 1880 closely following with 2,338, whilst there were 2,181 in 1877, and only 1,886 in 1879.

The co-education of the sexes is evidently going to have quite a turn over, and much eloquence and rant will be the result. Each side will call the other by very strong names and it may be looked on as certain that the result will not be any great amount of conversion. It is a large and important subject and the truth is not all on one side. What is the use in talking of this or that or being an old fogey or an old fool? It may be, but not necessarily so. Some who know no more of the whole matter than the child unborn are especially dogmatic and cocky. Of course, these always are.

Is it becoming the rule now-a-days that when a man gets into commercial difficulties, he *skips* and leaves his too trusting friends in the lurch? It would seem so. They don't appear to be able to face the music, or rather, they have not honesty sufficient to meet their creditors, and give up all they have. They prefer to make off to parts unknown, either with the full hand or at least with one not altogether empty. Why? Because anything like moral principle is weak and decaying, and because people hate poverty and privation far more than they dislike baseness and theft. Is the world growing worse in this respect? Is the traditional honor of the British merchant disappearing? Perhaps not. Everybody nowadays hears more than formerly about all that is taking place, and are accordingly ready to conclude that there were no rascals and no "skippers" in the days of the fathers and grandfathers. Weren't there? You bet.

What curious ideas some people have as to what is a suitable thing for a present. We have heard of some good Presbyterian ladies not a great way from Toronto, who, wishing to do the handsome thing for their minister's wife, presented her with a bonnet. Now a bonnet is a very nice thing indeed. No woman can deny what an amount of innocent pleasure the mere contemplation of such a pretty thing is capable of affording. And then, actually to possess one,—why it is 'eavenly, as the Cockney says. But then to be publicly presented with a bonnet, and by other ladies too—well that isn't quite so nice is it? It is as much as to say, "Your bonnet is getting really too shabby, or old fashioned. Here is a new one for you, wear it in memory of us, and joyfully acknowledge your obligation." It seems a somewhat unusual thing to give as a present, but then, of course, tastes differ. Some will remember well being at a grand gathering where a worthy clergyman, a doctor of Divinity too, was presented with an entire suit of clothes by a number of his admirers. And how wonderfully foolish the bearers of the different garments looked as they marched forward to the platform, where the Rev. gentleman awaited them. It seemed at the time as if he were trying hard not to laugh outright, though a slight feeling of mortification struggled with his amusement. The bearer of the tall hat went first, then followed another man bearing the coat, then others, each with a different article of clothing. Oh! how excessively foolish they looked! Those who saw them then, see them still.

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oorsels as ithers see us;
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
An' foolish notion.

He Was a Fool.

For the sake of recreation,
Once I asked an explanation
From a young man (no relation),
What was meant by "osculation,"
While I shifted my location
To invite the sweet sensation.

Well, imagine my vexation
When he gave me the translation
And its Latin derivation,
And a lot of information,
Like a pedagogue's oration,
Just as if he were at school!—
Wasn't he an awful fool?

—*Punch.*

DOWN THE NECK.

BY MILDRED SCARBOROUGH.

We were sitting out under the old locust in the back yard, Uncle Tom, and his friend the Doctor, Clarice and I.

"What a confounded nuisance this business is!" said the Doctor.

"Yes," assented Uncle Tom, "it *is* a deuce of a bore to have to bury one's self down Occahannock Neck for the next two months, as I shall have to do. If 'twas a woman now, she'd fraternize with Miss Lizzie on the subject of short-cakes and preserves, but the Lord only knows what will become of a man!"

"Being indifferent on the subject of short-cakes and preserves!" laughed Clarice. "How long since, Uncle Tom?"

"My interest ceases with the consumption, my dear, which, unfortunately, does not take so great a length of time. But even with such mighty matters to occupy their minds, most women would find it rather slow in that old barn on the creek shore."

"Suppose you take us with you, and let us find out," said Clarice, who was perched on the arm of his chair, drawing her slender fingers through his still abundant ebon locks with that peculiar motion that made him feel at peace with the world, and ready to grant any reasonable request that might be made. Apparently he did not view this particular request in that light.

"You girls!" with a comical glance at Clarice's lace ruffles, and my silken draperies. "Lord love you, children! you'd be ready to tear each other's eyes out by the end of a week over the most unlikely specimen of mankind that could be scared up."

"That's likely now, isn't it? As if Clarice and I ever quarreled!"

"Bless your soul, you'd do it then! You'd be ready to demoralize each other's bangs over even Billy June Guy's attentions."

The doctor laughed. "Take 'em, Tom, and I'll come down and see how you get along. Billy June must be getting to be a likely specimen by this time."

"Billy June!" Clarice and I echoed. "Do you really mean that there is an unlucky mortal with such a name?"

"Yes," said the Doctor, meditatively, "Billy June is a *bona fide* personage. I knew him when he was a cotton-headed little chap, dust-colored from his head to his heels, who used to hitch on behind and beg for a ride. Let's see—he must be nineteen or twenty by this. Guess he's been larking around with the girls for some time."

"Yes," said Uncle Tom, "I'll introduce him to you!"

"Then you'll really take us?" said I.

"If you can stand it, I can."

And so we went. Our respective mammas held up their hands in holy horror when the idea was proposed to them; but after all there was really no reason why we should not go. It was necessary for Uncle Tom to go down to his old farm to oversee some projected repairs. Baltimore was disagreeably hot still, and Clarice had been rather delicate of late. The housekeeper in charge at Bayview seemed to be rather a nice person from all accounts, and if we got tired there was always the option of coming home.

* * * * *

"What a pleasing array of mud flats!" said Clarice, elevating her aristocratic little nose.

"You have yourselves to thank for the prospect, my dears," remarked our uncle. "Let me introduce you now to Miss Lizzie; my nieces, Miss Bonnybel Lee, and Miss Clarice Venable."

We bowed politely, and acknowledged the introduction in due form. So this was Miss Lizzie! Well, our surprise was only equaled by our satisfaction. Tall, finely formed, with smooth complexion, deep, earnest-looking gray eyes, and a clean-cut, resolute mouth and chin, our uncle's house-keeper, Miss Lizzie, was a woman who would have commanded attention anywhere, and by her side I felt myself sink into school-girl insignificance. She was a cousin of the late owner of the farm, and when at his death the estate passed by purchase into Uncle Tom's hands, his lawyer engaged her as housekeeper. He himself had met her but once, in the lawyer's office, so perhaps it was not strange that he had failed in giving us correct impressions of her.

The life at Bayview was a new experience. Even mud flats (under some circumstances) are productive of interest. But in truth, the "flats" disappeared at high-tide, and the view from our window was picturesque enough to tempt Clarice's pencil and brushes. Billy June Guy became a fact, and not only a name to laugh at, and several of the girls in the neighborhood called. It was not a season of wild dissipation by any means, but we enjoyed it all with a youthful zest.

We spent the days lounging round in our room, dawdling over our bits of feminine "fancy-work" (oh, comprehensive term!) or dipping into the books we had wisely brought along. When these amusements failed us, and we longed for more active occupation, we took long walks around the shore, or experimented in a small boat that Uncle Tom had placed at our disposal, and which we regularly capsized twice a day! Then we soon made the discovery that the farm was prolific in the matter of good horses. There were two or three excellent riding horses, and up in the garret we found two old side-saddles, which with Billy June's assistance were rendered available. Clarice and I lengthened our black skirts, and quietly appropriated two of Uncle Tom's big straw hats. So there we were, with our armor complete.

Billy June, as an escort, proved himself indispensable. Uncle Tom used to sit and shake with quiet laughter as he watched the three off us set off on one of our excursions.

"Take care of those girls, Billy, and see that they don't break your neck along with their own!"

"Ter-law now! 'taint likely!" with a grin that showed both rows of his substantial teeth, was the invariable answer to this pleasantry.

On the whole, though, we preferred the evening sails to the horseback rides. Uncle Tom often favored us with his company, and once or twice we prevailed upon Miss Lizzie. Billy June was always on hand. No matter what was required of him, nor at what unseasonable hour we chose to call upon his services, he was always ready.

"No use talking about it, girls," laughed Uncle Tom, one lovely moonlight night, when we were all sitting out on the back porch, "Billy June is certainly gone on one of you. Which is it, Mistress Bonnybel, Clarice, or you?"

"Mightn't it just be possible that it's both? We won't quarrel over our Billy June, will we, Clarice? We are content to go shares."

"Yes—for the present. You haven't had a fair show yet. Wait till it goes on a little longer. I'd be willing to bet my best hat on the chances of a row between you two before the month is up."

"With every prospect of losing," Clarice retorted. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Uncle Tom."

"I'm dogged if there don't come Billy June now!" exclaimed Uncle Tom, as the well known figure "slouched" in at the gate. "Speak of the div—— oh, excuse me, young ladies!" with a comical air of confusion. "He appears to have some one with him; who the dickens can it be?"

The somebody proved to be a remarkably pretty girl, about sixteen years old, who was introduced by Billy June as "my cousin Jane Ann."

"What in thunder"—began Uncle Tom, and stopped short.

"Did you ever hear such names in all your born days?" whispered Clarice, with an irrepressible little giggle.

Billy June soon announced his errand. "Thought maybe you ladies might like to go out a-sailin'," he said in a very insinuating tone. "Nice night for it. Take you up to the P'int, if you're a mind to go. Jane Ann, there—'pears like, she's mighty anxious."

"Of course we'll go, and be glad of the chance," Clarice answered for us both. "Come along, too, Uncle Tom, we'll have a lovely time."

But Uncle Tom declined. "You don't want a crowd. I'll just stay here and smoke my pipe till you come back."

The truth was, as Clarice and I shrewdly suspected, Uncle Tom was beginning to discover that there were charms in Miss Lizzie's society, and that a moonlight *tete-a-tete* with that same personage was by no means a bad way of getting through an evening. So Clarice was forced to take no for an answer, and we went up stairs to put on our things.

"Get out your white shawl, Bonnybel, I'm going to wear my rose-colored cloud, just to show Jane Ann"—with another little laugh—"that *nubias* are, to say the least, old style. We must not fail to make an impression on the pair of 'em—Jane Ann, no less than Billy June."

Clarice was a pretty thing to look at that night. Not that she wasn't always pretty in my eyes, but thanks to the cloud of soft fluffy pink about her face and throat, or the moonlight or some other favorable element, she looked as pretty as a picture as she took her place in the boat. Billy June gave her an admiring look as he helped her in, and Jane Ann seemed painfully conscious of the dingy old "nubia" that enveloped her own pretty head and shoulders.

Billy June drew in the anchor, ran up both sails, and took his seat in the stern of the boat. "Jest wind enough to take us along a-clippin'," he remarked in a satisfied tone. "We c'n run down to the P'int an' back agin in less'n no time. Ever been down there?" addressing himself to Clarice.

"No," she answered. "Where is it, and what is it?"

"Well, I c'n tell you where it is, but a p'int's a p'int, I reck'n, the wide world over. It's a right smart ways down there in the bay, just where Ike Kilman's farm makes out into a p'int. 'Vudy Low,' they call it—quare kind of a name, ain't it?'

"Very," responded Clarice, fairly shaking with laughter. "'*Vudy Low!*' Shades of our ancestors!"

"Fust-rate place for a pic nic," Billy June proceeded. "There's a pine thicket right along there, an' the shore's as hard as a brick. Shady all the time, an' you git the breeze right off'n the water. I an' Jane Ann was there oncet this summer. Ike Kilman, he's Jane Ann's uncle, an' she took up a notion to go an' stay a week there. Cap'n Truitt, he was a goin' to Baltimore with a load o' I'ish pertatus, an' he offered to take me aboard. So then I put in a word for Jane Ann, an' he said he'd fetch her too, an' we'd drop her at the p'int. An' we jumped to an' went along to Baltimore" (in a tone of superiority, as if going to Baltimore was something extraordinary); "when we came back we stopped for Jane Ann, an' come along home again."

This was followed up by a confidential little outburst. "Man hush! but ain't Baltimore a big place? Why, I b'lieve t'would take me more'n a year to find my way about there! Streets all goin' every which-a-way, an' houses jammed so close together they look like they're a goin' to fall down right on top of you, if you don't look out. I never see no such place as that!"

"Never mind; we'll take care to have all that remedied by the time you make your next visit," Clarice said, gravely, while I leaned over and whispered, "Why don't you tell him that it will give you great pleasure to take him around and show him the sights? I'm sure he's doing all he can for you."

"Tell him yourself," responded Clarice, but the notion of her marching up Charles street, for instance, with Billy June by her side, was too much for her gravity. She laughed till the tears stood in her eyes.

"Well, if girls don't beat all!" exclaimed Billy June, sympathetically. "She's off, an' there ain't no way of stoppin' of her, one way or another!"

"Just in time!" was Uncle Tom's greeting, as we made our appearance on the porch that night—wet, draggled and most unromantically sleepy, "I was just going to bed."

"Where's Miss Lizzie?" asked saucy Clarice.

"Said her prayers hours ago, and is probably sound asleep and snoring by this time; you'd better follow her example." Then, as he slowly wound up his watch, "Well, did you find out which one of you is the object of Billy June's kind attentions?"

"Oh, shoot Billy June!" I snapped out, being in a state of sleepy crossness. "I don't think it sounds nice, Uncle Tom, to say such things."

Uncle Tom laughed teasingly. "That settles the question. Beyond a doubt it's Clarice."

And I began to think so myself a day or two later. The time of our departure was drawing near, and Uncle Tom was usually busy. Matters at the farm had all been arranged to his satisfaction, but there were one or two business affairs to be wound up with his lawyer still.

One afternoon, while I was standing on the porch, Uncle Tom caught sight of me as he drove past. "Come, open the gate for me, Bonnybel, and I'll give you a ride to pay for your trouble," he called out.

I obeyed with alacrity. "Jump in quick now—this fool of a horse won't stand. Well done!" as I swung myself up in a flash. "How spry you are, to be sure! Get up, you rascal"—to the horse—"and see if you can't make the same use of your legs!"

We were flying along at the rate of a mile a minute, it seemed to me. My enjoyment would have been complete but for one thing.

"If we only had Clarice along, too, Uncle Tom?"

Uncle Tom made a face. "Hear 'em talk now! It's a pity you can't be strung up by the heels somewhere, and kept there for the rest of your lives! Can't you be happy unless you're forever together? Don't you *ever* get tired of each other's company?"

"Of course we don't, and never shall," I answered, in the sublime faith of seventeen. "Clarice and I are one in everything."

"Except when a Billy June comes in to make a division."

I did not reply, for just then I caught sight of something that gave me a little pang of surprise. Just before us, along the edge of the woods, something pink gleamed out from amongst the bushes. We were crossing a "branch" (such phraseology) just then, and the horse was walking slowly, so that I had abundant opportunity for observation. What was Clarice's pink cloud doing there? I looked again—and, yes—it was Clarice herself, and not Clarice, but Billy June! What on earth—it could not be Clarice!—but then, I could have sworn to that pink cloud if I had seen it in the moon! Undoubtedly it was Clarice—with Billy June Guy walking by her side, and with Billy June Guy's arm around her waist.

For a moment I felt as if the whole earth was spinning wildly around, with my giddy self in the middle of it. To think of my dainty Clarice with that great awkward, loutish Billy June Guy in such proximity! Ugh! A shiver of disgust ran through me at the bare idea.

I had just sense enough to hold my tongue, and say nothing about it too Uncle Tom. He was looking at me curiously, as it was. "What's the matter with you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"It's the heat—the sun is so hot," I stammered.

"Coolest day we've had this summer. Thermometer down to 60° this blessed morning."

So I was obliged to cast around for a better excuse. But the remembrance of what I had seen haunted me through the whole drive and took away all my enjoyment. Of course Clarice would tell me about it when I got home, but in what light could she put her own conduct? How could she explain her suffering such an indignity? What on earth could she have been thinking about? Well, at all events, I would set her sins in order before her and make her see them in their full enormity.

Clarice looked as innocent as an angel when she met us at the door on her return.

"That was a nice way to treat a body," she said, coolly: "to run off for a whole afternoon, without saying by your leave or with your leave. I wouldn't have treated you so, Miss Bonnybel Lee!"

"And I would not have acted as you did, Miss Clarice Venable!" I retorted, eager for the fray. But unfortunately for my peace of mind the quarrel was cut short by the sound of Miss Lizzie's voice calling up stairs:

"Miss Clarice, you and Miss Bonneybel come down please. The Scarborough girls are in the parlor waiting to see you."

So with what the Scarborough girls and tea coming immediately after their departure, Clarice and I had not a fair chance to fight it out. Miss Lizzie came and sat with us on the porch after supper, which further precluded the possibility of a reconciliation. And with it all I was thoroughly cross and uncomfortable. I could hardly believe it of Clarice, even thought I had the evidence of my own eyes. Why did she keep away from me, instead of coming and making a clean breast of it all? It was as exactly as if she thought the injury on her side instead of on mine.

Tired and miserable, I got up after a while and went upstairs to bed. It was the first bit of difference that Clarice and I had had since we came down here, and it was not pleasant. I was lying in bed wide awake, though my eyes were shut, when Clarice came up. There was no light in the room, so I could not see her face, but in her voice there was a sound of suppressed laughter, as she called my name:

"Bonnybel, are you awake?"

"Yes," was all the answer I vouchsafed.

She came over by my side of my bed and sat down.

"Cross still? I am afraid your ride didn't improve your temper much. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," obstinately.

"Bonnybel, I've got the best joke to tell you. Won't you just shout when you hear it!" No answer. "To tell the truth, I'm not very proud of my share in it. It was an awful mean thing to do."

Then I found my voice. "I quite agree with you," said I.

"What?" with a quick change in her voice. "Were you anywhere around? Why, Bonnybel Lee, I never suspected it!"

"You are not more surprised than I was. I should never have suspected you, Clarice Venable, of anything so perfectly contemptible. I did think you were a lady," my throat beginning to experience sensations of choking just at that point.

Clarice seemed mystified. "I don't know what you are talking about. It was all in fun, and it was not so awful. What makes you so cross, Bonnybel? What have I done to you?"

"Nothing. Only I am disappointed—and disgusted."

"With me? You're very good, I'm sure, to take all that trouble. Would you mind stating in what particular you are disappointed and disgusted—with me?"

"No, I won't! Not when you take that tone!" I said angrily. "You know well enough what I mean without my telling you!"

"You will excuse me for contradicting you, but I don't in the least know what you mean." Clarice always took the "high and mighty" tone when she lost her temper. It exasperated me more than ever just now.

"Well, then, you may take it out in not knowing, so there!"

"I'll just do that." And Clarice whirled away, fully as indignant as I was.

All the next day we kept up a sort of armed neutrality, Clarice shut herself up in her room with her sketch book and paint-box. Failing those resorces, I solaced my wounded soul with a long ramble around the shore, where I communed with my heart, and was still. Left to myself in this way, I began to think that I might have been mistaken after all. It might have been some other girl than Clarice. After all, it was only on the strength of the pink cloud that she stood convicted, and Clarice Venable was not the only girl in the world that owned a pink cloud. Only, if it was not Clarice, who was it?

I ran straight upon solving the mystery in the most unexpected manner in the world. I was walking along a part of the shore that curved suddenly to the right, and following the curve I came face to face with—Jane Ann.

Jane Ann, with her pretty face all in a glow of smiles and blushes, and her pink cheeks doing their best to rival the color of the pink cloud which lay across her shoulders, and which was the very model of Clarice's! And Billy June, upon whose unlucky head I had been heaping all manner of invectives, followed in Jane Ann's wake. Of course I saw it all as plain as daylight. I had mistaken Jane Ann for Clarice—only to think of it! What did I care for Billy June's having his arm around Jane Ann's waist? There was a beautiful unanimity in that "thought and purpose" that did not fail to strike me at once. Billy June and Jane Ann! Why, what an admirable arrangement, to be sure!

They had not seen me, being absorbed in each other's charms. I flew homeward as light of foot as I was light of heart. It was not Clarice! Oh, the relief of that thought!

I rushed straight up-stairs and knocked at the door "Clarice, mayn't I come in?"

"Of course," coldly; "I have no objection."

Well, once in, I made short work of her coldness. I told her the whole story, and when she had got over her indignation at my daring to think such things of her, the funny side of it struck her and she laughed for one good hour.

"But Clarice," said I, when her merriment had somewhat subsided, "what did you mean last night! What was the good joke you had to tell me?"

"Something almost as funny as this. If you hadn't been so acrimonious I'd have told you anyhow, for it really was too good to keep. Last night after you left I slipped into the pantry to make a raid on Miss Lizzie's cake-jars. The pantry window opens right out on to the porch, you know, but I don't suppose they had any idea I was there. Bonnybel Lee, what do you think? *If I didn't hear Uncle Tom making love to Miss Lizzie!*"

"WHAT?" I cried, with a jump.

"As sure as I am a living sinner? And doing the thing up in style, too! Just as if he was used to it!"

Well, well, well! Was the world coming to an end? To think of Uncle Tom's falling in love at all—the old humbug!—but, above all, to think of his falling in love with a woman who had lived all her life long—down the Neck!—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Foreign Missions.

The Presbyterians of Toronto had quite a head field day recently. A missionary was ordained in order to proceed to India. The church was not full, yet there was a good congregation, as no doubt there ought to be. Some people make it a matter of great wonder that young men of ability should go away to India or China to preach, when they have so many openings nearer home. It all depends. If a man actually believes all the tremendous facts about Jesus Christ and the issues of the present as laid down in the Bible, he will naturally take a good deal of trouble with the whole matter, and may even very naturally think it his duty to go to the ends of the earth to tell about it. If not, not. When a man wakens up entirely to the fact that he has a stomach to be satisfied, he very naturally takes a good deal of trouble therewith. And when another gets actually to believe that he has a soul to be saved or lost, and that other people are equally so situated, he will naturally put himself to a good deal of trouble also about the whole matter. If not, not. That is about the philosophy of the whole matter. People treat everything according to what they fancy its importance.

The Marquis of Queensbury is about to buy land largely in Texas.

EARTH TORPEDOES.

A Terrible Weapon About to Revolutionize the Art of War.

Some particulars concerning the earth torpedoes which were lately tested at Thun have been published by the Geneva papers. The result of the experiments was considered so satisfactory that the Swiss military authorities have advised the Federal Council to purchase the right of making the torpedoes and the secret of their construction from the inventor, Lieutenant Feodor von Zubowitz, of the Austrian army. The Zubowitz torpedo, according to several high military authorities, is destined to effect a partial revolution in the art of war, especially of defensive war. It renders possible the laying, in a very short time and by common workmen, of a series of powerful mines, any one of which can be made, as circumstances may require, either harmless or arranged in such a manner as to be exploded by a shock, a train of gunpowder, or an electric wire. In fifteen minutes sixty men can furnish with these torpedoes a line 1,000 yards long. The system, moreover, offers great advantages for strengthening the outworks of permanent or temporary fortifications, barring, defiles, protecting an exposed flank, reinforcing a barricade, covering a weak detachment or defending a line of retreat. The perfection of this engine of destruction occupied Lieutenant Zubowitz seven years, and it is said now to have all the properties which such an invention ought to possess—certainly of effect, cheapness, simplicity of construction, and ease of manipulation. After a series of searching experiments it was warmly recommended by the engineer section of the Austrian Military Commission, and was used with success during the late insurrection in the south of Dalmatia. On one occasion ten men completely barred, in seventeen minutes, the pass of Han with fifteen torpedoes.

THE TORPEDO.

In appearance the torpedo is a sort of square sarapnel. The charge is explosive Trautzal gelatine, and, by means of a simple interior mechanism, can be burst either above ground, under a layer of earth, or under water. The torpedoes are made in series corresponding with their charges, which range from four pounds to one hundred pounds, and are classed respectively according to the use which they are destined, as torpedoes of observation, of contact, and of percussion. The two last named sorts are meant to be exploded by the enemy—involuntarily, of course. The contact torpedo may be put in any place where its existence is not likely to be suspected—in an abandoned carriage, placed across a road, behind a door or a gate which has to be opened, the mere removal of the obstacle being sufficient to cause the explosion. The percussion torpedo is hidden a few inches beneath the soil or in a drain, and explodes readily under the weight of a number of men or the pressure of a vehicle, or the tramp of a horse. The four pound torpedoes are for instant use, and, being easy of transport, may be taken almost wherever troops can march. Twenty-five of them can be packed one one *bat* mule.

FORCE OF THE WEAPON.

A single torpedo of this calibre will break up any ordinary road to its full width, and three or four torpedoes along a road are sufficient to render it impassable. They pulverise everything within a diameter of seven and break everything within a diameter of thirteen metres from the centre of explosion. They may be buried under four or five centimetres of earth without detriment to their destructive effect. It is only the larger engines that can be buried deeper than this without impairing their efficiency. Up to a distance of three kilometres explosion can be produced mechanically without the aid of electricity, either by design on the part of the operator or involuntarily by some act of the enemy. As touching the time required to place these torpedoes under a layer of earth of five centimetres thick, it has been found by actual experiment that in fifteen minutes sixty men may sow in this way 120 engines in three or four lines over one square kilometre of ground, thereby rendering it absolutely impassable. A regiment that would attempt to march over it would be simply pulverized.

Black, White and Gray

There are many ladies to whom colors are distasteful, who still do not wish to be considered as wearing mourning. For those the choice lies between black, white and gray, a range which is not so restricted as it appears, when the tints of white, the varieties in black, and the shades from steel and iron to ash in gray, are taken into consideration. One of the best costumes for autumn wear of this description is a fine black camel's-hair, made with narrow kiltings, glove-fitting basque, and graceful drapery, the front of the basque tucked and outlined like the narrow standing collar, with plaited lace. The cloak may be long, gathered at the back, and with high sleeves, a ruche of lace at the throat, and jabot down the front.

A lady who possesses a fine figure may construct a pretty and effective toilet out of soft surah, and a silk jersey by gathering the surah flounces and placing them upon a skirt which is attached to a deep, well-fitting bodice of twilled silk. Over this a silk jersey is drawn like an elastic and yielding skin, and outlines the figures beautifully besides forming a lovely basis for finish of lace at throat and wrists.

A beautiful dress in black and white is arranged with handsome satin duchesse and fine inserted plaitings of ivory satin, veiled with black lace, the upper dress forming a coat, the lower a demi-trained skirt with triple-plaited black. A simple but very stylish reception dress is of ivory armure brocade, the bodice pointed front and back trimmed a long square with embroidery on ivory satin, edged on both sides with exquisite Mechlin lace; sleeves to the elbow, also trimmed with embroidery and with lace. Skirt draped slightly in front, and arranged at the back as a very graceful train. A pretty steel-gray dress, with bonnet to match, is of cashmere and satin, the latter forming the kiltings, the former the upper dress, and the foundation for delicate, star-like embroidery of steel and chenille.

To Stop Hiccough.

Dr. Martin Burke, of New York city, sends the following item to the New York *Medical Review*: "Perhaps the narrative of these two cases may prove of interest. John C——, was suddenly seized about a year ago with an attack of hiccough. The cause was unknown. All the usual remedies were tried in vain. Dr. John Burke, my father, was then called upon. Noticing the convulsive heaving of the patient's ribs, more particularly upon the left side, he firmly compressed the side between his two hands, and in a short time the hiccough ceased for the first time in days. The second case was that of a Mr. C——, a young man of thirty. He also was attacked, first with vomiting and then with hiccough, most violent and convulsive. Morphine suppositories would produce sleep, but even in sleep the hiccough was distressingly severe. As his vomiting had now ceased, almost every remedy known was called to our aid, but it was not until we had again, by my father's advice, compressed his heaving ribs, that the hiccough almost instantly ceased. It returned indeed within twenty-four hours, but compression again arrested it. The patient is now convalescing, and as hiccough very often proves fatal, perhaps the record of these two cases may prove of service."

She Evidently Knew.

Jones' wife was not a very bright woman, but she sometimes said things which were worthy of wit. One day after doing or saying something very silly, her husband snapped at her:

"Well, you are a little the worst I ever saw."

"Why, what's the matter now? Have I done anything wrong?"

"I should say so. You don't know the difference between a horse and a donkey, I don't believe,"

"I didn't say you were a horse, did I?" she replied meekly, and Jones said no more.

Our Old Mammy.

"What's that for?" asked a *Free Press* man, as he saw a car driver on Woodward avenue take a nickel from his pocket and pass it into the fare-box.

"For her."

"What her?"

The car stopped and the driver got down with a "Good morning, mammy!" and assisted an old woman of 70 to enter the car.

"Did you pay for her?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, the story runs back for almost two years," he said, as he picked up his lines. "I reckon you know Bill ——?"

"Yes."

"Well, two years ago he was one of the toughest men in Detroit. He drank, swore, gambled, and had all the other vices lying around loose. I tell you, he was a terror when off duty and on a spree. He was getting so bad on his car, that another week would have bounced him, but something happened."

"What?"

"He was coming up one evening, half-drunk and full of evil, and somewhere about Davenport street he lurched over the dash-board. He caught and was dragged, and the horse began to kick and run. That old woman there was the only passenger on the car, and when she saw the accident she came out, grabbed the flying lines with one hand and the brake with the other, and looking down upon Bill she called out:

"Oh! Lord! help me to save him! He's a wicked young man and not fit to die!"

"Well, she stopped that car and held to the horse until some one came along and helped Bill out of his fix, and she was all the time calling him 'poor boy' and 'my son' and thanking God he was not killed. He had a close call, though, and it was a solemn warning. From that night he hasn't taken a drink, and no driver on this line has a cleaner mouth or is taking better care of himself."

"And the old woman?"

"She lives away out, along with a daughter. Many's the dollar Bill has sent her since that night in the way of clothes and provisions, and he'll never forget her. The story came to the rest of us after awhile, and we've sort of adopted her as 'Our Old Mammy.' We help her on and off, pay her nickel out of our own pockets, and when the car isn't too full we have a minute's chat with her. She likes us all, and we wouldn't trade her off for the whole line. It's a bit of romance among ourselves, you see."

"Yes. Did she ever talk to you?"

"Did she? She sat right there on that stool one day two months ago, and said:

"'My son, let drink alone! It robs the pocket, cheats the brain, and leaves you friendless! Don't swear! Oaths go with a vicious soul! Keep your temper. The man who can't control his temper is no better than a caged wolf!'

"She said that with her blue eyes reading my soul and her old voice trembling with earnestness, and every word went right to my heart and lodged there. She's had something to say to most of the boys, and I reckon each one is the better for it. Curious, ain't it, how we found our old mammy, and maybe you'll believe with some of the rest of us that Providence had a hand in it."

Autumn Materials and Costumes.

Shepherd's checks are varied this season by having lines of color—red, blue, and yellow—introduced into them, and by associating them with plain goods and also with stripes. Among the most popular all-wool checks are gray and green, with narrow red lines—moss green with brown, yellow and black lines—and yellow with black, brown, and red lines. Tartan plaids in these colors are fashionable, the skirts kilted and attached to a deep basque with tabs of plain cloth, brown, black, or dark green, with Scotch pebble buttons.

A very pretty house costume for a young lady is of striped wool—gray and dark red; over this a dark red princess tunic of plain wool, buttoned over on the side, and cut out square in front, the square filled in with the stripe or with a striped lawn handkerchief. The drapery, which is light and easily managed, is gathered up at the side under a sunflower rosette of gray satin ribbon with red centre.

The strawberry and raspberry shades have not "gone out" by any means, but they have taken on deeper tints and brighter shades. Some beautiful cashmeres are imported in bright shades of "strawberry and cream," and present a delightful ground for embroidery in silk and chenille, or chenille and gold for morning robes, or tunics for handsome dinner dresses. Dark blue is as stylishly worn as ever in camel's-hair flannel, soft serge, and the like; and is best associated with the Indian shade of red as lining and finish. Jackets of Indian red over dark blue, with dark blue felt hats trimmed with red feathers, are striking, but not so conspicuous as might be imagined, the shades of color being so deep and refined.

The most popular "tailor-made" suits are brown or gray, braided with black, ornamented with braided passementeries. Some of these are very handsome, and the style quite leads the rest in the selection of young ladies' costumes. Braided jackets look well, too, with checked and Tartan kilted skirts, the colors of the Tartan reappearing in the soft silk loops, or wing, which adorns the soft, rather high-crowned felt hats.

A Monkey Story.

Some time ago an English lady who was living at Kingston, Jamaica, took passage on a homeward bound vessel, taking her two months' old infant with her, says the Boston *Globe*. A large, strong, active monkey, which was on board, took a violent fancy for the child. The monkey would sit all day long watching the mother as she rocked and fondled her little one, and follow her from place to place. Several times the animal tried unsuccessfully to get the baby. One beautiful afternoon a distant sail attracted the attention of all on board, and the captain politely offered his glass to the lady. She placed her baby on the sofa and had just raise the glass to her eye when a cry was heard. Turning quickly she beheld a sailor in pursuit of the monkey, which had grasped the infant firmly with one arm and was nimbly climbing the shrouds. The mother fainted as the animal reached the top of the main mast. The captain was at his wit's end. He feared if he sent a sailor in pursuit the monkey would drop the baby and escape by leaping from mast to mast. The child in the meanwhile was heard to cry, but the fear that the monkey was hurting it was dispelled by seeing it imitate the motions of the mother, dandling, soothing, and endeavoring to hush it to sleep. After trying in many ways to lure the animal down, the captain finally ordered the men below and concealed himself on the deck. In a moment, to his great joy, he saw the monkey carefully descending. Reaching the deck it looked cautiously around, advanced to the sofa and placed the baby upon it. The captain restored the frightened infant to its mother, who was soon satisfied that her darling had escaped injury.

How is it that so many men first show symptoms of insanity by accusing their wives of unfaithfulness? That such is the fact is unquestionable, but why is it so? It is to be feared that sometimes these individuals have too good reason for making the accusation, but most generally there is not the shadow of a shade for their wild proceedings. There can be no jealousy where there is no love, and perhaps the mad symptoms are but love diseased.

The Presbyterians up in Manitoba are greatly pleased at the number of first-class men they are getting from the Eastern provinces. They have secured Mr. Gordon who was the most popular preacher in Ottawa, and Mr. Pitblade one of the most highly respected in Nova Scotia, and now Dr. King, one of the most influential ministers among the Ontario Presbyterians, wings his way to the North-west. No wonder the Manitobans are more than pleased. Yes, and they have others scarcely less noticeable.

A WIFE'S ROMANCE.

A Burlington Lady Elopes From Her Husband Expecting a Jolly Time.

The Davenport (Iowa) *Democrat* thus tells of the escapade of a young married lady of Burlington, in that city, and no doubt, from a perusal of the article many will be able to determine her identity:

There is one young woman in Iowa who has been cured of romancing the past week. It was on Wednesday last the wife of a prominent physician engaged the services of a young woman who was quite agreeable in appearance, and who was sent to her from an intelligence office, for housework. She gave the girl, who appeared to be about twenty years of age, general directions as to the work to be done and when the girl told her that she could cook, the lady told her what to get for supper.

The doctor came home for his tea, and the wife went into the kitchen to see how preparations for the evening meal were progressing. There sat the new girl with a pan of apples in her lap, but there was no fire, no sign that preparations for supper had been commenced, even. And the lady was was struck by the sad countenance of the girl. She asked the stranger the cause of the delay in arrangements for supper, and why she looked so downcast. The eyes of the girl filled with tears.

"Oh, madam," she exclaimed, "I am in such trouble! I can't tell you how wretched I am!"

The lady convinced the girl that she could confide in her—and out came the brief story.

"Oh, madam, I have a husband in Burlington—as good a husband as any young wife ever had—and I have run away and left him!"

"But why did you do so?"

"I don't know hardly—we had a little misunderstanding, and I became very angry, and thought I would punish him by leaving him, thinking he would hunt for me and beg me to return. I took the cars and came to Davenport, determined to earn my own living; but I want to go back so much. I can't work, can't do anything, but I want to go back."

The wretched young wife sobbed like a child, and besought her new employer to assist her in returning to Burlington. She thought such an adventure would be romantic, and it would be nice to have her husband hunting for her until he could find her; but now she said she believed she was the most foolish and miserable woman alive.

The sympathy of the physician and his wife went out for the wretched creature, and she remained in the house until morning, when the doctor placed her aboard of the south-western train for Burlington, and also wrote a letter to her husband, in which he stated the circumstances in which the wife came to his house, and of his belief in her bitter repentance of her folly. She left her home full of glee over her prospects of a gay lark—and left for home with broken spirits, and in fear and trembling.

FASHION NOTES.

Fanchon bonnets will remain in vogue.

Leather bonnets are among millinery novelties.

The Shaker poke is the latest fancy in big bonnet.

Epaulet trimmings are much worn by young girls.

For theatre wear the Fanchon is the favorite bonnets.

Chenille appears in various forms on hats and bonnets.

White bonnets are restored to favor for evening wear.

Shot silks and stripes of velvet and satin are worn by Parisians.

Birds' wings, pompons, aigrettes, and ostrich feathers are all fashionable.

The high looped, very full overskirt is the prevailing style for ordinary wear.

Some leading dressmakers are trying to introduce the straight unlooped old-fashioned overskirt.

Kid and alligator skins are used in the natural colors and in dark green and brown shades for bonnets.

All kinds of hats and bonnets, large, small, and medium sizes, and in every imaginable shape, are in fashion.

Felt, cloth, velvet, chenille, wool braids, leather, kid, cashmere, and worsted embroidery bonnets are all worn or will be worn this winter.

Deafness has long been assailing the Princess of Wales, and is now becoming serious.

Miss Helen Gladstone, the Premier's daughter, and the Vice-President of the North Hall, Newnham College, is a dark-haired, quiet looking English girl, who looks as if she might be twenty-five.

Stanley seems still pushing his discoveries in Equatorial Africa. If what he states may be relied on, a great field for commerce is being opened up in those fertile and thickly peopled regions. May it be so, without the usual cheating and shootings so marvellously common in the intercourse between white and black.

The fattest women in the world they say was married the other day. She lives in New York, and kicks the beam at 550 pounds or thereabouts. We daresay a good many girls wonder at the mysterious dispensations of this life, to think of a great fat woman like that getting a husband, while dear little darlings like themselves still pine in single blessedness. Girls, fatten up!

Things are still in a very shaky state over the insult offered to the King of Spain by the *canaille* of Paris. Surely too much is being made of it. What government can command the good manners of a city mob? And what more can a government do than say it is sorry for the outburst, which no human wisdom could foresee, and no earthly power could in the circumstances prevent. It would be the most pitiful thing in the world if such a paltry affair should be the occasion of rival nations flying at each other's throats. There has been more than enough of this nonsense already.

They have their own way of dealing with bears up about Port Arthur—they annihilate them. We have never had much to do with bears, but men who have had a good deal of experience in this way, have declared that they were always quite contented with *killing* them. As for annihilation, when it was spoken of, they looked a little sceptical. They evidently doubted if such a thing could be. A Port Arthur paper, however, gives the assurance that a fireman helped to annihilate a huge bear that had been wounded by a passing locomotive, and a Port Arthur journalist ought to know if anybody does.

THE SACRIFICE.—The Rev. Christmas Evans, the great Welsh preacher, was among the first of those in his own country to espouse the temperance movement. In one of his speeches he said:—"I used to drink but little intoxicating liquor at any time, since I began to preach Christ as a Saviour of sinners; and when I gave that little up that I might feel strong to try and get the drunkards not to drink the fiery beverages, I thought that I was sacrificing an ox; but when I see the drunkards by the scores getting sober, the dukes of Edom subdued, and pure religion advanced, it cheers my spirits, freshens my flesh, and makes me feel that I have only sacrificed a rat."

Mr. Howells is a sensible man. He says that long vacations are a nuisance, that they enervate the energies, incapacitate for work, and make those who take them awfully reluctant to come back again to their ordinary toil. True, but the most of people never can manage to have holidays of such a length as to produce such deleterious results. At the same time a holiday enjoyed is apt to make one wish that it had been longer, and to feel as if there were something like a personal wrong in being obliged to get back again to the hum-drum toil of ordinary life.

HOME MATTERS.

Parker & Butler expect to be in their new store inside of two weeks.

Mr. Ralph Williams is at present at Cheboygan, Mich., recruiting.

The Oddfellows hope to occupy their new hall on Wednesday evening next.

Mrs. Vandervoort, mother of Wm., has rented the Pennock house, and is moving into it.

Work has at last been commenced on the new Masonic hall, and the building will be pushed to an early completion.

Mr. B. F. Black, teacher at Glen Ross, has been successful in getting his certificate raised from grade B. to grade A.

Mr. A. Chard has again leased Mr. C. F. Stickle's elevator, and by advertisement calls for 200,000 bushels of grain.

Mr. Henry Green, son of Mr. Jos. Green, has bought the David Williams place. Mr. Williams goes to or near Roseneath.

Thursday, the 8th day of November, has been appointed a day of thanksgiving to God for the bountiful harvest of this year.

Chief McKinnon, of the Belleville police force, has been in the village for several days back. What does it mean? asks Mrs. Grundy?

Quarterly meeting will be held in the C. M. church, Stirling, one week from next Sunday, Nov. 4th, when Bishop Carman will occupy the pulpit.

Mrs. A. Stickle will offer her household effects for sale at auction to-morrow at 2 p.m. The house and lot will also be put up. Mr. Butler, auctioneer.

Several of Stirling's young men are talking of starting a library, and expect shortly to call on the public for assistance in this laudable enterprise.

The Exchange hotel license has been transferred to Mrs. Downs, having passed with the property through Mr. Armstrong's and Mr. Parker's possession.

The outlook for grain, especially barley, continues dull. There is a little selling at Stirling, but only a little, as farmers generally are waiting for better prices.

On Sunday morning last an infant child of Mr. Michael Downes, of Rawdon, was found dead in bed. It was slightly ill the day before, but not seriously, and no alarm was felt.

At Mr. Lyman Wheeler's adjourned sale on Saturday no business was done. There were no bids for the lots, and offers for wagons were less than half value, and Mr. W. kept them.

Mr. H. Green, who has been a resident of Stirling for a year or two back, has leased a farm in the township of Brighton, Mr. Green made many friends here, and will be missed from our streets.

Mr. Calder has purchased Mr. Jonas Caverly's brick dwelling on Front street. Mr. Caverly's family intend to remove to Belleville next week. They will be missed in Stirling, especially in musical circles.

The Springbrook harnes-shop is now in full operation, and is reported to be turning out some No. 1 harness. Mr. Canniff also keeps a good stock of horse-blankets, whips, and everything belonging to the trade.

Dr. Payne and family, of Marmora, on Saturday morning last finally left for Buffalo, N.Y., where they will reside for the future. A note from the Dr. states that they arrived safe at 5:30 a.m. on Sunday.

A little new sidewalk has been built around the burnt district, quite too narrow, however, for the requirements, especially that in front of the post-office. Messrs. R. Jones and D. Martin put down the walk in front of their shops at their own expense.

Mr. Marshall Wescott is hastening preparations to move to Texas. A lot of his stock was sold at the sale on the 11th, prices being moderately fair. His family will remain for the winter with his mother. He has rented his farm to a gentleman from Stockdale.

The Asphodel, Belmont and Dummer agricultural society has collapsed, says the Westwood correspondent of the *Star*, while the Norwood scribe says its recent show was a great success, the gate fees alone amounting to $150. How are the two statements to be reconciled?

The Lord Bishop of Ontario will be in Stirling on Thursday next, for the purpose of holding confirmation, and consecrating St. John's church, and consecrating the graveyard and St. Thomas' church, on the 8th line of Rawdon. Service at 10 a.m. at Stirling, and 3 p.m. at St. Thomas'.

The Campbellford *Herald* of a recent date says: "Mr. John Crane is into the insurance business, and represents a strong company, the Federal Life. Persons inclined to do the very wise thing of having their lives insured can safely take out a policy with him—a young man who has been known here from his childhood."

We have received a copy of the *Tribune*, a paper lately started at Deseronto by the Deseronto News Co. The paper is the size of the Madoc *Review*, eight pages, well printed, and with a fair show of advertisements for a send-off. Special attention is devoted to local news, which is a commendable feature. We wish the new venture every success.

A few days ago a deer ran down the main street of the town of Orangeville, Ont., and seeing itself reflected in the large plate glass windows of Dr. Lewis' drug-store, it sprang against one of them as well as against one in a grocer's store and one in a dry-goods establishment, causing much damage and severely cutting itself, then finally escaped to the woods near by with the citizens in hot pursuit.

Our friend, Mr. F. J. Jewell, formerly of the Colborne *Enterprise*, has purchased the Stayner *Sun*, and the first number under his management came to hand last week. It certainly does both him and Stayner credit. Long may he have the prosperity which he merits. Mr. Jewell is a young man of upright character and genial, social disposition, and will be missed from the circle of newspaper men in this section of the province. Mr. Flewelling now has the entire control of the *Enterprise*.

The half-yearly convention of the North Hastings teachers' association took place at Madoc on Thursday and Friday of last week, though notice of the same did not reach us in time to be inserted the week previous. The meeting was a successful one, the main feature being the selection of one of the several series of school books authorized for use throughout the riding, uniformity being the object in view. This was done on Friday, the committee having the matter in hand reporting in favor of the Royal Canadian readers, and their report was adopted.

A $66 house greeted the Tennessee jubilee singers in the M. E. church on Monday night, and the large crowd was well entertained for two hours with the long programme placed before them. There were six members of the company, and their singing was excellent. The only wonder is how people who claim to know literally nothing of the science of music can put so much genuine harmony into their singing. Not only in their singing, but in their accompanying gestures, etc., the time kept was perfect—no dragging, no one the least perceptible degree before or behind his fellow. Miss Pinkie Johnson, the leading character, has a soprano voice of great strength and clearness, but not specially sweet. The basso, Mr. Sam Crissman, was the best heard here for some time, and his personal appearance on the stage is also very much in his favor. The other parts were all admirably sustained. The company sang on Saturday night at Frankford to a smaller house.

Stirling and its Danger.

A few of our residents are not a little alarmed at the receipt of news from some of Stirling's ticket-of-leave men to the effect that when the place is all built up again some one will again "make a little h—l" here. We have seen the letter said to contain the news, and the words certainly occur, being quoted from a letter from the threatener, but followed by the intimation that there was "more talk than do" about it. There is no cause for unusual alarm. Any-one having such dire designs against the village would not betray his intentions by thus exposing them. Should it be attempted, however, it is safe to say that the perpetrator would simply be taking his life in his hand in doing so, for business men would be in no mood to trifle with any person or persons who would undertake to repeat last summer's ruination, and they would stand a good chance of being shot at sight. But, again, viewed in the light of reason, there is really little cause to think that the late fire was intended by the incendiary to reach one-fourth the distance it did—if, indeed, it was an incendiary at all, which is very doubtful. If so, no intention could have been had beyond the destruction of the Exchange hotel property, otherwise a less distant and more favorable starting-point would have been chosen, as well as a later hour in the night. At the same time, it may be seriously asked, is the village disposed to take no steps towards preventing a recurrence of such a calamity in the future? The old tub miscalled an engine certainly did some good that fatal night; so would an elder squirt-gun, if every thing were favorable to it. The engine was on hand before the flames had crawled half the length of the Exchange shed, and it has not yet been denied that, if we had had a small steamer, or even an efficient hand-engine, which would pump from the creek and throw one or two good streams, the hotel itself would never have burned, much less the fine row of buildings opposite. True, the tub did much to save Boldrick's block, and to prevent the fire spreading north; but bucket-lines have done greater things, and in no case where the flames got the least hold of a building was the machine found of the least avail. The fire over, the so-called engine is again housed, to rust uncared for, and no thought ever taken of the morrow. What wonder that a village so careless to its own safety should disappear in a night, a fire travelling for blocks, and crossing streets without let or hindrance, the citizens being compelled to stand and see their property destroyed, helpless to avert it! There was enough property destroyed on the 14th of June to pay for *twenty* steam fire-engines, and the loss by interruption to business would represent at least *ten* more; or it would have bought *seventy* efficient hand-engines, the loss to business being good for *thirty-five* more. And yet can we not have *one* of either?

Oddfellows' Benefit Concert.

Last Friday evening, the occasion of the Oddfellows' benefit concert, was rainy and discouraging, but nevertheless Bennett's hall was well filled with a respectable audience. The programme opened sharp on time, and was as follows: Address, N. G. Stirling lodge; male chorus, "Come brothers time the lay"; song, "Man the life-boat," Mr. Edgar; duet, Misses Cummings; recitation, "Shamus O'Brien," Mr. Richardson; song, Miss Brownlee; song, Mr. Wensley, encored; quartette, "Profundo Basso," Miss Brownlee, Miss Rutherford, and Messrs. Preston and Edgar; song, Mr. Richardson, encored; duett, "What are the wild waves saying!" Miss Brownlee and Mr. Edgar; song, "Mother kissed me in my dreams," Mr. Burrows; duet, "It is sweet to meet again," the Misses Cummings; song Mr. Greatrix; quartette, "Come where the lilies bloom," the Caverly family; song, Mr. Wensley; quartette, "May day," Miss Brownlee, Miss Rutherford, and Messrs. Preston and Edgar; recitation, Mr. Richardson, encored; duet, "In the starlight," Messrs. Preston and Edgar; trio, "Ye shepherds tell me," Prof. Stanistreet, and Messrs. Preston and Edgar. Prof. Stanistreet presided at the piano. Dr. Butler, N.G. of Stirling lodge, occupied the chair. The receipts amounted to about $62, which considering the night was very satisfactory. After deducting about $17 for expenses, the lodge has the handsome sum of $45 net to aid in fitting up their fine new hall. The members of Mizpah lodge deserve all credit for the voluntary trouble they went to for the benefit of their burned-out brethren of Stirling lodge, and no doubt their efforts are highly appreciated.

An Interesting Visitor.

Dr. M. L. Rossvalley, a converted Jew, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been engaged for a series of services and lectures under M. E. auspices at Stirling. On Sunday next he will preach in Bethel church, Marmora road, at 10:30 a.m., and at 6:30 p.m. in the village church. Accompanied by his daughter, he will give a sacred concert before and after each service, the words and music being of his own composition. On Monday and Tuesday evenings he will lecture in the village church on "Jewish rites and ceremonies." This gentleman comes most highly recommended, both for Christian standing and the literary excellence of his lectures, and their interesting nature. He will exhibit all the priestly robes and other paraphernalia of the Jewish worship. It promises to be a season of deep interest and profit. On the occasion of a recent visit to Listowell, Ont., the following resolution was passed:

"Whereas, we and the citizens in general of Listowell, having heard the lectures of Dr. Rossvalley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the M. E. church in this place, and the singing of himself and daughter; and having been both delighted and profited thereby; and desiring to introduce him to those who as yet know him not; and whereas too much cannot be said in praise of his lectures and exhibitions illustrative of the 'rites and ceremonies of the Jews,' therefore,

"*Resolved*, 1st—That we heartily commend the Dr. to the churches everywhere, as a Christian gentleman, a scholar, a musician, and also a speaker both interesting and instructive beyond anything we are accustomed to hear.

"*Resolved*, 2nd—That we extend a most cordial invitation to the Dr. and his accomplished daughter to visit Listowell again, when convenient, promising them a cordial reception and hearty support."

Rev. Geo. H. Bailey, pastor of the Congregational church at Moravia, N. Y., addressed the following to Dr. Rossvalley, dated May 9th, 1883:

"Before you leave us, I wish, unsolicited, to express my unbounded satisfaction with your lectures on 'The Jew,' and to say that I never enjoyed services on the Sabbath more than the last, when you spoke and sang morning and evening. I bless God that I am permitted to know you, and I desire from my heart to thank you for your services here, which have been so highly entertaining and instructive."

The Norwood *Register* of last week says of the lecturer: "Dr. Rossvalley, a converted Jew, lectured in the Methodist church here on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings last to large audiences. On Wednesday evening, after the lecture, he performed the Jewish marriage ceremony, a prominent couple of this place appearing as bride and groom. The lectures were pronounced by all to be well worth the admission fee.

Admission to lecture, 25c. Children 15c. Proceeds for church purposes.

A GREAT SOURCE OF EVIL.

Every farmer will admit that one of the most destructive evils to good crops is that of worms or parasites that prey upon vegetable life; other species of worms infest the human system and are productive of much suffering and ill health. Freeman's Worm Powders will effectually rid the system of this trouble, are pleasant to take and contain their own cathartic.

Jas. Boldrick's Staple Dry Goods and Clothing Store.

No establishment in the country possesses better facilities for the attention necessary for a well-kept, first-class Clothing Establishment, his knowledge being acquired practically, and by a long and successful experience. The buying of cloths, of the proper kind and at the proper price, is an advantage few possess, and I challenge any clothier in the county for comparison.

Fall stock for 1883 is now in, and I invite inspection. I have some choice fancy Overcoatings, also the finest and largest stock of Persian Lamb Caps and Muffs—first quality, warranted or money refunded—ever brought here for sale. I invite inspection, as it always gives me pleasure to have customers make comparisons.

JAS. BOLDRICK.

NEW GOODS!

The undersigned have just received a large lot of

SUGARS & TEAS

Of all grades, and they keep a full line of other FAMILY GROCERIES. Their stock of

WINES, LIQUORS AND PROVISIONS

Is complete. Also, Bakery on the premises. All the above lines of goods will be sold cheap, and special inducements for cash.

All accounts, etc., past due the firm, and all due each member of the firm before the partnership, must be settled by cash or note before the first of November, or they will be placed in other hands for collection.

SEELEY & LAGROW'S

A Boom in the Harness Trade!

T. H. McKEE

Has very great pleasure in intimating that he has removed to his very commodious and centrally situated

NEW PREMISES,

On the corner of Front and Mill streets, Stirling, in the very heart of the central part of the town. To one and all who have stood by him through all the years he has been established, and with whom business has been a pleasure as well as a profit, he returns his sincere and hearty thanks, and is determined to do all in his power to serve their interests more fully in the future than in the past. His experience, and ability to do

Good Work at the Lowest Possible Rates,

Will both be placed at their service. The present state of the trade is very favorable to buyers. In fact, the past season's trade has been marked by this all the way through.

Hoping to receive a liberal patronage, I remain, respectfully,

T. H. McKEE.

A Quantity of

TIMOTHY SEED

FOR SALE BY

MILNE and CLUTE

SHAW & RALPH

MILL STREET, STIRLING

HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

Crockery & Glassware,

And invite inspection of the same. Prices will stand the test of comparison. Several choice CHINA TEA SETTS of beautiful design. Also, full supplies of

Provisions of all kinds, and Fresh Groceries,

In full stock. BREAD fresh baked every day. Give us a call, and we guarantee satisfaction. Stand—Mill street, Stirling.

SHAW & RALPH.

E F PARKER has removed the balance of his stock saved from the fire to the stand formerly occupied by H G Thurber. Any person wanting good bargains will do well to call before purchasing elsewhere.

Fresh Stock of

GROCERIES

Just in and opened.

Apothecaries' Hall.

PARKER & BUTLER'S DRUG Business

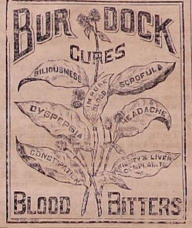
Is again in full blast, in that Fancy Block on North St., opposite Jas. Boldrick's store. We have on hand a supply of

Drv and Mixed Paints, Coal Oil, Japan, Varnishes, Lead

Books, Stationery and Druggists' Sundries

in great variety. Paris Green of excellent quality.

All accounts that are due must be settled without delay.



The Great Herbal Tonic Fountain of Health A Blood Purifier and Constitutional Catarrh Cure

GUARANTEE:—After fair trial, with no relief or cure effected, your money will be refunded. PRICE, $1.00. Sold by DRUGGISTS & DEALERS Everywhere.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

ACTS UPON THE BOWELS, LIVER, KIDNEYS AND THE BLOOD.

Canned Fruits and Vegetables.

The undersigned has just received a consignment of Canned Fruits and Vegetables from the Bay of Quinte Canning and Evaporating Company, Picton, Ontario. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

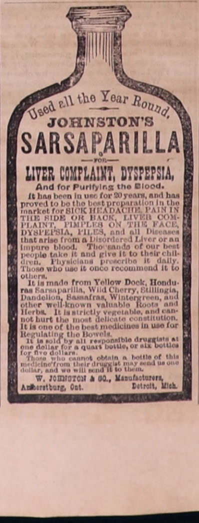
Quantity of SHEET MUSIC Will be sold for less than one-third of Catalogue Prices.

His shop is constantly supplied with all kinds of

Drugs, Medicines, a full assortment of Diamond Dyes, Druggists' Sundries, Harper's Bazar Patterns and Liver Pads,

All of which will be sold cheap for cash.

G. H. BOULTER M.D.



JUMBO! JUMBO! JUMBO! STOCK —AT— Mrs. Wm. Martin's.

The largest and best assorted ever kept in Stirling. Call and prove it for yourself

Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES CHOLERA CHOLERA INFANTUM DIARRHŒA, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain in poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want business at which you can make great pay all the time write for particulars to H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Maine.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal.

Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canals.

Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapide Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office. Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

A map, plans and specification of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 28th Sept., 1883.

As You Were!

MARTIN & TURNER

—HAVE REMOVED—

Back to their Old Stnad

And NEW BUILDING, where they have more room and larger stock and are better than ever prepared to supply the wants of their customers. A new consignment of

Coal and Wood Stoves just received,

And we invite comparison of patterns and prices. All the various lines of our usually large stock are again being filled up with new goods, and prompt attention will be paid, as ever, to all orders.

Hardware, Tinware, Coal Oil, Machine Oil,

ETC., A FULL STOCK.

ROOFING & EAVETROUGHING

And Jobbing of all kinds attended to on short notice, at Rock Bottom Prices.

MARTIN & TURNER.

How to Save Money!

BY BUYING YOUR

GROCEERIS & PROVISIONS

AT

O. Hewat's Popular Grocery & Liquor Store.

OF COURSE. It is an acknowledged fact that you can get better value for your money there than at any other store in town. Nothing but good fresh Groceries, etc., kept in stock.

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Of the best quality always on hand. FISH of all kinds by the barrel or lb. FLOUR and FEED, Oranges and Lemons, Canned Fruits and Vegetables of all kinds. Give my TEAS a trial. A nice lot of PORK for sale cheap.

O. HEWAT.

GLEN ROSS MILLS

In Full Blast Again!

COME ON WITH YOUR GRISTING!

D. MORGAN, Proprietor.

HEALTH FOR ALL

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT!

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulsters. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

For Sore Throats, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds,

Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for Contracted and Stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
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